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True Confessions

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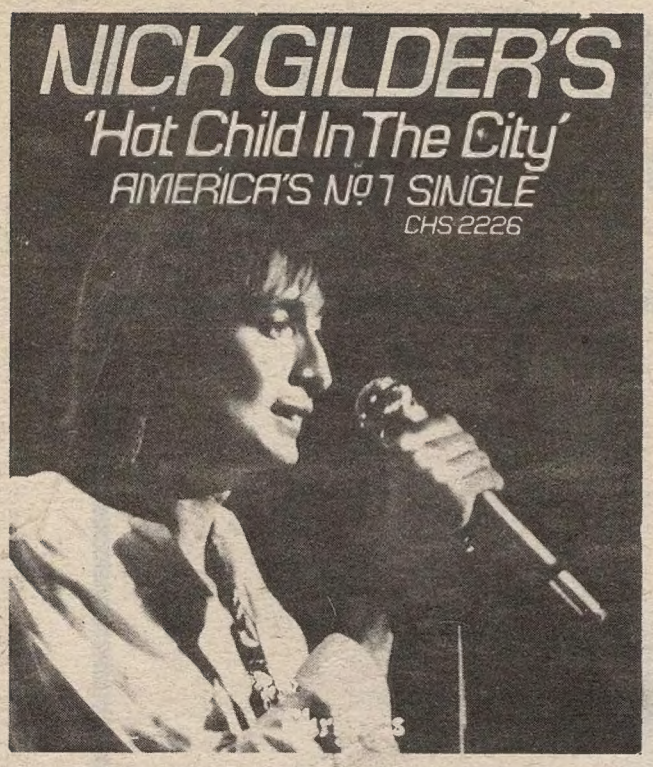
MICK 'N' PAUL by PENNIE SMITH



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 27, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Glitter (Bell)
16	2	MY COO—CA-CHOO	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
11	3	PAPER ROSES	Marie Osmond (MGM)
2	4	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
3	5	DNYA-MITE	Mud Lark (Rak)
4	6	PHOTOGRAPH	Ringo Starr (Apple)
5	7	WHEN I FALL IN LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
10	8	WHY OH WHY OH WHY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	9	DO YOU WANNA DANCE	Barry Blue (Bell)
14	10	LAMPLIGHT	David Essex (CBS)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 27, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	ELOISE	Barry Ryan (MGM)
2	2	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
3	3	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	ISLEY Brothers (Tamla Motown)
4	4	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Bandwagon (Direction)
12	5	LILY THE PINK	Scaffold (Parlophone)
11	6	AIN'T GOT NO—I GOT LIFE	Nina Simone (RCA)
9	7	ELENORE	Turtles (London)
6	8	ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER	Jimi Hendrix Experience (Track)
13	9	I'M A TIGER	Lulu (Columbia)
17	10	HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.	Jeannie C. Riley (Polydor)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 29, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	3	YOU WERE MADE FOR ME	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
6	5	SECRET LOVE	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
4	6	I'LL KEEP YOU SATISFIED	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	7	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
8	7	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
9	9	MARIA ELENA	Los Indios Tabajaras (RCA)
17	10	I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU	Dusty Springfield (Philips)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending December 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week			
1	(1)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	7 1
2	(4)	DO YA THINK I'M SEXY	Rod Stewart (Riva)	3 2
3	(2)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	5 2
4	(7)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	7 4
5	(6)	PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4 5
6	(5)	MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL	Cars (Elektra)	3 5
7	(3)	INSTANT REPLAY	Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	6 3
8	(10)	HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3 8
9	(—)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees (RSO)	1 9
10	(13)	I LOVE AMERICA	Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	4 10
11	(14)	ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	4 11
12	(17)	LE FREAK	Chic (Atlantic)	2 12
13	(12)	BICYCLE RACE/FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS	Queen (EMI)	5 12
14	(23)	PART TIME LOVE	Elton John (Rocket)	3 14
15	(—)	MARY'S BOY CHILD	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	1 15
16	(—)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People (Mercury)	1 16
17	(9)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	11 1
18	(—)	GREASED LIGHTNING	John Travolta (Midsong)	1 18
19	(25)	IN THE BUSH	Musique (CBS)	2 19
20	(8)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	9 3
21	(21)	I LOST MY HEART TO A STARSHIP TROOPER	Sarah Brightman & Hot Gossip (Ariola Hansa)	2 21
22	(27)	DANCE (DISCO HEAT)	Sylvester (Fantasy)	2 22
23	(28)	GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE	X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	3 23
24	(20)	TOAST	Street Band (Logo)	4 19
25	(15)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	10 6
26	(—)	SHOOTING STAR	Dollar (EMI)	1 26
27	(—)	PROMISES	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1 27
28	(30)	LYDIA	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	2 28
29	(—)	LAY YOUR LOVE ON ME	Racay (Rak)	1 29
30	(—)	RAINING IN MY HEART	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	1 30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
JUST TO BE CLOSE TO YOU — Commodores (Motown). DR WHO — Mankind (Pinnacle). I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE — Alicia Bridges (Polydor). YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS — Barbara Streisand & Neil Diamond (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending December 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week			
1	(1)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	21 1
2	(6)	NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS	Neil Diamond (MCA)	3 2
3	(22)	GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE	Clash (CBS)	2 3
4	(7)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int Hansa)	20 1
5	(2)	EMOTIONS	Various (K-Tel)	5 2
6	(13)	JAZZ	Queen (EMI)	3 6
7	(—)	MIDNIGHT HUSTLE	Various (K-Tel)	1 7
8	(8)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Status Quo (Phonogram)	5 3
9	(5)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John (Rocket Records)	5 5
10	(9)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	22 2
11	(4)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	16 4
11	(14)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	18 2
13	(3)	ALL MOD CONS	Jam (Polydor)	4 3
14	(10)	MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	5 10
15	(12)	25TH ANNIVERSARY ALBUM	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	5 12
16	(—)	BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1 16
17	(—)	BOOGIE FEVER	Various (Ronco)	1 17
18	(16)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	7 11
19	(15)	EVERGREEN	Acker Bilk (Warwick)	2 15
20	(18)	THE AMAZING DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	4 18
21	(28)	LION HEART	Kate Bush (EMI)	2 21
22	(10)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	50 3
23	(—)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	31 1
24	(21)	PARELLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	11 7
25	(—)	THE SINGLES 1974-1978	Carpenters (A & M)	1 25
26	(25)	BROTHERGOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood of Mam (K-Tel)	8 5
27	(—)	EVITA	Original London Cast (MCA)	1 27
28	(—)	THAT'S LIFE	Sham 69 (Polydor)	1 28
29	(19)	INNER SECRETS	Santana (CBS)	4 19
30	(27)	HEMISPHERES	Rush (Anthem)	2 27

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
BOTH SIDES OF DOLLY PARTON — Dolly Parton (RCA). INCANTATIONS — Mike Oldfield (Virgin). THE COMMODORES GREATESTS HITS — The Commodores (Motown). THE SCREAM — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending December 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS	Barbra & Neil
2	(2)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
3	(5)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
4	(3)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
5	(8)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook
6	(4)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
7	(10)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
8	(6)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
9	(12)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
10	(13)	(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY	Andy Gibb
11	(18)	TOO MUCH HEAVEN	Bee Gees
12	(15)	STRANGE WAY	Firefall
13	(17)	MY LIFE	Billy Joel
14	(14)	ALIVE AGAIN	Chicago
15	(16)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis
16	(7)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
17	(27)	LE FREAK	Chic
18	(19)	DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT	Pablo Cruise
19	(21)	STRAIGHT ON	Heart
20	(25)	HOLD THE LINE	Toto
21	(26)	Y.M.C.A.	Village People
22	(24)	CHANGE OF HEART	Eric Carmen
23	(23)	THE POWER OF GOLD	Dan Fogelberg/Tim Weisberg
24	(9)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
25	(—)	OOH BABY BABY	Linda Ronstadt
26	(29)	HOW YOU GONNA SEE ME NOW	Alice Cooper
27	(—)	PART TIME LOVE	Elton John
28	(—)	I'M EVERY WOMAN	Chaka Khan
29	(11)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
30	(—)	PROMISES	Eric Clapton

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending December 1, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	52nd STREET	Billy Joel
2	(3)	A WILD & CRAZY GUY	Steve Martin
3	(2)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
4	(5)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
5	(4)	GREASE	Various Artists
6	(6)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
7	(9)	TIME PASSAGES	Al Stewart
8	(8)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
9	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
10	(15)	BROTHER TO BROTHER	Gino Vannelli
11	(11)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
12	(13)	COMES A TIME	Neil Young
13	(12)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
14	(17)	A SINGLE MAN	Elton John
15	(10)	HOT STREETS	Chicago
16	(20)	WEEKEND WARRIORS	Ted Nugent
17	(14)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
18	(28)	LIVE BOOTLEG	Aerosmith
19	(23)	CHAKA	Chaka Khan
20	(22)	CRUISIN'	Village People
21	(16)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
22	(—)	BARBRA STREISAND's GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	Barbra Streisand
23	(24)	THE MAN	Barry White
24	(18)	DOG & BUTTERFLY	Heart
25	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Steely Dan
26	(21)	LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY	Anne Murray
27	(—)	ELAN	Firefall
28	(—)	WAVELENGTH	Van Morrison
29	(19)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
30	(—)	TWO FOR THE SHOW	Kansas

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

The four headliners of the forthcoming Beggars Banquet package tour, T'Charabanc Trip, in an informal pose! See below for details.

NEWS

BEGGARS PACKAGE TOUR: IT'S A BIGGUN!

Pictured for posterity: the night the Chancellor of the Exchequer stood in for Wreckless Eric in the "Be Stiff" package tour. Lining up outside Leeds Queens Hall are (from left to right) LENE LOVICH, JONA LEWIE, RACHEL SWEET, WRECKLESS DENNIS and MICKEY JUPP.

BEGGAR'S BANQUET, the independent label recently given a substantial boost when it signed a licensing deal with the giant WEA combine, is now challenging Stiff's stronghold in the package tour field. Four of the label's most promising acts, headed by Ivor Biggun who's already tasted chart success, join forces in the New Year for a 30-date nationwide itinerary whimsically described as the "Beggars Go Stiff Tour"!

In fact, the tour's official name is "T'Charabanc Trip", because the entire entourage will be travelling the country by coach — unlike the "Be Stiff" package, who did the rounds by train! Additionally, this is also the title of the final track on Biggun's newly-released debut LP "The Winkers Album", which the tour will be part promoting.

The full line-up comprises Ivor Biggun & The Red Nosed Burglars, Johnny G, John Spencer and new signing Duffo. Spencer also has a new LP on release, while the other two acts will have albums out to coincide with the tour.

Label co-director Nick Austin explained that this won't follow the usual package pattern of one act appearing after another. All the singers and musicians involved will be on stage for most of the time, because the entire two-hour show is set in the "Greasy Spoon Cafe", somewhere off the M1.

The tour goes on the road in February, and full details of dates and venues will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, as a warm-up, it's playing a couple of London dates this month — at Kensington Nashville this Saturday (2) and the Marquee Club on Tuesday, December 12.

And at these preview gigs, Biggun will be perfroming his new single — out this week — on which he duets with Miss Amelia Blowhard in "Hello My Baby". Beggars says that promotional activities surrounding the tour will be the heaviest they have ever undertaken.

FREE PICTURE DISCS FROM THE LURKERS

THE LURKERS offer a Christmas bonus to everyone attending their concert at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Sunday, December 10, reported last week. They are giving away a picture flexi-disc of their "Fulham Fallout" album to every member of the audience, plus their first chart singe "Ain't Got A Clue" which came out in May. It's believed not only to be the first time a free picture disc has been handed out, but also the first time this normally expensive process has been produced as a flimsy record. The gig is the final date of the band's extensive tour, and tickets are now available.

SHAM'S XMAS BEANO

SHAM 69 are now officially confirmed for a benefit show at London Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday, December 27, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago. Official support acts are Merger, Doll By Doll, The Invaders, punk comedian Johnny Rubbish and "Monty Python" stalwarts Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam.

But a number of all-star guest appearances are also expected — Steve Jones and Paul Cook of The Sex Pistols have promised to take part; members of The Jam have agreed to jam (!); The Clash have been invited and it's hoped they'll be involved in an impromptu set; John Peel will be doing a few introductions; and various other surprises are anticipated.

The show, which starts at 7.30 pm and continues "for as long as it takes", is in aid of One-Parent Families. And because all seats are being removed from the Rainbow for this gig, entry is at the one price of £2.50 — not £3.50 as originally planned. Tickets should already be available at the box-office.

Sham were forced to cancel concerts last week at Bradford St. George's Hall (Wednesday) and Derby King's Hall (Thursday), following Jimmy Pursey's collapse on Tuesday night, after an encore at the band's Manchester Apollo gig. There were initial fears that he might be suffering from glandular fever but, after undergoing blood tests, Sham were able to pick up their tour itinerary at the weekend. It's now hoped to re-arrange the cancelled shows for early in the New Year.

● Siouxsie & The Banshees' gig at Liverpool University was suddenly re-scheduled for Wednesday of last week, after being cancelled three weeks earlier due to industrial action by electricians and porters. The union members apparently had a change of heart, after being given assurances of proper security measures.

RUBINOOS GIGS SET

THE RUBINOOS have finally made it to Britain for a short December tour. Their visit was forecast by NME several weeks ago, but was only confirmed at the last minute. With two or three more gigs to be finalised, confirmed dates are Edinburgh Tiffany's (December 4), Preston Polytehnic (6), Leicester University (7), Birmingham University (8), Manchester University (9), Wakefield Unity Hall (12), Sheffield Polytehnic (13), Newcastle Polytehnic (15) and London Strand Lyceum supporting David Johansen (17).

HOLIDAY SPECIALS

Hot Rods, Johansen

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS are to headline a special one-off Christmas show in London — it's at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Sunday, December 17, and tickets costing £2.50 go on sale this weekend. It's the band's first London appearance since they played two nights at the Lyceum, as part of their spring tour. The Members are also on the bill, and promoters Straight Music have still to confirm a second support act. The Hot Rods will have a new single, still untitled, released by Island in January — and they are lining up a full-scale British tour to open in the early spring.

DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP return to Britain after their current European commitments to headline promoter Harvey Goldsmith's last pre-Christmas concert at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, December 17. Johansen, the former New York Doll now fronting his own band, recently completed a short debut U.K. tour — including a much-acclaimed appearance at The Venue in London's Victoria, which was primarily responsible for Goldsmith inviting him to return for one final date. Tickets at £2.50 are expected to be on sale by this weekend.

● The Sunday before Johansen's appearance, December 10, Ultravox headline at the Lyceum. It's their first London show since they played five consecutive nights at the Marquee in August. Support bands are The Skids, Snips and Angletrax, and tickets are now available priced £2 (advance) and £2.50 (doors). Ultravox also guest in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" next Tuesday (5), and play Wolverhampton Polytechnic (December 7) and Northampton County Ground (9).

Greedy Bastards, Otway

THE GREEDY BASTARDS, the all-star pick-up band, are playing one of their occasional concerts shortly before Christmas — at London Camden Electric Ballroom on Saturday, December 16. The line-up on this occasion comprises all four members of Thin Lizzy, Steve Jones and Paul Cook of The Sex Pistols, and Fingers and Bob Geldof of The Boomtown Rats. Advance tickets are expected to be available next week priced £2.50, and on the night they will cost £3. The gig is the night before Lizzy's own Christmas concert at Hammersmith Odeon.

JOHN OTWAY has also confirmed a Christmas show in London — it's at The Venue in Victoria on Saturday, December 9 (admission £3). He'll be appearing with a specially selected band of well-known musicians, who will subsequently back him on his first solo album, to be recorded in December and January. The gig, in which many surprises are promised, will be Otway's last until April when he begins a world tour.

DARTS headline a one-off Christmas concert in London at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday, December 18 (tickets £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2). It's their first major gig with their revised line-up, now featuring new members Kenny Andrews (bass vocals) and Mike Deacon (keyboards). In fact, the band are making their stage comeback sooner than expected, because they've fixed an Irish mini-tour opening at Belfast Ulster Hall (tonight, Thursday).

The Adverts' T.V. SMITH

Adverts: ten in December

THE ADVERTS headline a ten-venue mini-tour this month, mainly to boost promotion of their recently-released RCA single "Television's Over". Promoted by John Giddings of MAM, they visit London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Russell Club (December 7), Sheffield Limit Club (8), Oxford College of Further Education (9), Bristol Locarno (10), Weymouth Pavilion (11), London Camden Music Machine (14), Northampton County Ground (16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (21) and Lincoln Technical College (22). Wayne County & The Electric Chairs are special guests at Bristol, Redcar and Lincoln.

Tour off after farewell gigs

REZILLOS SPLIT UP

THE REZILLOS have broken up, just after the start of their major British tour which was to have lasted until just before Christmas. The Scottish band, who've already tasted chart success with both their debut single and album for Sire Records, decided on the split "due to members of the group having different expectations of their involvement in the music industry".

At present a new band is being formed around three Rezillos members — John Callis, Simon Templar and Angle Patterson — which will function around the songwriting of Callis, who wrote all The Rezillos' material. The new outfit will still be managed by Bob Last, who says that everyone wants to start working as soon as possible.

The Rezillos' tour was suspended after five days, when singer Fay Fife temporarily lost her voice, and it was during this break that the decision was taken not to continue. It means the scrapping of the rest of the tour itinerary running up to Christmas, though the band will still play four of the dates as farewell gigs — Newcastle City Hall (tonight, Thursday), London Lyceum (this Sunday) and December concerts in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Where possible, remaining dates are being re-arranged with either a new headline act or with The Undertones — who were supporting The Rezillos — playing some of the smaller venues as headliners themselves. Details are expected next week.

STOP PRESS

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC revue have added another date to their British tour — at Birmingham Odeon on Friday, December 15. Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. Promoters are Straight Music.

Here & Now's free tour: where & when

HERE & NOW have made several changes and additions to their free tour, now halfway through its autumn itinerary. Remaining dates are Aberystwyth College of Librarianship (tonight, Thursday), Bangor University (Friday), Manchester Poly (Saturday), Liverpool Pickwick Club (Sunday), Bolton Institute of Technology (December 4), Nottingham Uni (5), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (6), Glasgow Strathclyde Uni (7), Dundee Uni (8), Stirling Uni (9), Newcastle Uni (11), Hull Uni (12). York Uni (13), Leeds Fforde Green (14), Huddersfield Poly (15), Coventry Warwick Uni (17), Norwich East Anglia Uni (18), Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel (19) and Colchester Essex Uni (20), plus a big Christmas party at a still-to-be-announced London venue (21).

On sale at all gigs is the official live bootleg featuring Here & Now and Alternative TV, titled "What You See Is What You Are" (price £1) and Here & Now's studio album on the Charly label "Give & Take" (£2 as opposed to shop price of £2.25). Patrik Fitzgerald appears on most of these gigs, and the final five dates also feature a solo set by Daevid Allen, plus his wife Gilli Smyth's band Mother Planet Gong.

Supercharged Christmas

SUPERCHARGE spend the greater part of December on the road, including special seasonal gigs at Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (Christmas Eve), Liverpool Eric's (Boxing Day) and London Camden Music Machine (New Year's Eve Party). Other dates are Birmingham Barbarella's (tomorrow, Friday), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (Saturday), London Marquee (Sunday), Chippenham RAF Station (7), London Hampstead Westfield College (8), London Chelsea College (9), London Fulham Golden Lion (10), Durham New College (12), Preston Polytechnic (13), Fife St. Andrew's University (14), Dundee Technical College (15), Dumfries Stagecoach (17), Blackpool Technical College (18), Plymouth Metro (20. Bristol Granary (21), Newport Village Club (22), Dudley J.B.'s (23) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (29).

DAN McCAFFERTY of Nazareth

EXTRA DATES BY NAZARETH

NAZARETH have now confirmed the remaining four dates, including a major London concert, in their New Year tour. The band's dozen gigs in January were reported two weeks ago, and they have now added Southampton Gaumont (February 1), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (3), Birmingham Odeon (4) and London Hammersmith Odeon (5).

They have now finished work in Montreux on their new album "No Mean City", planned for January release by Mountain, and Manny Charlton has flown to Montreal where he is producing sessions by Canadian group Sweetheart. Singer Dan McCafferty flew to Los Angeles this week to begin a 12-city promotional tour, in connection with the release of his first solo album. The band reunite in Scotland on December 12 to begin rehearsals for the U.K. tour.

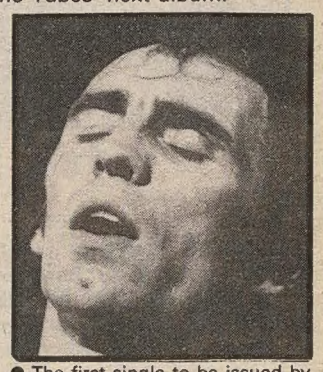
OFF THE RECORD

Rundgren produces TRB

TODD RUNDGREN is to produce the next album by the Tom Robinson Band. At the suggestion of TRB drummer Dolphin Taylor, Robinson met Rundgren in Toronto earlier this year, and the partnership was agreed. Todd flies into London in mid-December to play a week with his band Utopia at The Venue in London's Victoria, and recording sessions will take place in daytime hours during this stint, with mixing to follow in the States. When asked why he suggested Rundgren, Dolphin explained that "he's got the same initials as Tom Robinson" — but, in fact, he's already proved his worth as producer of Meat Loaf's "Bat Out Of Hell" and The Tubes' next album.

Elton newie

ROCKET Records are rush-releasing a new Elton John single this weekend in response, they say, to numerous requests. Taken from his current album "A Single Man", it's the instrumental track "Song For Guy" — written by Elton after the death of Rocket's 17-year-old messenger Guy Burchett, who was killed in a motorbike accident. The B-side is a new John-Taupin composition "Lovesick", which is not included on the LP.



● The first single to be issued by Polydor after Christmas on December 29 — their only release for that week — is "Get Up And Dance" by the **Steve Gibbons Band**, who are expected to play a few New Year gigs to promote it.

● **British Lions** spend the greater part of December in the studios recording their new Phonogram album, titled "Trouble With Women". February release is planned.

● **Metro**, the five-piece contemporary rock band who were formerly with Transatlantic, have signed a long-term deal with EMI. They go into the studios this month with Mike Thorne, producer of the last Wire and Shirts LPs, with a view to releasing a single at the end of January and an album in late February.

● **The Good Time Band** has been launched by former F.B.I. members Root Jackson and Raffi Pereira, who have also founded their own label — Umbrella Records, distributed by Pye — to showcase their product. Their first single, out this week, is "The Baad Good Time Band" on which they're joined by several members of Kokomo.

● Songwriter and producer **Christopher Rainbow** has signed with EMI, and will be recording his own album in January, for release in the spring.

HOW TO PRODUCE YOUR OWN DISCS

RAW Records have set up a division specially to help up-and coming bands issue their own records. The company will assist with the business side — pressing, distribution, securing reviews — as well as the actual production, recording, sleeves, labels, artwork and even coloured vinyl. They also offer free advice on royalties, copyright and legal aspects. They say that, with their large number of contacts, they can virtually guarantee helping to sell enough records to make a profit. Those interested should contact Raw at 48 King Street, Cambridge (0223-54697).

● Midlands rock band **Scene Stealer**, whose debut Rebel Records album "First Offence" has had its release delayed until mid-January by pressing problems, are importing copies from Belgium and Germany — where it's already a big seller — for sale this month.

Labritain dials 999!

999 were on top of the world last week, when they returned from a highly successful Scandinavian tour, and were immediately booked for next week's BBC-2 "Old Grey Whistle Test". But they were quickly deflated when they lost a "Top Of The Pops" spot, and drummer Pablo Labritain was admitted to hospital with a broken arm!

With their new single "Homicide" knocking at the chart door, the TOTP booking was an unexpected bonus, as radio stations have been reluctant to play it because of the controversial title — even though it is an anti-violence song. But in the event, they were cut out of the show, due to an industrial dispute shortening the programme.

Labritain's accident occurred when he was involved in a crash in the group's van, resulting in concussion, severe grazing, fractured ribs and a broken arm. He is now in Whittington Hospital, North London, and has been temporarily replaced in the band by unknown Ed Case — who claims he only took up drumming after seeing Pablo play!

Gen X tour hassles

GENERATION X, who opened their U.K. tour last weekend, have run into the usual batch of problems they've come to expect. Dates at Hertford Castle Hall (December 5) and Birkenhead Hamilton Club (7) have been scrapped, and their projected gig at Brighton Top Rank on December 15 is in jeopardy, because of extensive damage at a recent Buzzcocks concert there.

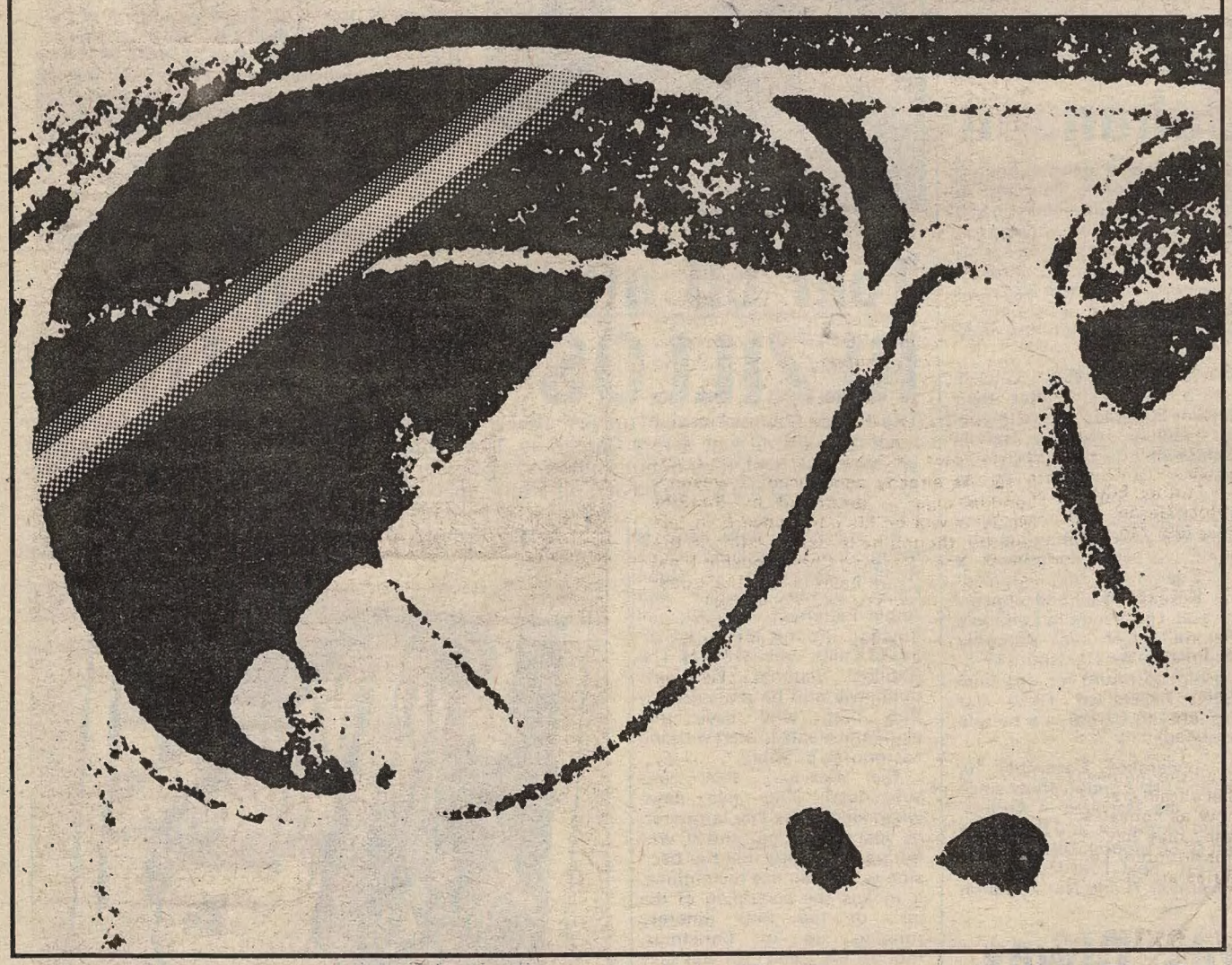
The band are also having difficulty in fixing dates in Scotland, where there is a distinct shortage of bookable halls, due mainly to councils' opposition to new-wave orientated acts. They now play Dunstable California on December 5, a venue originally set for December 12, when instead they've slotted in York Grey Hall. It's understood that Gen X are also lining up a special Christmas show — details hopefully next week.

Doomed line-up change

THE DOOMED have sacked bass player Henry Badowski, the only member of the band who was not previously with The Damned, and have brought in former Saints man Alisdair Ward in his place. They say that Badowski is out because "we hated him and he hated us", while the choice of Ward is due to the fact that "he was born in Croydon"!

The band are planning to give away a free single at their two London Christmas specials — Electric Ballroom (December 21) and Croydon Greyhound (24) — to the first 250 through the doors at each of the gigs. The record will consist of two of the six tracks they recently recorded at a demo session. Of their other dates announced last week, Aberdeen Ruffles moves forward to December 13, and is now replaced the following day by Dundee College of Art.

NOT ALL ALBUMS ARE CREATED EQUAL ...



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ROD'S PARTY

IT IS NOW officially confirmed that Rod Stewart will complete his British tour by playing a special New Year's Eve Party at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (8 pm — 2 am). Attendance at the gig — which follows his five nights at Olympia on either side of Christmas — will be restricted to 2,000. Tickets cost £10.80 and are available only at the Lyceum box-office on Saturdays and Mondays starting this weekend.

Osibisa see in New Year

OSIBISA are to headline a special New Year's Eve concert at London Hammersmith Odeon. It's a late-night gig, timed to run into 1979, and it will feature all their latest material from their upcoming tenth album which they are currently recording. The show is promoted by Straight Music, and tickets are on sale now priced from £2 to £3.50. The LP is still untitled, and it's not yet known on which label it will be issued, as Bronze Records say they are no longer associated with the Afro-rock band. The London gig is the first of a series taking Osibisa round the world in 1979, including their first U.S. tour for five years.

FRANKIE MILLER, currently on an extensive debut tour around Britain with his re-shaped Full House Band, is to play two major London gigs during the holiday season at the new-look Fulham Greyhound — on Boxing Day and New Year's Eve. The Greyhound will also be one of the few London venues presenting live entertainment on Christmas Day, when Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band appear.

Costello booking details

DETAILS OF booking arrangements for the New Year tour by Elvis Costello & The Attractions, announced last week, have now been finalised by Straight Music. Admission at Brighton Top Rank, Bath Pavilion, Hemel Hempstead Pavilion, Carlisle Market Hall, Hanley Victoria Hall, Cardiff Sophia Gardens and Bristol Locarno is all set at the one price of £2.50. Tickets are £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at Liverpool Empire, Glasgow Apollo, Aberdeen Capitol and Dundee Caird Hall. And at the remaining 19 venues, prices are £3, £2.50 and £2. Tickets are on sale now at all box-offices. As already reported, support acts throughout the tour are Richard Hell & The Voidoids and John Cooper Clarke.

Marshall & Hain parting company

MARSHALL HAIN are parting company, barely two weeks after the close of their debut British and European tour. Kit Hain and the band are staying together — and in fact, are remaining in this country to audition for a new keyboards player, before recording a new album — and they are already planning a further series of UK and Continental dates in late January and early February. Julian Marshall intends to involve himself in various solo projects.

The split has been described as "entirely amicable" and, although that's a time-honoured cliche, it appears to make sense in this instance — because, even without Julian, the group is still to be known officially as Marshall Hain! Kit and Julian make their last appearance together next Wednesday, when they record a Radio 1 "In Concert" for broadcast later in the month.

Julie Covington: London concerts

JULIE COVINGTON makes a couple of rare London concert appearances on Saturday and Sunday, December 9 and 10, when she plays at Riverside Studios in Hammersmith. The Albion Band also perform in the shows, which are benefit gigs in aid of the venue's upkeep. Tickets are now available all at the one price of £5.

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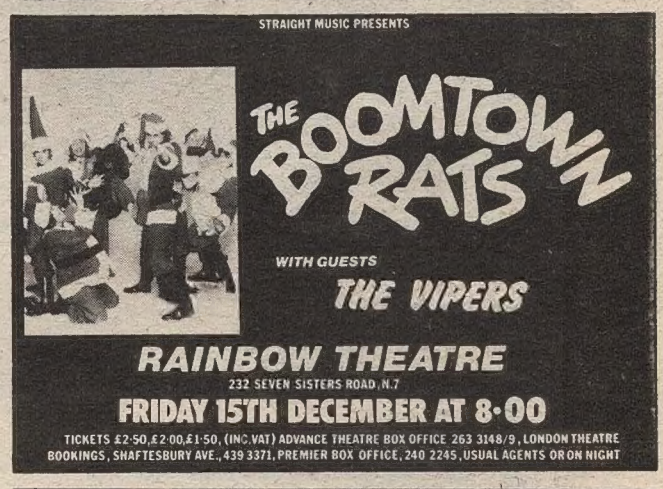
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Richards jail threat

KEITH RICHARDS of The Rolling Stones may, after all, be sentenced to prison on the drugs charges for which he was recently placed on probation in Toronto. The Canadian Government — represented by the Justice Minister, the Attorney-General and former Premier John Diefenbaker — say Richards should have been imprisoned, and that The Crown will appeal against the probation order. Richards was also ordered to give a concert for young blind people, but a Stones spokesman commented: "Keith doesn't have to go back to Canada to face this. They'd better watch it, or they won't even get their charity concert."

More by Penetration

PENETRATION have set ten December gigs, to follow their recently-completed 19-date November tour, all aiding promotion of their new Virgin album "Moving Targets". They play Wolverhampton Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Mayfair (Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), Norwich St. Andrew's Hall (5), Malvern Winter Gardens (6), Derby Kings Hall (7), Recar Coatham Bowl (8), Manchester Russell Club (9), Cambridge Corn Exchange (15), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (16) and Newcastle City Hall (18).

Writz: tip for 1979?

WRITZ — the six-piece band formerly known as Fish Co., whose joint lead singers Beverley Sage and Steve Fairnie are pictured here — have rapidly been enhancing their reputation through their original music and bizarre stage appearance. And with their first single "Night Nurse" due out in mid-January, they could well be one of the names to watch for 1979. Gigs this month include Exeter University (tomorrow, Friday), Swansea University (8), Exmouth Rolle College (9), Bristol Granary (16) and Harlow The Hall (23). They begin a six-week tour in the New Year, for which first confirmed dates are Bristol Crockers (January 4 and 5), Birmingham Barbarella's (6) and Worcester College (26).

NME NEWS ROUND-UP

Gillan: further dates

GILLAN, the official abbreviated name for the new Ian Gillan Band, are to play two nights at London Marquee Club during the upcoming holiday season — on December 28 and 29. They have another London date at Camden Music Machine on December 7, and other gigs this month are at Oxford Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), St. Alban's City Hall (Saturday), Southampton University (6), Birmingham Aston University (8) and Maidstone Technical College (15).

Bishops on the road

THE BISHOPS follow their dates with Dr. Feelgood by playing a string of December gigs in their own right. So far confirmed are Newcastle University (tomorrow, Friday), Maidstone Art College (8), Hull College (12), Harrow Polytechnic (13), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (16), Salisbury College of Further Education (20), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (22) and Scarborough Penthouse (29). More are at present being finalised.

Son Seals in March

SON SEALS BAND — who were forced to call off their projected British tour in October, when they were to have supported B.B. King and played a string of dates in their own right — are now being lined up for an extensive headlining U.K. and European tour in March. Their autumn visit was cancelled when all the members of the band were injured in a train crash in Scandinavia. They are now all convalescing, though it's feared they may have to find a tour replacement for drummer Tony Godden, whose arm injuries are likely to take a long time to heal.

Elkie: London extra

ELKIE BROOKS is to play two more performances at London's Dominion Theatre in Tottenham-Court Road. She is already set to headline two concerts there on Sunday and Monday, December 10 and 11, as reported six weeks ago — and ticket demand has been so heavy that she's now added two early-evening shows on the same days. Tickets for these extra gigs are on sale now at the box-office and through the usual agencies. It's now unlikely that Elkie will be doing any provincial dates this month.

Pirates invade U.S.

THE PIRATES play a tour of America's East Coast during the first half of December, visiting such well-known venues as New York's Bottom Line and Washington's Cellar Door. On their return, they play their last three British gigs of the year — at Bolton Technical College (December 21), London Camden Music Machine (22) and Malvern Winter Gardens (23).

Sylvester + Kokomo

SYLVESTER — who, as reported two weeks ago, plays a pair of London concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on Decmeber 8 and 9 — will be supported in both shows by Kokomo, who are re-forming (yet again!) specially for the occasion. They will feature their usual nine-piece line-up, and NME understands that Kokomo are now on the brink of reuniting on a permanent basis. As already announced, Sylvester's London gigs — promoted by Straight Music — will be his only concerts in this country, though he is also guesting in the World Disco Dancing Championship Final at London Empire Ballroom on December 10 (televised by ITV two days later).

Fabulously Poodling

THE FABULOUS POODLES continue their seemingly non-stop jaunt around the country, by adding a further seven December dates to their itinerary. They are Sheffield Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Ilkley College (Saturday), Manchester Polytechnic (7), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (8), London Roehampton Digby Stuart College (9), Exeter Univeristy (11) and London Camden Music Machine (20). Their gig at Reading University last Saturday (25) was cancelled, following a Women's Lib protest alleging that the band's songs are "sexist"!

Final tour briefs . . .

SHIRLEY BASSEY plays a special charity performance, to be attended by Prince Charles, at **Caerphilly** Double Diamond Club on December 15.

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY and his band will support Rory Gallagher in both legs of his British concert tour — the first opening at **London Lewisham** Odeon on December 8, and the second section starts at **Bristol** Colston Hall on January 9.

DEAN FRIEDMAN, already set for his final U.K. appearance at **London** Dominion Theatre on December 15, is to headline a special charity show at **Reading** University next Wednesday (6) in aid of Music Therapy.

SORE THROAT continue their "Cold Comfort" tour into December with gigs at **Liverpool** Eric's (tomorrow, Friday), **Glasgow** Queen Margaret Union (Saturday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Sunday), **London Enfield** Middlesex Polytechnic (5), **London** Hospital Medical School (6), **Birmingham** Repertory Theatre (10) and **High Wycombe** Nags Head (14).

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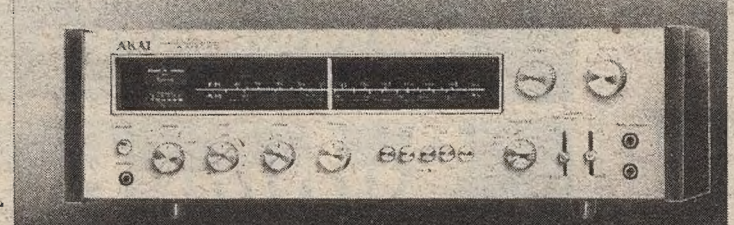
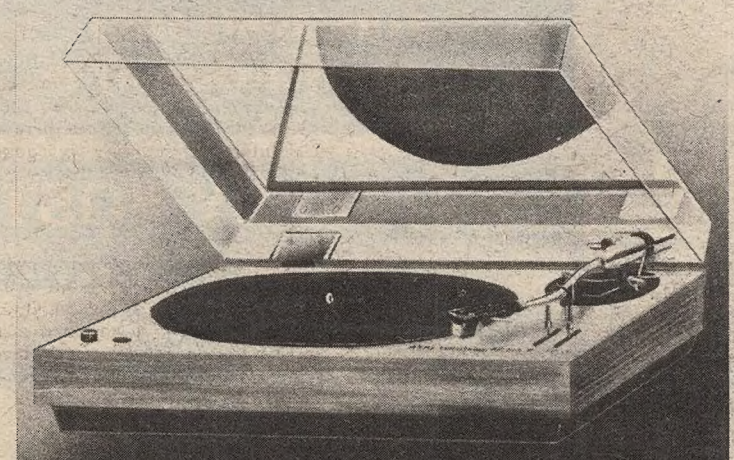


1973: Our first hi-fi receiver.



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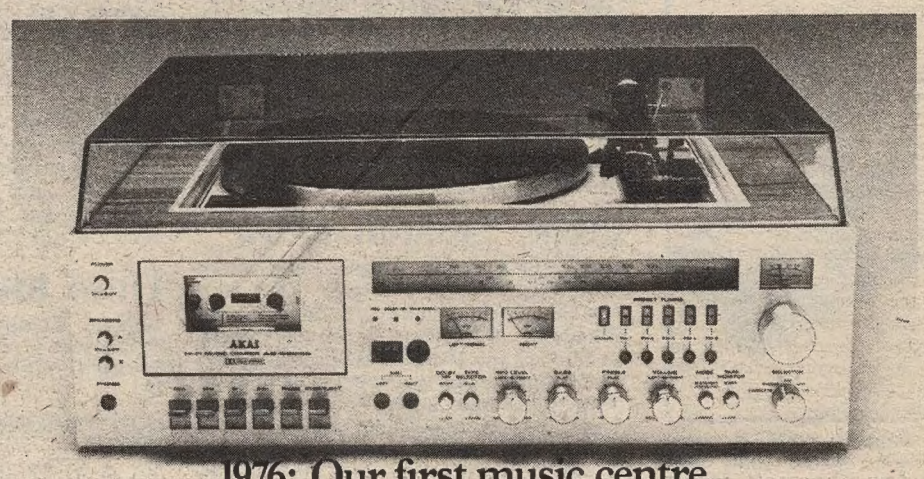

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NEW YORK DOLLS: LIVIN' IN THE AFTERMATH

IT'S ALWAYS easy to be wise after the event. And the star-crossed career of The New York Dolls is a typical case history.

At the short-lived peak of their cult popularity the Dolls were generally misconstrued as being the last dying spark of the '60s when in fact this dishevelled no-nonsense rock 'n' roll dance band were a slow burning fuse that took five years to eventually detonate the fourth generation rock revolution.

The only thing wrong was their sense of timing.

Except for guaranteeing a posthumous place in rock's Hall Of Fame, as a unit the Dolls failed to benefit from their impertinence in trying to establish some semblance of a New Order when rock was just about to dash for middle-of-the-road platinum coated respectability.

But it took almost as long for them to burn themselves out in time-honoured rock tradition as it originally took to establish their bizarre presence as New York's finest.

The problems were as much external as internal. As a result their Grand Exit from the arena was quite messy.

Things had gone wrong from the start, but the beginning of the end came when two-thirds of the Dolls' management, Leiber and Krebs, ganged up on a third partner, Marty Thau. This in turn further confused Mercury Records, who from the outset had felt both threatened and embarrassed by the presence of such an adrogynous bunch of urchins on their label.

Ignoring the fact that the Dolls had already sold close on a quarter of a million albums, Mercury promptly terminated all existing contracts.

Bad news travels fast, and for the remainder of their chaotic career The New York Dolls were label-less.

It was at about this juncture in the Dolls' fast-failing fortunes that soon-to-become-infamous Kings Road haberdasher Malcolm McLaren — who guitarist Sylvain Sylvain affectionately remembers as "a little schlepp" — entered the scenario.

Infatuated with the Dolls' anarchic attitude, McLaren bravely attempted an ill-fated salvage operation for which he adamantly refused to accept financial restitution for services rendered.

It was McLaren who, during February and March, 1974, vigorously promoted The New York Dolls' notorious *Red Patent Leather Show*, an off-target tongue-in-cheek headline-grabbing extreme Leftist image which instantly alienated just about everyone of power within the American music industry.

The alarming spectre of the Dolls — bedecked in bright red — posturing against a massive Soviet hammer and sickle backdrop almost gave syndicated rock society columnist Lisa Robinson a cardiac arrest.

However, she recovered sufficiently enough to pen a vitriolic letter to the band. And the rest of the Red Scourge-fearing American media promptly lined-up behind her skirts.

The New York Dolls had, in their estimation, shown their *true* colours. They were *not* All-American guys kicking up a little noise, but a bunch of highly-subversive pinko agitators who were *obviously* hell-bent-for-(red)-leather on corrupting the innocent youth of The Big Country . . .

They had to be stopped!

"I never liked that particular image from the outset," recollects Sylvain, "'cause, me being Jewish for one thing, I really hate those Commie bastards!"

If The Red Patent Leather Show itself wasn't sufficient to escalate the Dolls' eventual martyrization, McLaren had other problems. He was desperately attempting to get bassist rthur Kane off the bottle (he shoved im in a sanatorium to dry out) and also trying to gain the confidence and friendship of both guitarist Johnny Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan whose smack-induced paranoia had made them deeply suspicious of his interest in their affairs.

Nevertheless, McLaren was determined not to be put off and tried to clean up the Dolls' act as best he could.

"His heart was really into it," insists Sylvain. "I mean, he even got us a show at New York's Beacon Theatre, which was a big step because by then a lotta people hated our guts. All those shoe salesmen who ran the record business really felt threatened by our very existence."

Down, but not yet out, The New York Dolls were preparing themselves for one last all-out assault. They assumed that all that was required was that elusive hit single, a return engagement at the Beacon and once again they'd be a force to be reckoned with.

"We'd be stars!"

Despite their problems they'd already written a bunch of new material and routined some oldies: "Pirate Love", "It's On Fire", "Restless Crazy", "Daddy Rollin' Stone", "Somethin' Else", "Heavy Metal Kids", "A Pig's Foot And A Bottle Of Beer", "Red Patent Leather" and two songs scheduled as their grand-slam comeback hit single, "Teenage News" and "The Kids Are Back".

AS A PRELUDE to again taking their home town by storm, the Dolls embarked upon an eight date tour of Florida. By staying at Arthur Kane's family home, they calculated that after all overheads had been paid they'd come out of the venture with three grand profit — enough to finance studio time for their third album.

The album never got recorded.

Half-way through the Florida offensive Thunders and Nolan quit. The reason: they were desperate to fly back to New York so as they could score.

Within hours, Arthur Kane brought in a couple of his friends, including a Thunders clone named Blackie, who gave vent to the rumours that the deps had been presented with wigs to wear in an effort to pass the new recruits off as bona fide Dolls.

The sudden — though in Sylvain's opinion not unexpected — departure of Thunders and Nolan, and the fact that roadie Peter Jordan occasionally held down the bass gig when Arthur Kane was legless didn't cause the make-shift Dolls line-up the kind of inherent problems one might have imagined.

"Suddenly," says Sylvain, "we were getting encores which, for the Dolls, was like having Christmas come around twice in one year!"

It's often been assumed that Thunders was David Johansen's right hand man. And visually he may have been the most obvious foil. But it was diminutive cork-screw haired power-pack Sylvain (who incidentally thought up the group's name) who, along with David Jo, not only stayed the pace but was the Dolls' musical director.

"I used to try and tighten things up. Cut all the songs back to around three and four minutes in length."

Actually, Sylvain had anticipated the Dolls' demise. "It was inevitable," he admits prophetically. "I just knew that those three weren't going' to make it."

Armed with this knowledge, he convened a secret pow-pow with both David Jo and McLaren during the Florida expedition to discuss whether or not to break the Dolls up there and then ("before irrevocable harm was done") or rely on the unreliability of the others.

Seemingly, David Jo was reluctant to carry on without the other three. But within days he had his mind made up for him. Thunders and Nolan were on a plane back to the Big Apple.

In subsequent interviews almost everyone has seized the opportunity to portray a former colleague as villain of the piece.

For instance Thunders and Nolan have repeatedly blamed David Johansen for the split, alleging that he used his cohorts purely as *his* back-up musicians.

Sylvain insists that such outbursts are childish.

"Look, Johnny had his idea of how my guitar should sound — which didn't always coincide with my idea — and also how much louder he should be than anyone else. And I can say that I didn't wanna play loud. Trouble with Johnny was, he was like an athlete who didn't know how to pace himself. The minute he got on stage he'd get too excited and that was the end of that."

Subject closed.

What about the recurring argument that the split was aggravated by Johansen wanting the Dolls to veer more towards pop-rock while Sylvain's roots were in R&B.

"Well, I could say that same shit about Johnny. I was writing material he didn't wanna hear. For instance, I wrote the title track for the Dolls' second album ("Too Much Too Soon") which wasn't even recorded. If Johnny said, that's what David did to him then I could say I got that from both David *and* Johnny. But it's all so long ago."

Subject well and truly closed.

And not just livin' but looking hot. Ex-Doll DAVID JOHANSEN, with SYLVAIN SYLVAIN in the band, is currently engaged in a successful tour of Britain. ROY CARR reports.

THE NEW York Dolls were just one of many aspiring bands on the books of Leiber and Krebs, and Sylvain reckons that when their managers began to view the Dolls not so much as a musical entity but as a potential Monkees-style merchandising machine through which to market a line of teen-queen cosmetics called "The Killers' Make Up", he didn't feel too optimistic about the Dolls' immediate future.

To further confuse the issue, one day he caught Leiber and Krebs showing Aerosmith a huge stack of photographs of the Dolls and insisting that if they were ever going to amount to anything then this was the image that Aerosmith should cultivate.

Seemingly, Steven Tyler and Joe Perry could grasp the logic behind such a suggestion, but bassist Tom Hamilton had grave doubts about placing his masculinity in doubt!

However, it was left to the Dolls to seal their own fate. And Sylvain feels it had been predetermined long before they set out for Florida.

"There's nobody to blame 'cept ourselves. *We* killed the Dolls. Like I said, it was inevitable. We were actually living all that fuckin' stuff and as a result we lost Billy (Murcia)."

Verdict: O.D.

"Now that was a heavy shock to face and completely stripped us of our faith as being a unit. If you're gonna make your act a reflection of what your life's all about, then you've gotta realise when you're on stage and when you're off.

"Sure, we all blamed each other for the break-up, but if we had retained our initial attitude that we were gonna stick it out then I've absolutely no doubts that the Dolls would have happened.

"Like you were saying to me earlier about Bo Diddley opening his door for other people and being left holding the handle . . . well, the Dolls demonstrated that you didn't have to be Frank Sinatra or Jeff Beck to make it. I believe we gave American kids back their faith in rock 'n' roll.

"We didn't plan it that way. It was an accident. New York goes in cycles. When it's hot it's hot but when The New York Dolls started out there was absolutely nothing worthwhile goin' on. For a time it seemed that we were the only band in the city. Then suddenly, overnight, another 20 bands had sprung up.

"Where the Dolls blew it was when we finally took things into our own hands. My attitude both mentally and physically was, there was no way we were ever gonna do it again. You've got to have this we're-gonna-make-it-all-together-or-not- at-all attitude about such things."

Sylvain believes that Malcolm McLaren drew from his experience of The New York Dolls when preparing the original draft for his Sex New

☐ *Continues over page*

MAGAZINE
ON TOUR

Wednesday 29th November **Liverpool** Mountford Hall, University
Thursday 30th November **Lancaster** University

Friday 1st December **Newcastle** University
Saturday 2nd December **Derby** King's Hall
Monday 4th December **Sheffield** University
Tuesday 5th December **Leeds** Polytechnic
Wednesday 6th December **Birmingham** Barbarellas
Thursday 7th December **Coventry** Locarno
Friday 8th December **West Runton** Pavillion
Saturday 9th December **Aylesbury** Friars
Sunday 10th December **Cardiff** Top Rank

Special Guests
NEO

■ *From previous page*

Pistols' world-domination masterplan.

"Unfortunately, neither McLaren or the Pistols learned from our biggest mistake — and that was breaking up when they did. The Dolls really regret breaking up and I expect that no matter what they say in public, secretly so do the Pistols!

"Nevertheless, if you're gonna steal somethin'", argues Sylvain, "then steal from the best. Only trouble was, the Dolls were much too ahead of their time. We were from another era. People looked at The Sex Pistols as The Sex Pistols and not as McLaren's British up-date of the Dolls formula. See, the Pistols grew up with the Dolls in precisely the same way as lotsa kids are currently growing up with Johnny Rotten.

"the only thing that I ever get bitter about is that some of the bands that started out the same time as the Dolls . . . bands like Kiss . . . earned the money that the Dolls should have earned.

"Throughout the whole time he was in the band, the only thing that Jerry Nolan was ever correct about was when he kept saying, watch out for Kiss!"

And what was the final nail in the Dolls' coffin lid?

"There were people in the Dolls who just couldn't go nowhere by themselves . . . it's as if they needed their mother along to hold their hand. But what you really wanna know is what did we do that made so many people angry and hostile towards us?

"Basically they got mad because we weren't afraid of 'em. We weren't afraid of the music industry. We weren't about to kiss ass to get on. And, that's not the easy way to go about things.

"You beat them to it and they get pissed off and do everything within their power to put you in your place. To show the rest of the world that they can do it.

"Well, we said, fuck you too, who needs this shit.

"You know, Krebs said to me, that he learned more from the New York Dolls *not* making it than from any of his groups that made it."

STUFF JAMES Jewel Osterburg! If there's one individual who looked capable of stripping the Ig of his self-styled title as The World's Forgotten Boy it was David Johansen.

For the past few years it has appeared as though Johansen's professional career was exclusively restricted to being photographed (usually in tandem with his ambitious ex-lady Cyrinda) slumming around Manhattan's latest hot-spots, and posing inanely with the latest whiz-kids of a movement he'd originally helped pioneer.

It seemed like a race to see who could make the society pages of New York's rock press most times in a month — Johansen or Jagger? And invariably Johansen scooped the most column inches.

Was this to be the end for someone who, along with Bruce Springsteen and Joey Ramone had proved he was the only frontman to exude the fundamental ethos of the genre in '70s Rock Americana.

There was speculation as to whether, if the opportunity presented itself, David Johansen could still stay the pace.

To the casual observer he appeared to be procrastinating and didn't seem to give a monkey's just so long as someone else picked up the bar tab.

Following the Florida affair, Johansen's professional activities were limited to grabbing Sylvain, Peter Jordan, drummer Tony Machine and organist Chris Robinson for a Japanese junket — where, as fate would have it, they took over the bill-topping spot from a hospitalized Jeff Beck.

Upon his return to America, Bobby Blain replaced Robinson for sporadic — mainly weekend only — bouts of touring.

"We'd made enough money in Japan, and from just working weekends to pay our bills and hang-out mid-week in Manhattan."

Though this particular line-up which, in retrospect David Jo prefers to tag *The Dollettes*, never officially recorded, tapes exist of both New Year's Eve appearance at the Beacon Theatre and a gig at Cleveland's Agora Ballroom on which is preserved some of the unrecorded material scheduled for the Dolls' third album, plus "Personality Crisis", "Looking For A Kiss" together with three Johansen/Sylvain originals, "Funky But Chic", "Cool Metro" and "Frenchette", which all made it onto David Jo's Blue Sky debut.

It was left up to Sylvain Doll's off-shoot The Criminals to preserve "The Kids Are Back" for posterity.

DAVID JOHANSEN himself sports a familiar American super-cool and self-assured confidence.

He tries to give the impression that he doesn't take himself seriously. His true feelings are open to speculation.

The time at our disposal — between the end of the soundcheck and the first of two exhausting shows at London's The Venue — is not enough for me to reach any real conclusions.

One thing is for sure: he is ultra shrewd and knows how to handle himself in the clinches.

David Johansen plays to win.

Nevertheless, he insists that despite the time spent extricating himself from previous contractual ties he never felt pressured into cutting his solo album are getting back into the fray.

Was he ever in danger of becoming a lost cause?

He smiles, looks you straight in the eyes and replies: "I've never looked upon myself as any kind of cause. I just thought that I could make a good album whenever I chose and that remark speaks for itself."

See what I mean about self-assured confidence?

I mean, has he or has he not presented the public with one of the best solo debuts of the '70s?

He goes on to insist that the passing of time has nothing at all to do with one's ability to cut the proverbial mustard.

After such a lengthy lay-off, did he anticipate that perhaps people may have expected the impossible?

He retorts: "I don't want to sound egotistical but I just figured that I could make a good album and I wouldn't go back into the studio until such time as I knew I was ready.

"And as a result I wasn't surprised by the favourable reaction shown to my first solo album. One thing I can assure everyone is that my next album is gonna be that much better."

Judging on his present form both on plastic and in public, I for one, wouldn't make book on his chances of failure.

He refutes any suggestion that, recording-wise, he intentionally kept a low profile so as to avoid comparisons between his current activities and his work with The New York Dolls.

"My main concern was that I didn't wanna go back out on the road to promote any record until I felt like it.

"Four years of terminal touring with the Dolls left its mark. During that time we must have hit almost every town across America. So I just wanted to stay at home for some time. When you come home after so long on the road you're loud and obnoxious and your closest friends don't particularly want to know you. So you've got to take time off to re-adjust. To dig yourself and to dig life.

"As far as I'm concerned life itself is far more important than any rock'n'roll band . . . the chance to be able to enjoy life. I mean, if you're in a highly successful rock band and, never mind anyone else, if you can't dig yourself, you're well and truly fucked . . . absolutely nowhere.

"Right from the time I was a kid my parents taught both me and my family to always believe in ourselves. The most important thing in life is the ability to dig yourself and if you can't do that, why the hell parade yourself around in front of an audience.

"Some people take the whole thing far too seriously."

He laughs. "Like, my father never took the insurance business that seriously."

Though he admits to being artistically ambitious, David Jo apparently doesn't harbour the kind of cut-throat ambition that seems to be the stock-in-trade vice of so many contemporary American rock singers.

"Maybe," he replies laughing, "that's been my biggest problem?"

Furthermore, he argues that he isn't at all concerned about so many other bands capitalizing on what The New York Dolls innovated.

"I'm not that capitalistic anyway!"

I aim the same Bo Diddley analogue at him, in much the same way as I put it to Sylvain. He finds it amusing and in many ways accurate.

"However, I never really thought of the Dolls in that way. The Dolls were a good band and a lot of kids picked up on them and lots of 'em didn't. We proved that it could be fun to be in a rock band. That it didn't have to be a drag and that you didn't have to be full of shit at the time.

"Really, it's hard to be subjective about the Dolls and as to who copped what from the Dolls. If you can grasp what I'm saying . . . I never really saw the Dolls because I was just up there on stage being one fifth of it. It's difficult for me to say what the Dolls were. It was a mess of many things other than just entertainment."

He lights a cigarette. "But, I do think it's good that we helped to create a whole new burgeoning scene which didn't exist when we first started out.

"In fact, if anyone wanted to open a club in New York, they'd always booked the Dolls to play the launch. We must had opened almost every club in New York.

"I suppose it's semi-gratifying to look around and see what we helped to start - not that I'm into that kind of gratification, but I never felt frustrated to see other bands come up and make it where the Dolls didn't.

"See, I was doing what *I* wanted to do, not what other people may have felt I should do. But then I always have . . . but having said that, nobody does *exactly* what they want to do.

"You get and idea for sumpthin', and you start working on it, and whatever it becomes is what it is and sometimes during the process you don't remember what the original idea was.

"Actually, one of my saving graces is that I've got a bad memory!"

"Look, I never gave two hoots about what any other band did or where they got it from in the first place. I just always knew that when the time came for me to get something together I would. I did it with the Dolls and I'm doing it with my own band.

"As far as the Dolls were concerned we set some kind of precedence as far as studio technique was concerned and got slagged off for it. As it so happens I heard the two albums again quite recently and they sounded good, though a bit mainstream. The songs were good. Incidentally, I also heard "Puss 'n' Boots" on the radio the other day and I'd forgotten just how good it was.

"It's funny, when our records first came out in america nobody would play them on the radio 'cause we were bad news . . . had the green slime on us. Nowadays they're frantically trying to get back into us!"

The New York Dolls may have become something of an albatross around the necks of group members, but Johansen doesn't feel his past association is something he's been compelled to live down.

"I'm not out to try and get people to re-evaluate me or anything at all like that. If people think I'm a creep, fuck 'em, that's o.k. by me. See, I just don't care!"

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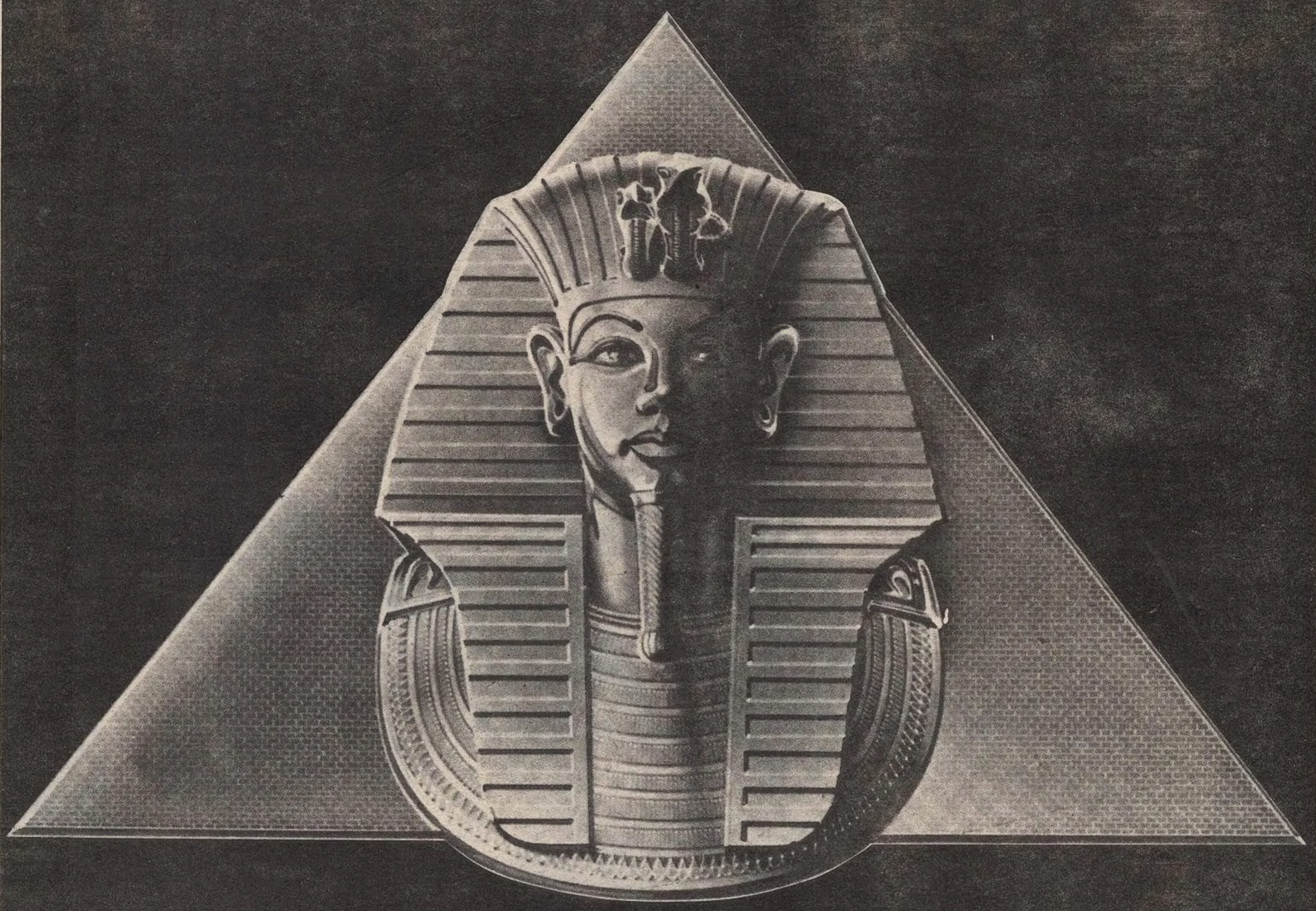

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THRILLS

"WHY I NEVER COMB MY HAIR"

— the sordid truth about Pete Shelley!

PETE SHELLEY rings *Thrills* last week to tell us he's unshaven and hasn't combed his hair again.

"I couldn't care less," he tells me. "If I cared any less it just wouldn't be worth bothering."

Shelley and Buzzcocks draw unusually bad press at the moment. Amongst other things, people say they don't care about anything. "I care about music," says Pete. "I care about keeping warm when it's cold. I care about the normal things people care about."

Buzzcocks have just finished a tour of the nation.

"It was a strange tour. Rather difficult. All the things you said in your review about playing these huge halls were valid, but it's also valid to say it was a wonderful, fantastic experience for me. But the whole tour was so long it only needed a few people to brand us about an apparently couldn't-care-less attitude for it to become fact.

"On stage I always try my best. I never say, 'Oh no, not another gig,' and just stand up there. It'd be no fun doing that. I *always* try to do my best."

The Brighton fiasco was one excessively publicised disturbance. Riots, hate, cans in groins and other things not associated with Buzzcocks. Anything to say, Pete?

"No. But we've had some letters to say it was nice and that people enjoyed it. All the trouble, I never saw. I was in the dressing room. In some ways I think it was as bad as people made out, in some ways it wasn't. A few people started chucking things and it escalated from there."

You can't please everybody . . . What happens next is calm. Buzzcocks have had enough of the constant touring (and the misinterpretations), at least for now.

"We're not going to do very much for six months. There's going to be a new single out in the New Year, to keep everybody happy. There'll probably be one or two live things. We'll come back when we feel like it."

That isn't another couldn't-care-less line, but a cheerful expression of exhaustion and exasperation. Caught deep in the contradictions of the new wave, it seems every way Buzzcocks turn onlookers croak with cynicism.

"It does seem ironic that people moan about me not shaving and not combing my hair when two years ago if you didn't have a wash you were hailed as a prophet."

Times change . . . During the six-month break the individual members look to keep active. Drummer John Maher, for example, is thinking of doing session work, whilst Shelley hopes to release his "Cinema Music And Wallpaper Sounds" album ("it's up for grabs"), and concentrate on a number of solo things from The Tiller Boys through to some "poppy pop stuff".

Buzzcocks play out the year promoting their sixth single of '78, "Promises", a typical Buzzcocks nugget, released a little sharply after "Ever Fallen In Love".

"'Ever Fallen In Love' wasn't really meant to be a 'real' single, just another marketing ploy for the album — y'know, played a little on the radio, gets the album some airplay — but it backfired on us and became a major hit. Our shrewd manipulation of the market failed! 'Promises' was always meant to be our next single, and it's been released so apparently quickly because we didn't realise 'Ever Fallen In Love' would be such a big hit.

"Or at least we didn't plan for it. We could have put the release schedule of 'Promises' back a bit but then we would have been lost in the Christmas rush."

Aahh . . . the pressures and perils of pop stars at the top.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

SHELLEY, DIGGLE & KEITH RETCHARD share a joke *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

DEATH AT THE BELL — TRIAL

JUST OVER a year ago 24-year-old Henry Bowles died as a result of the injuries he received at a Subway Sect gig held in The Bell on London's Pentonville Road.

For the last week two bouncers who worked at the pub have been on trial at the Old Bailey for their part in what the prosecution told the jury was a "vicious" attack on Bowles.

John William Godden faces manslaughter and assault (occasioning actual bodily harm) charges. He pleads not guilty.

The second man, Frank Joseph Flood, has pleaded guilty to common assault. Charges of causing grievous bodily harm to Bowles against both men were dropped at the trial because of a lack of medical evidence.

The court heard that on October 23, 1977, Bowles was evicted from The Bell by a number of bouncers. Shortly afterwards he was found critically injured on the pavement outside and was immediately taken to hospital.

His skull was fractured, causing brain damage, and he died on November 4.

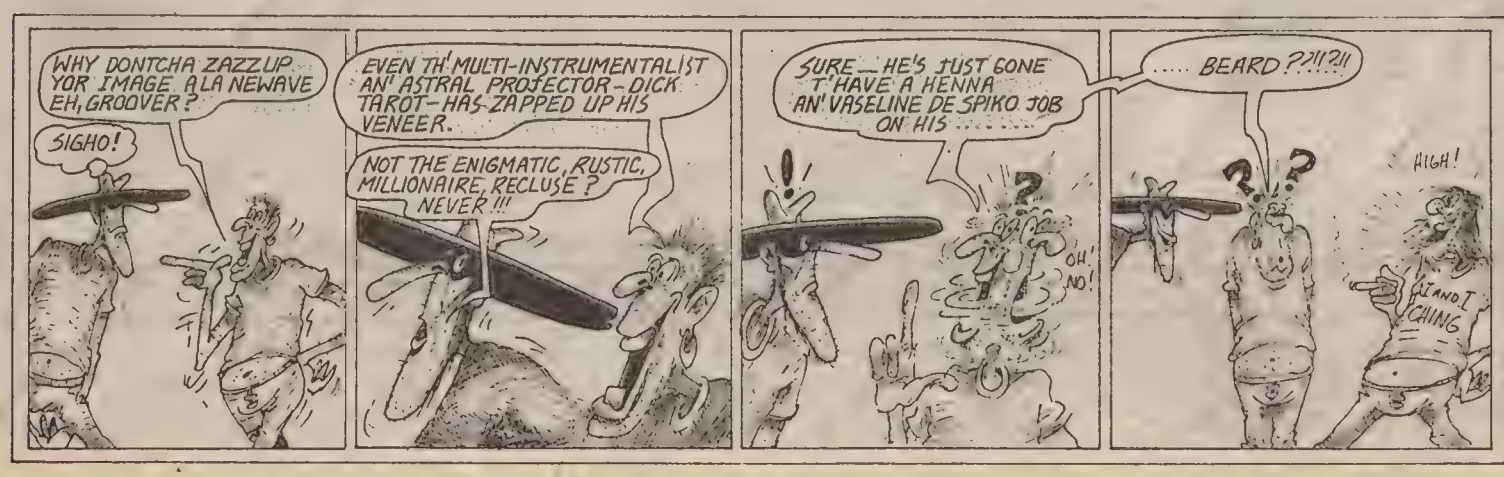
As *NME* closed for press the trial jury had retired to consider their verdict. Next week we'll bring you a full report on what is obviously a case of great importance to the rock business and fans.

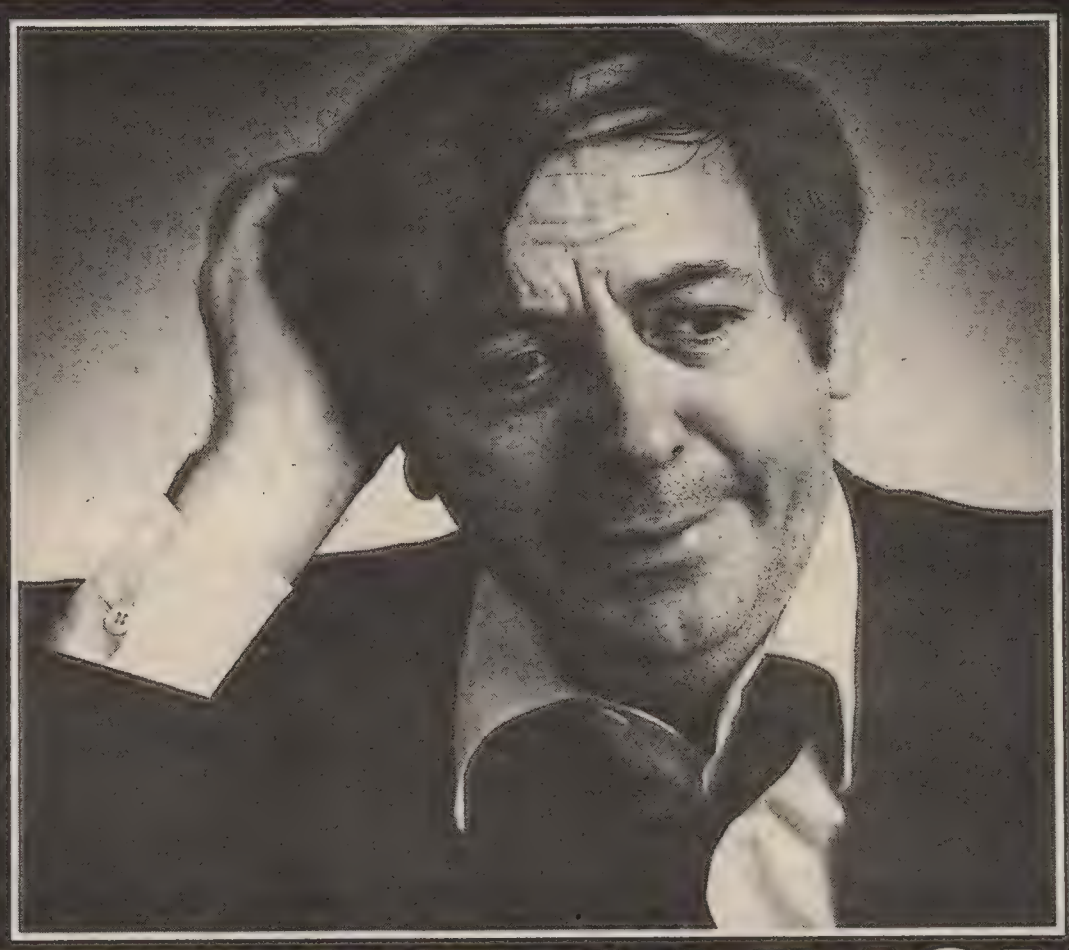
TONY STEWART

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON


WHY DONTCHA ZAZZ UP YOR IMAGE A LA NEWAVE EH, GROOVER?
SIGHO!
EVEN TH' MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST AN' ASTRAL PROJECTOR - DICK TAROT - HAS ZAPPED UP HIS VENEER.
NOT THE ENIGMATIC, RUSTIC, MILLIONAIRE, RECLUSE? NEVER!!!
SURE - HE'S JUST GONE T' HAVE A HENNA AN' VASELINE DE SPIKO JOB ON HIS . . . . . .
OH! NO!
. . . . . BEARD?!!?!!
HIGH!
AND I CHING

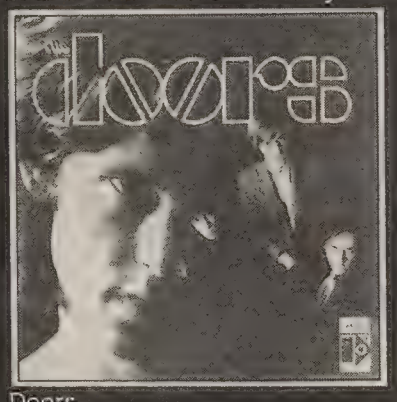


HAPPILY WE ANNOUNCE EVEN MORE PROBLEMS

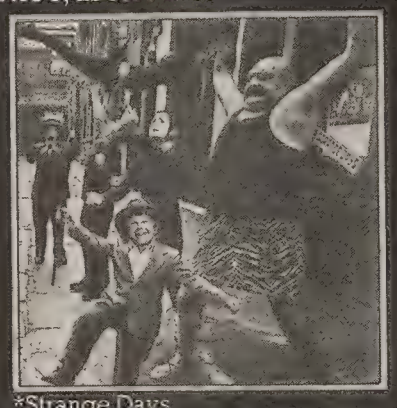
Now, for anyone who ever found himself or herself in the record store dilemma (which one shall I get, which one shall I get?) WEA would like to throw a spanner in the works. Or a dozen spanners, to be exact. In the form of 12 absolutely essential albums from The Doors and Van Morrison. Each one is a classic in its own right; each one a must. The choice is all yours. Nice, aren't we?

Astral Weeks
K46024

*Two Originals of Van Morrison
K86009



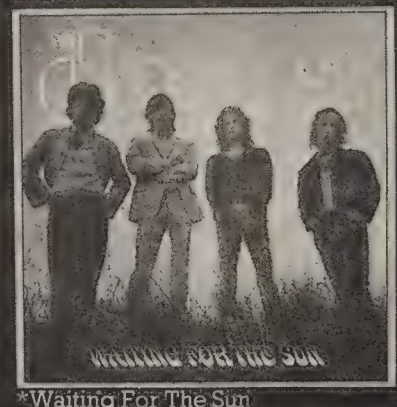
Doors
K42012


*Strange Days
K42016

*Veedon Fleece
K56068

Period of Transition
K56322

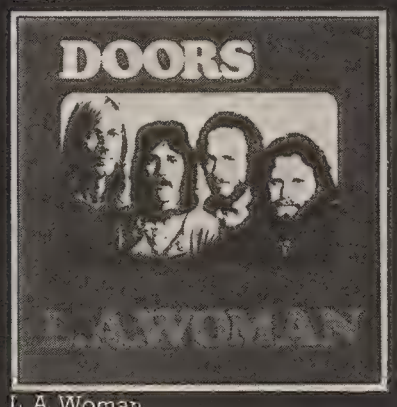
Morrison Hotel
K42080



*Waiting For The Sun
K42041

*It's Too Late To Stop Now
K86007

Wavelength
K56526



L. A. Woman
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"Which way to the strange narcotic odours department, love?"

BOX-LOADS of the new Peter Tosh LP "Bush Doctor" had to be recalled from Boots record departments last week because the chain refused to stock any copies with the scratch'n'sniff Rolling Stones logo sticker.

It wasn't the bulbous lips they objected to, but the smell engrained thereupon.

Y'see, in accordance with Tosh's self-styled rep as torch, or rather chalice bearer, for the cause, the sticker had been impregnated with the aroma of a certain popular combustible substance — one with leaves not at all dissimilar to those pictured in abundance on Tosh's earlier disc, "Legalise It".

A copy of the LP had been sent to Boots' directors. Upon sampling the scent they were of the opinion that it was in fact the exotic flower perfume Patchouli, and went ahead with their ordering.

Imagine their consternation when a Scottish newspaer called the company's Glasgow office and informed them of what the smell was really supposed to be.

We have to be very careful," said Boots' chief record buyer Wilf Price. "We are 'Boots The Chemist', and such a thing could be very awkward. Also, we saw no reason to promote this substance in our record department."

It is not certain whether this last statement refers to the competition it might offer the vicarious Swiss pharmaceuticals supplied elsewhere in the shop.

Woolworths and W. H. Smiths have not so far indicated that they will follow Boots' example. All three, however, can rest assured that the smell, which discerning palates hereabouts say is really more of an acrid stench, will not in fact cause customers to giggle uncontrollably and then jump out of windows.

FAT FREDDIE'S CAT

TOSH vamooses on his trusty unicycle. *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

COWBOY T-SHIRT TROUBLE

THE CHELSEA Porn Squad may not have prosecuted Viv Westwood and Legs McLaren's Seditionaires boutique over that pile of confiscated cowboy T-shirts (*Thrills 8.11.78*), but one young man has been brought before the court for wearing one.

David Fullbrook, 20, of Wandsworth, London, was fined £12 at a Westminster Court last week, after being arrested by a policeman in Chelsea's Kings Road on Saturday November 4.

"Several members of the public saw this T-shirt," said PC Peter Sturge, the arresting officer. "And they appeared to be disgusted."

The T-shirt, as reported previously in *Thrills*, depicts two rather well-proportioned cowboys in a state of, er, undress.

"I didn't go down there deliberately to show it off," said Fullbrook to the magistrate. "It wasn't intentional."

The magistrate commented: "I hope that this form of indecent T-shirt is something that we will not see much of." After imposing the fine and ordering the shirt to be destroyed, the magistrate told Fullbrook: "Don't do this again, because it upsets people."

SCRATCH

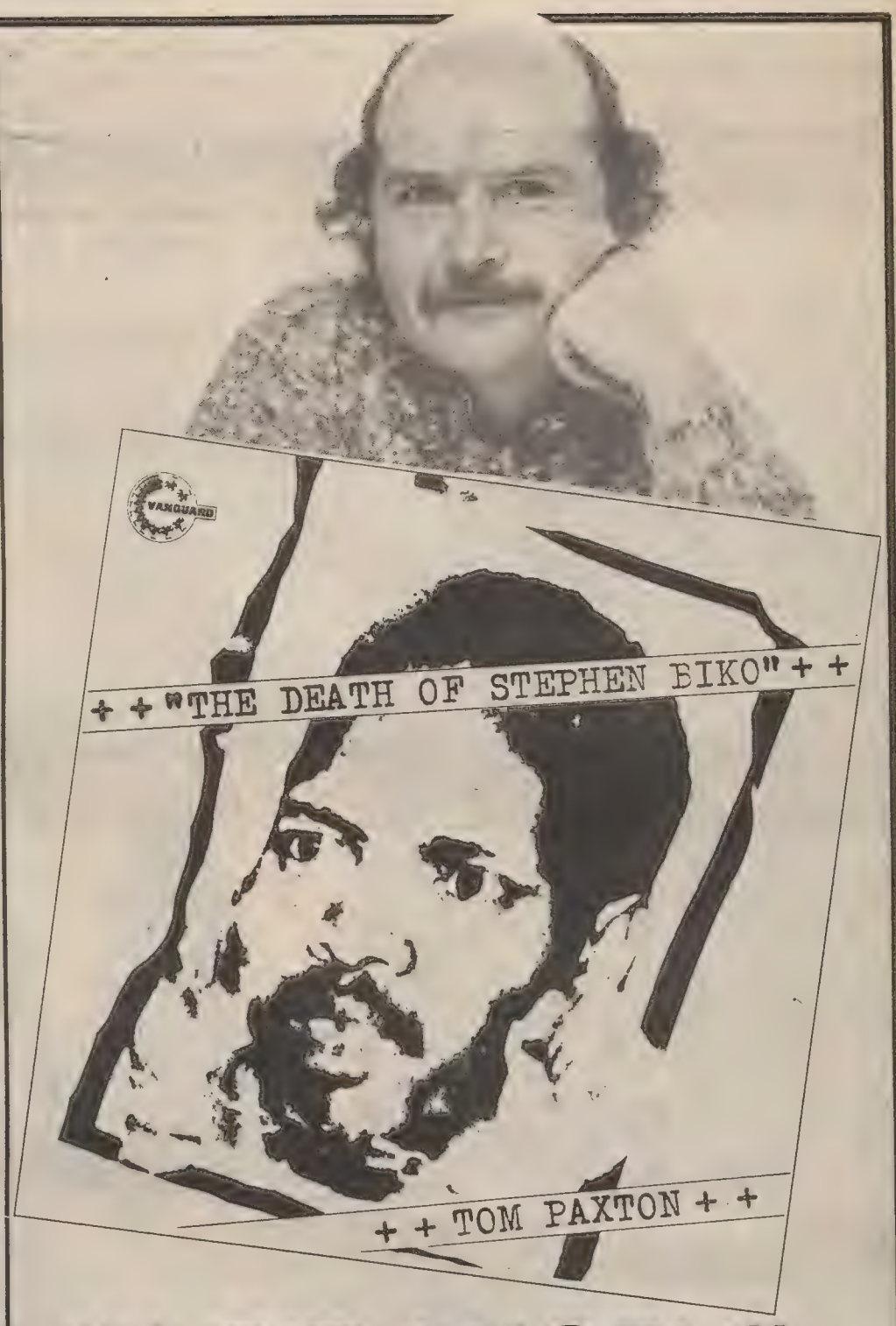
THRILLS

See stars with sexy 21-year-old Denis O'Regan 'cos that's his job — photographing them! Write to: 17 Stanton Road, Barnes, London SW13.

BLACKMAIL CORNER

What a hoot! Sussed you, Denis, you adorable hunk of soft-focus snapshot, you. Mr O'Regan was last seen boarding a plane at Heathrow (after snapping Peter Tosh for the item above, of course) after he got wind of our revelations about his secret life in "My Guy" magazine. Whatever next, Pennie Smith in "Penthouse"?

THRILLS



"A BIT ANGRY" ABOUT BIKO

SINCE BLACK leader Stephen Biko's death at the hands of South African security police his name has become a legend, his courage a symbol of the liberation struggle.

His importance was underlined in the book written by exiled newsman Donald Woods (*Biko* — soon to be filmed with Paul Newman, Jane Fonda and Sidney Poitier as Biko) and by the fact that the South African Ministry of Information have even gone so far as to put out a fake biography slurring his name.

Now comes a song from veteran folk singer Tom Paxton, "The Death Of Stephen Biko", lifted off his latest album "Heroes" and put out as a single by his company, Pye.

Thrills visited Paxton, a plump cheery man with windcheater and Puma Easy Rider sport sneakers to match, in his room at London's Athenaeum Hotel where he explained his motivation for the song.

"I wrote it one morning — Pearl Harbour Day as a matter of fact. I'd been following the situation for a long time, and it probably sounds terrible to say it, but it was much of a muchness for several years. The iron heel there is so consistent and the resentment to it is never-ending, that there wasn't very muck in a hard news way to follow. And then this Biko thing began to heat up.

"The day that I wrote the song there was an article in the *New York Times* written by Sidney Kentridge, who was chief counsel to the Biko family, which tied up the entire story of Stephen Biko as it came out from the inquest. From that article I wrote the song in a couple of hours.

"By admitting to that I'm sure I lay myself open to all sorts of bullshit from the South African authorities about writing without doing my homework, but I stand by what the song says. There are no misstatements of fact in the song."

But why should a white folk singer feel motivated to sign about him? Surely Biko is the hero of another culture?

"I don't agree with you. I think we need strong brave men and he was one. His death hurts us all. Just think if he hadn't been killed, if he'd been allowed to speak for his compatriots, we would all have been richer for it. I don't mean to get up on a soap box or anything, but I feel diminished by his death and I feel outraged by it."

The flipside of the Biko disc features "There Goes The Mountain", an eco-anthem reflecting Paxton's other main concern.

"The question is whether we're going to have a planet to live on the way we keep fucking it up with evey kind of pollution . . . and yet 'environmentalist' has become a dirty word. This year's eccentric is an environmentalist — to show concern is considered bizarre. The busines interests who're going to die too (laughs), have succeeded in making it a figure of fun."

Paxton's roots lie with singers like Woodie Guthrie and Pete Seeger. Having been around Woody for a while, what was his opinion on the Guthrie biopic *Bound For Glory*, which was panned by many as a soft-edged parody of the man?

"I loved it. The producer of the movie, Harold Leventhal, was at one time my manager. He took care of things for Woody and still manages Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie. This is not a man to idly fuck around with Woody's history.

"Woody's attitude came through. The fact is that the guy was in many ways a pain in the ass. He went out for a pack of cigarettes once and didn't come back for a year. He could be a cantankerous son-of-a-bitch, but Christ, what a prolific writer."

Considering the Biko song, I wondered if Paxton thought of himself as a protest singer.

"I hate the label protest singer, mainly for artistic reasons, because any time the phrase is used it seems to me that someone is grasping at a chance to put me into a pigeonhole and write me off. I think one of my favourite songs ever is a silly thing called "Englebert The Elephant" — hardly your socially significant song. It's all part of the same thing to me."

Paxton has never had chart success, producing instead a string of albums over the years which have earned him a steady royalty income, a steady string of concerts, a steady life.

Few could doubt his sincerity but, as he says himself, "the Biko song is a descriptive narrative that is a bit angry." That seems to highlight Paxton's failings. He never got angry enough.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Incantations, the new double album from Mike Oldfield. The waiting's over. The music's just beginning.

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SQUIRE OLDFIELD THROWS A PARTY

THE NEW, Mike Oldfield — talkative, amiable, beardless and smiling — held a party recently at his gracious, but unpretentious, Gloucestershire home.

Normally such events pass without trace, but when a man who has been a recluse for the last five years actually decides to hold a party then psychiatrists and press alike are interested.

So, what was it like? Sex and drugs and rock'n'roll? Nouveau riche rock aristocrat feeding and watering his vassals? A colour supplement extravaganza — very Sanderson, very Mike Oldfield? Did they shift the whole of the London ligger scene to Gloucestershire for the night? Did buses leave hourly from King's Road?

No. No. No. Wrong every time. It was like a Mike Oldfield record. "Ommadawn" in the flesh. An air of rustic innocence and simple bonhomie served up with enough steaks to set up a Berni Inn, two handsome kegs of real ale and unlimited supplies of classy white and red French wine.

There was a notable and blessed absence of the usual ligger stupidity. No food throwing, no heaving up on the Persian carpet (no Persian carpet for that matter), no snorting and sniffing, no poncey Chelsea twerps with their posturing, trendy clothes, and endlessly boring music biz gossip.

In fact, try and imagine Guy Fawkes night when you were five, folk clubs when you were fifteen and rhythm'n'blues at college and you've just about sussed the mood of the evening.

Early in the evening Squire Oldfield of Tubular Halls put on a bonfire and fireworks display of such grandeur that the assembled multitude "Oohed" and "Aahed" in delight as rocket after rocket was caught by near gale force winds and showered across the Cotswolds.

Then, en masse, we retreated to the warmth of large open fires where Lea Nicholson (whose sole and greatest claim to fame is that his 1976 single "Lazy Afternoon" sold by the barrowload in France and disappeared without trace everywhere else) plus *a concertina band* delivered an extraordinary concertina version of "Tubular Bells".

Without guitars and the resonant tones of Vivian Stanshall the music sounded eccentrically bizarre, and Oldfield and producer Tom Newman delighted in interjecting verbal guitar noises and booming out such bon mots as "five slightly distorted concertinas".

The evening wound to an exuberant finale when Oldfield's near neighbour Steve Winwood arrived and with The Champions (a renamed version of the late and little lamented Rough Diamond) and Oldfield on guitar launched into an enthusiastic R&B set, the highlights of which were a vigorous version of "Smack Dab In The Middle" and some soulful vocalising from Winwood.

Oldfield is, by nature, a child-like eccentric and just as his house is like a huge adventure playground — bows and arrows over the fireplace, trampoline in the recording studio, 7ft long model sailing ship in the lounge room, javelins on the dining table — so it is right and proper that the ambience at the end of the night should be one of innocent good fun.

It was just a little disorientating to leave not clutching a balloon, a party hat and a clammy, tissue-wrapped piece of cake.

BRUCE ELDER

THRILLS

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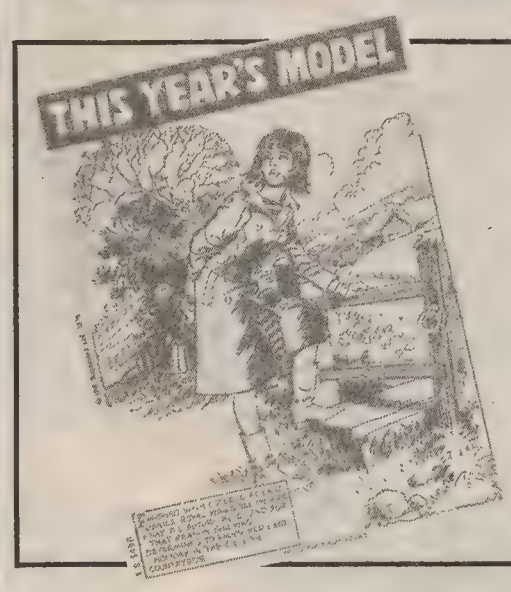

ELVIS ON THE TRACK OF TRUE ROMANCE

So this is where our El gets his inspiration, huh — from reading his prize collection of Love Story Picture Library romance comix. Whatever next — Nick Lowe sings "What's So Funny 'Bout Peace, Love And Boon & Mills Paperbacks"?

THRILLS

BOB GETS THE BRUSH-OFF

"HELLO," says the barely audible, disembodied voice on the other end of the line. "Thanks for phoning."

Courtesy of the GPO and Bob Harris' agent, *Thrills* is listening to a pre-recorded telephone message from the old bastion what fronts the *Old Grey Woozle Tit*.

"I'm going to talk to you about teeth," continues the sibilant one. "All right?" All right!

What we've got here is a radio-personality - in-a-dental - health - improving situation. Phone Reading 50484 and you'll hear Monsieur Robert Harris tell the school children of Berkshire to — like the slogan says — "Remember the brush off."

Part of a local dental health campaign, Bob's "Brush Off" offers aural hygene tips to all callers.

"I know it's a rather tedious subject to talk about," whispers Bob, before everyone hangs up. "But you must admit I'm well qualified to do it." This is believed to be a reference to his magnificent set of dentures.

"Rotten teeth don't look nice and they make your breath bad — and that's something I just don't like. I'm sure you don't either."

As dental surgeons and ladies on leave from the hardware section of British Home Stores join in rapturous applause, Bobby concludes: "If you want to keep those important little white things in your mouth for life, remember the slogan.

"I know it's kind of boring, but—"

Click. Burr.

CHOO HING GUMM

THRILLS

CLOSE TO YOUR EAR...

MANCHESTER noise nightclub The Factory, a welcome rock venue, soon takes the inevitable next step from staging to recording.

Incorporating the diversity of Rough Trade Records with the sharply eclectic marketing processes of New Hormones, Factory Records is run by co-directors actor/tramp Alan Erasmus and graphic designer Peter Saville. With the ever-enthusiastic Tony *So It Goes* Wilson inevitably involved, it will release an attractive double EP sampler of acts and artistes who have appeared at the club over the last few months.

The EP (Fac 2) includes three tracks from abandoned comic John Dowie, produced by C. P. Lee; two pieces from Cabaret Voltaire's cult cassette, produced by themselves; two songs from Joy Division, produced by Martin Zero; and a couple of fascinating dub-psychedelia exercises from Durrutti Column, produced by Zero with Laurie Latham.

A devious sampler out to both seduce and introduce, its packaging is thoughtful and unusual, its implications exciting. It is provisionally set for mid-December release, priced an irresistible £1.50.

Future Factory Records projects remain endearingly vague; Fac 3 (Fac 1 was the original Factory venue poster, designed by Saville) looked set to be a 12-inch disco single from The Tiller Boys, but internal confusion has temporarily shelved that. Factory express interest in The Distractions, The Negatives and current musicians' favourites Manicured Noise (ask Vic Godard, the Banshees, Wire what they think of M. Noise — politely, of course).

Send Factory Records your cassette: The Factory, Hulme, Manchester. Let's all take risks this Christmas!

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

WE CAN BE HEROES . . .

GET A BUZZ WITH ZIGGY JUNIOR

ZIGGY HEROE and The Buzz? Could that be a pseudonym adopted by Herr David Bowie for a series of low profile gigs similar to the Stranglers' Old Codgers ploy earlier this year?

Fat chance. I went along to York's Revolution Club out of idle curiosity and discovered that Ziggy Heroe exists in his own right. Sort of.

So you've heard it all before — a fan develops a fettish for his idol to such an extent that they start to live out their clone-like fantasy existence on stage. Like the hordes of Elvis impersonators who try to perfect the King's every mannerism in the hope of filling the gap left by the man himself.

However, Ziggy Heroe is different for two basic reasons. For starters, Bowie is still alive and gigging, and secondly, Ziggy Stardust was a Bowie role and never existed as a person.

As young Heroe puts it: "I have no illusions of being Bowie. I merely use his stage shows as an actor interprets a script. I'm an interpreter, not an impersonator.

"Bowie was always an actor and, let's not kid ourselves, Ziggy never existed. It's just the perfect rock show and is there to be played."

The *Ziggy Stardust* set which Heroe performs is just the first of a four-part quartet. Heroe is now involved in the second section, a combination of Bowie's complete repertoire. The concluding parts, *The 1984 Floor Show* and *The Thin White Duke*, will follow early in the New Year.

***1984* is Heroe's pet project. Bowie never played it in the UK, so Heroe is working from the "David Live" LP, photographs and TV images. He sees this as a creative use of 'contemporary information inputs'.**

"I needed stage experience, and believe this is a novel and valid approach to rock performing. I'm going to move on to performing my own material using the skills and stage sense I've learned this year."

This falls into place when you see him perform. Heroe, from Leeds, has used the same band for the past year, comprising drummer Gordon Fry, bassist Bootsy Francis (who also plays with punk band No Surprises) and guitarist John McLaughlin (real name — he doubles with funk band Best Friends). Heroe picks up musicians according to which Bowie guise he is presently adopting.

He certainly has Bowie's act down cold. Amazingly, he provokes a positive audience response that would bring a smile to the thin lips of Bowie himself.

Projecting into the future, though, what does it all *mean?* Will we witness the development of a Rock Academy of Dramatic Art where young hopefuls could attend sessions, learning to project Rotten's dumb arrogance, Costello's geek chic, Jagger's sexuality or Townshend's guitar thrashings? Rock stars could end up like actors — only as good as their scripts.

Fortunately, Heroe is well aware of that kind of trap.

"Bowie is a one-off as far as rock is concerned, inasmuch as he openly admits that he manipulates images. Most rock stars would have the kids believe that it's all real, and try to carry their images into real life, with comical results."

I'm reserving judgement as to the validity of this approach until Heroe comes up with his own material.

For the time being, Ziggy Heroe and The Buzz are well worth an evening's viewing. It's only a rock role, but I like it.

STEVE DIXON

THRILLS

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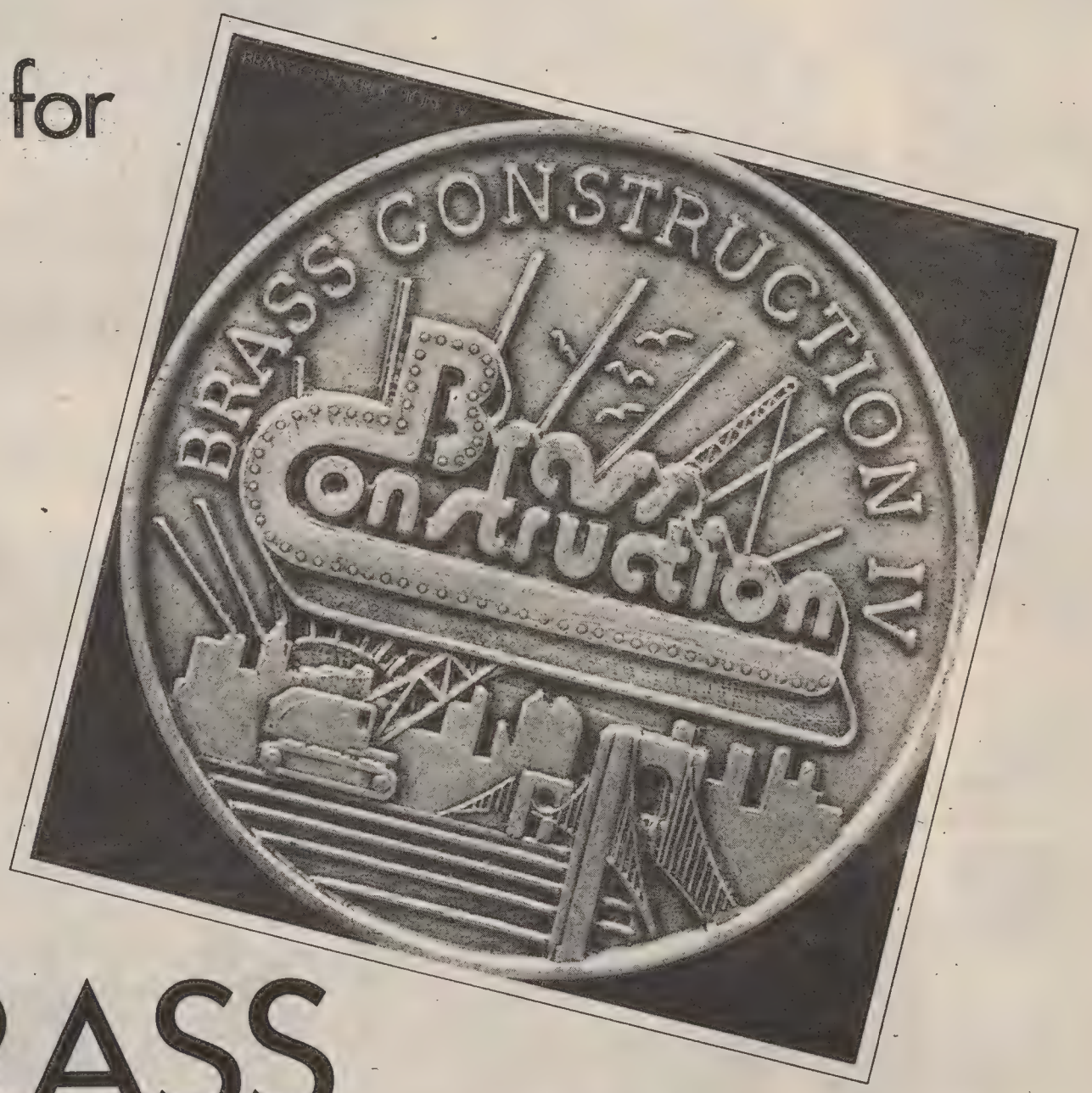

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

"IF YOU WANNA BE A BYRD YOU GOTTA FLY"

THE BYRDS, or more precisely three-fifths of the original line-up and one ex-Poco drummer, recently completed a remarkably low-key tour of Australia and New Zealand. Wiping memory slates clean of the dire '72 comeback album, this promised briefly to be one of the more interesting reunions of recent times.

Because of an agreement between head Byrd Roger McGuinn and former member David Crosby — who went on to fame and fortune with a team of lawyers — The Byrds name can no longer be used unless all five original members get back together. But references to "ex-Byrds" just managed to be in bolder type on the tour posters than the names of the musicians themselves.

The band lines up as McGuinn, Gene Clark, Chris Hillman and Poco's George Grantham. Although The Byrds' name is granting extra mileage, McGuinn insisted that "this isn't The Byrds, you know," when *Thrills* spoke to him at a recent Melbourne media bash.

From all reports around the country, these lads really cut the ice onstage with all the aplomb and assurance that one came infrequently to associate with a Byrds gig — The Byrds being one of the most notoriously live bands ever to tread the boards.

However, their press conference had, to paraphrase an infamous Leo Kottke quip, about as much spark as geese farts on a muggy day. Yes, the band was going into the studio when they returned to the States to record an album, and no, they had no plans to tour the UK.

Midway through this scintillating discourse, in walked missing fourth man Chris Hillman.

"Is it true that you guys are gay?" Hillman boomed across the room to the rest of the band.

"Hey, get outta here! Don't write . . ." retorted a surprised McGuinn.

"Sorry, Roger. Didn't want to embarrass you," Hillman mocked.

"Ain't a word of truth in it," McGuinn seemed pained to point out.

***Thrills* asked Gene Clark if he had overcome his fear of flying — supposedly the reason for his original exit from The Byrds.**

"To a degree," he answered, as all four began to babble excitedly about how they disliked flying.

"I hate it," said Hillman.

"I hate it too," said Grantham.

"I like it when the rain scares me," McGuinn added enigmatically.

***Thrills* then wondered if McGuinn was quoted accurately when, after Clark's departure from The Byrds because he was reluctant to fly, he was alleged to have said: "If you wanna be a Byrd, you have to fly."**

A bemused Hillman turned to McGuinn. "Gee, did you say that?"

"I don't remember saying that," muttered McGuinn. "I may have. It sounds like something I might have said."

"Musta been on some kinda weird stuff at the time," suggested Hillman helpfully.

ROSS STAPLETON

THRILLS

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE . . .

I ARRIVED half an hour late. I walked in.

Applause broke out.

First twinge of paranoia. "I'm not a member of Equity," I thought, "Am I officially allowed to receive applause?"

It was OK. I'd missed a speech. The applause was for the speech. I was given some pamphlets, some press releases. I was given a transcript of the speech. It had been made by Sir Hugh Willatt, Chairman of the Board of Hammersmith Riverside Arts Trust Ltd.

The second paragraph of his speech read: "You were invited because we wanted you to get the rather special feeling of this place and to meet some of the people who work in it and help us to put its finances on a safer footing."

The Luncheon Meet at the Riverside Studio's part time cinema was occasioned by Hammersmith Borough Council's donation of £65,000, and the launching of a series of benefit concerts at the Studios (by "international stars") starting with Julie Covington and The Albion Band, December 9/10, tickets £5 . . .

What is Riverside Studios? Riverside Studios is West London's new centre for the arts, providing theatre, concerts, films, dance, exhibitions, a bookshop, food and drink.

The Luncheon Meet was basically about money. And meeting people.

Lots of vaguely familiar people from the world of stage, screen, and tube. Lots of faces, more faces than names. Thinks: "I *know* her!!"

Eleanor Bron and Alan Bates chat in front of me. I sit, slumber, wither. Somebody from *Play School* stares intently at me. She looks confused. Do *I* look like somebody from *Play School?* Little Teddy?

I probably look quite curiously funny, I think. I probably look as though I've wandered in off the street for the free food and wine. I probably look as though I have nothing to do with Art.

I stop blushing. I try to forget the beautiful lady from *Play School.* The room has filled with beautiful women. I hope that one of them will see how left-out I look. Perhaps fall in love with my alienation. Perhaps introduce me to Harold Pinter. Perhaps he will offer me a piece of fairy cake. Or a part in a cocktail cabinet. . . .

"D-a-h-ling!" . . . "my agent has got me an *adorable* part in . . ." "I *love* your hair, when . . ."

But nobody talks to me. I don't know who to talk to. I could pretend to be somebody but I'm not a member of Equity. I'm nobody.

I trip home.

I haven't met Julie Covington.

She hasn't met me.

I sob into my typewriter.

FREEZE FRAME.

CURTAIN.

APPLAUSE.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

STEVE BELL

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WHAT'S THE POINT?

Manx men NAZARETH show off their new recruit, ZAL CLEMINSON. Just another punk with a silly name and spiky moustache.

THE ILL-FATED Anglo/Manx connection was already four hours late by the time our vintage Viscount shimmied into the Isle of Man airport. "You get Zal, and the rest get Nazareth," the roadie told me, wedging journalists into his car and burning off round the island to deposit them, like pints of milk, on rock musicians' doorsteps.

Another five miles tearing past sheep-infested scenery, and I get ejected at the last outpost of the Naz tax-exile colony. It's a secluded farmhouse where the band have hooked up the Jethro Tull mobile, and are working on a new album "No Mean City".

Minutes later, I'm ensconced in an upstairs room in the company of guitarists Manny Charlton and Zal Cleminson, the band's recent addition to their ranks, and their first and only line-up change in ten years.

Remembering Zal only too clearly as the clown-faced, gymnastic axeman with the late Sensational Alex Harvey Band, I'm not a little surprised to discover that the man behind the mask is in fact remarkably reticent. With his barely-audible Scots tones filtering through his cavaliero moustache, he approaches every question with the deepest suspicion.

A mention of the band's apparent bitterness when Alex left in November '77 gets a predictably cautious welcome.

"We didn't really feel that he'd deserted us," says Zal. "I mean we knew it was coming — he'd wanted to stop the band a year before."

Together with Chris Glen and Ted McKenna from SAHB, and one-time dancer with The Tubes Leroi Jones, Zal had formed the short-lived outfit 'Zal', and was playing British dates in March. The press were as uninspired by their evident lack of rehearsal, as they were by the uneven balance of the band's influences.

"It had a great lack of direction," agrees Zal. "It wasn't the right mixture of people — it was going back into theatre, and we didn't want it to turn out that way."

So what eventually caused them to split up?

"It was the business side of it that was taking over the music. It was just the wrong kind of promotion for that group, you know, tours all round the States — Mobile, Alabama — third on the bill. We should have played in New York and LA, and maybe done two gigs in the right places, and really showed the people everything we could do."

Exceptionally peeved with the rock business in general, Zal took to driving a mini-cab around London for three months, until a phone call from Manny prompted a return to music.

New NAZ (L-R): Manly Manny Charlton, Sweet Darrel Sweet, Agued Pete Agnew, I-Zal Cleminson, and Dan McCafferty propping up the props.

"Manny got in touch with me and asked me to join Nazareth. I thought about it for about two seconds, and then said, 'Yeah — okay'."

"The idea had been in the air for about two years," explains Manny. "We didn't want another *guitarist*, we wanted Zal. We just decided it was time we did something else, and moved on a bit, plus I was getting real frustrated being the only guitarist on stage."

Did Zal ever think it would be hard for people to accept him outside the theatrical role he played in SAHB?

"I don't think that there's many people who care," he says bluntly.

"When somebody disappears, it's about two minutes and then it's like, 'Who was he?' There's a whole generation in Britain, with this new wave thing, who probably don't even remember Alex Harvey, or anything to do with that band."

The obvious question about their impressions of new music gets the short order treatment.

"I'm beginning to think I'm getting too old," admits Manny. "It's not doing anything for me, it's not played well enough, not produced well enough, there aren't good enough songs, and it doesn't mean anything. But there's some good stuff around — it's just trying to *find* it. I like Robert Johnson, and I like Tom Petty a lot."

Their forthcoming UK tour is the first in two years, which suggests they were consciously avoiding the changes in the British music climate.

"Not really," says Manny. "We just felt we should put a lot more effort into trying to break through in the States, You can play maybe twenty dates in Britain in a year and you've covered it. You can do that in America for months, and still not have reached the audience. And how long can you keep touring Britain ahd losing money?"

Didn't they make the money back on album sales.

"But even the album sales in Britain can't be that big," continues Manny, "especially for the narrow market that we're in. I mean, we sold 50,000 copies of 'Hair Of The Dog' in Britain, and we sold 60,000 in Atlanta alone — just one area of the States. That's the size of the place — just can't comprehend it."

How long do they think they'll go on as a touring band?

Manny grins. "As long as we think we're getting somewhere, and we're not just bashing our heads against a wall."

In a last attempt to elicit a reaction from the conspicuously silent Zal, I ask him if he'd ever thought it less ambitious, and so less satisfying, to join an established band, rather thatn start a new one from scratch?

"From a personal point of view, yes, but from a musical one it makes sense. One of these days, I'll do something on my own anyway."

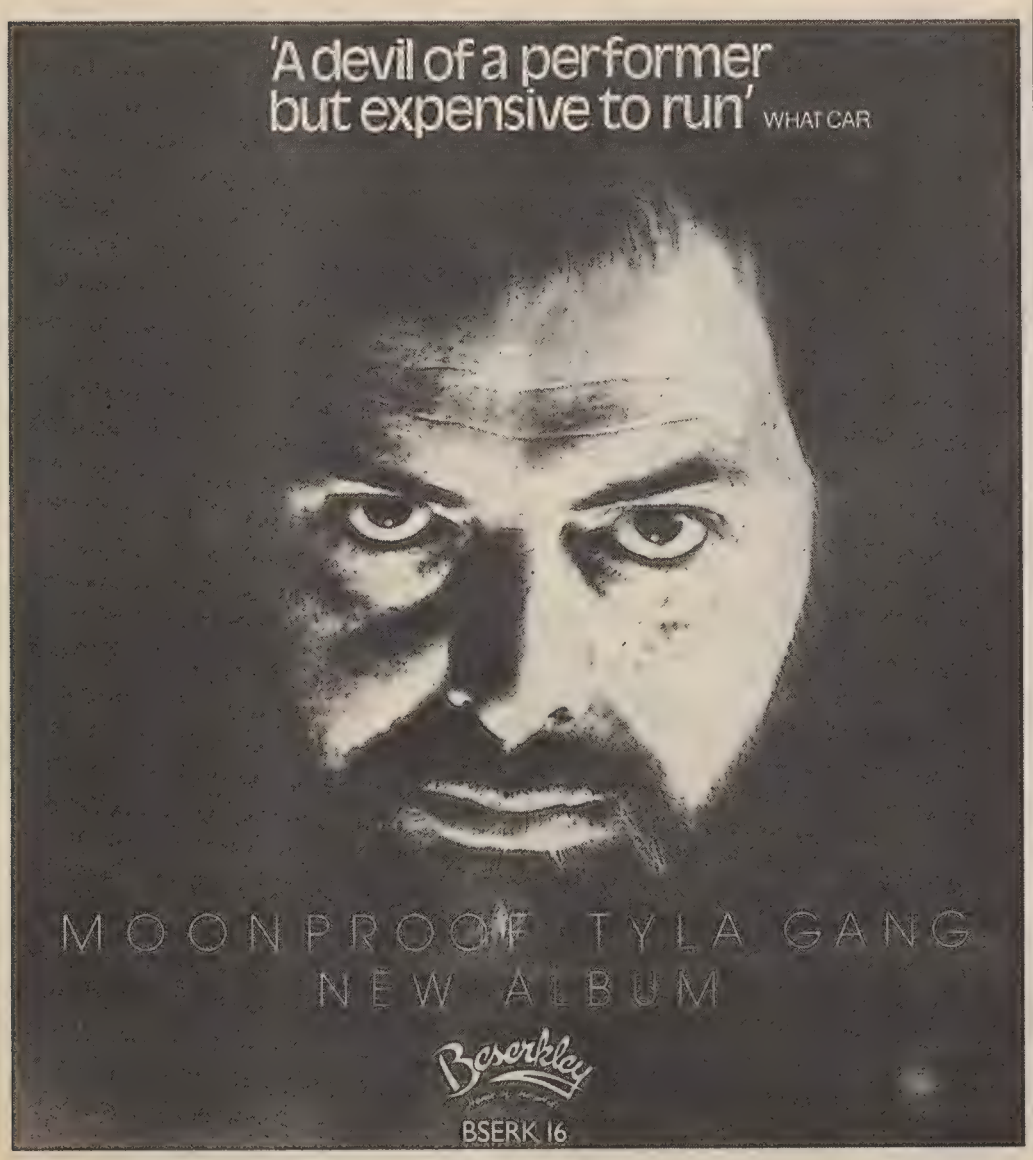
Would he ever join forces with Alex Harvey again?

"I don't see it, no. Someone asked me to come back and play gigs, and I turned it down. Whatever it was that we had — it could never happen again."

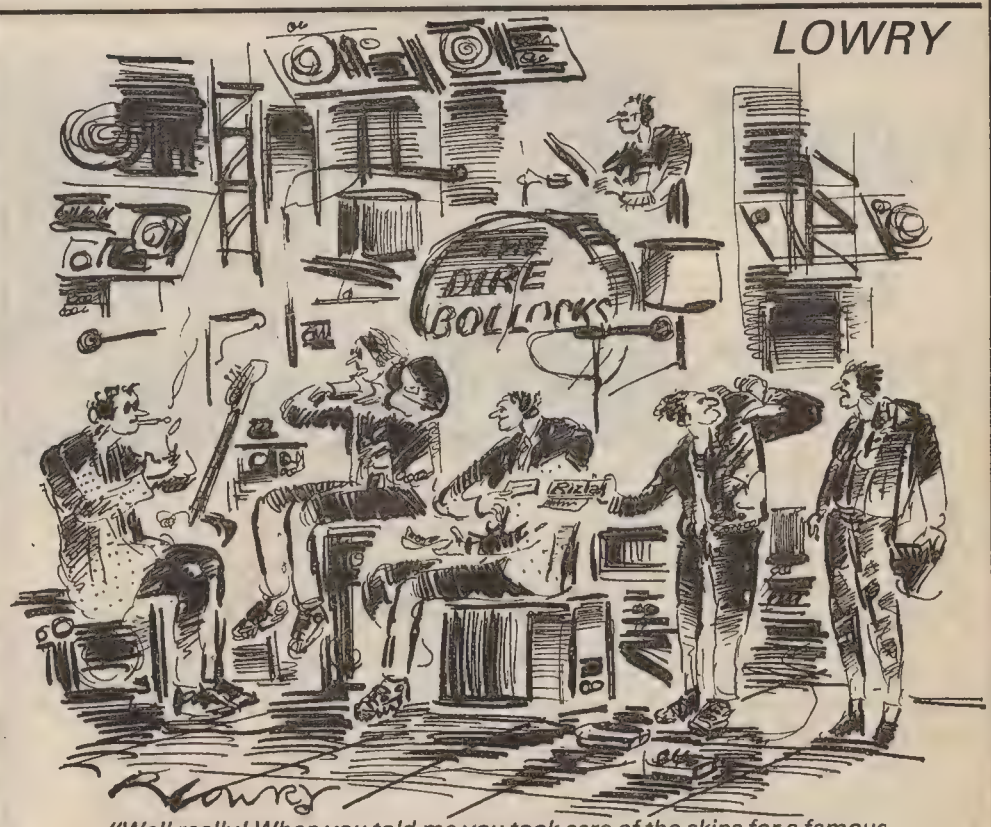
MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

'A devil of a performer but expensive to run' WHAT CAR



LOWRY



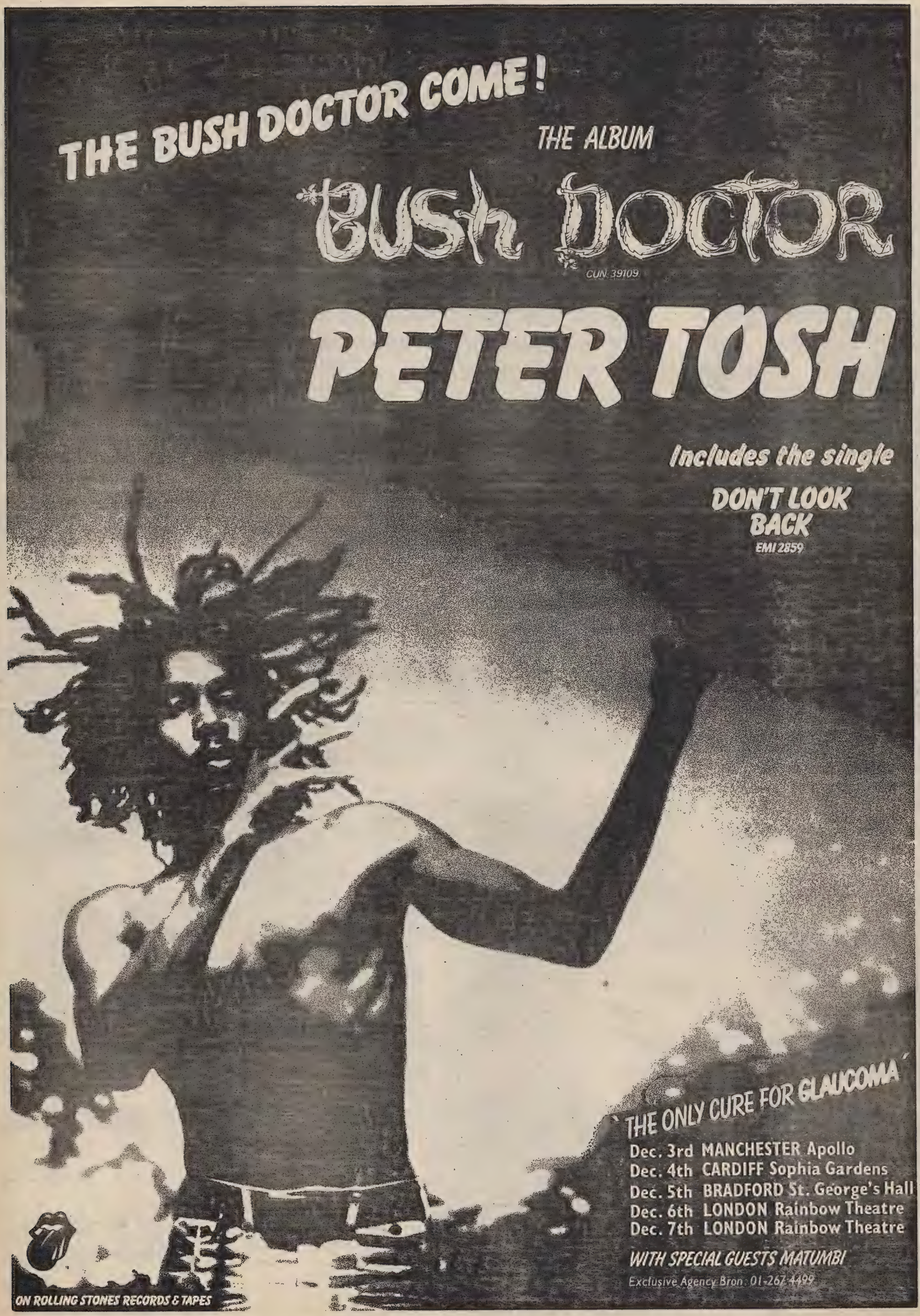
"Well really! When you told me you took care of the skins for a famous London band, I naturally thought you meant that you were the drummer!"

I'd be curious to know? Oil of course will help to increase string life, but then I've found that good old Johnson's Baby Powder does exactly the same thing without screwing up bends. String Glide has to be applied by hand, and the obvious hazard is that it is likely to end up lubricating your prick as well, a situation which could be avoided by the use of an

GUITAR LUBRICATION

"Guitar Magazine" finds an unlikely solution to the problem of a rusty G-string. Spotted by Neil Tester and Stephen Kardar of Brum.

THE END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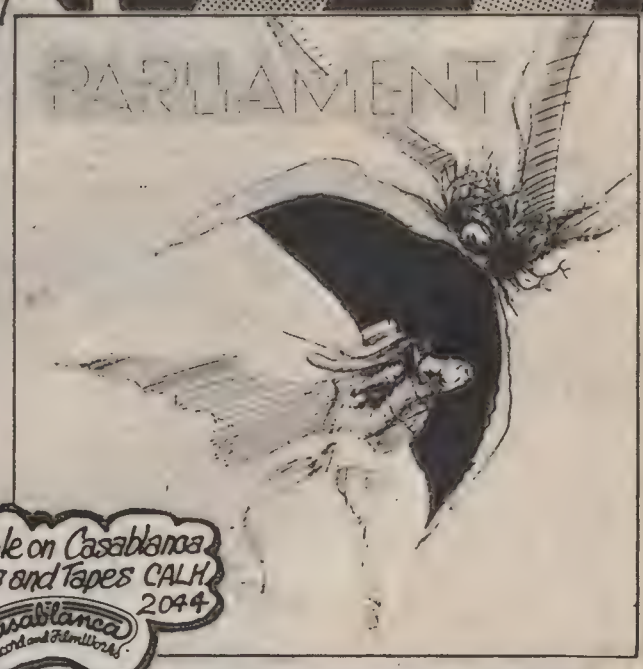

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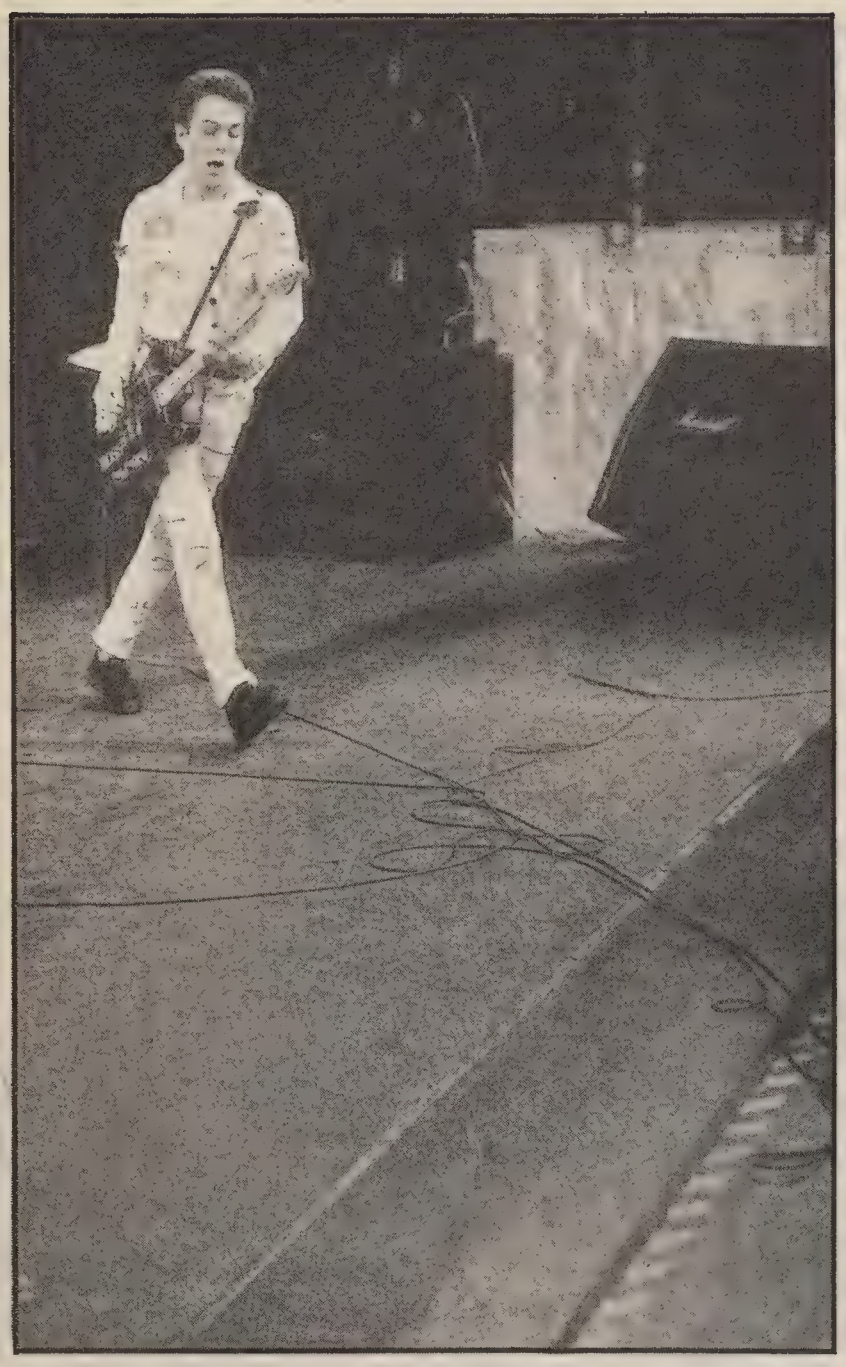

CLASH

What, THEM again? Fraid so. No apologies . . . On The Road Fax

by

NICK KENT: Biro & Quiz

PENNIE SMITH: Pentax & Flu

JUST WHAT the world needs — another *NME* piece capturing The Clash On The Road Part 128, you say?

Well yes and no, the writer demurs. Nothing lengthy in the Bangsian style of extended narrative, nor is there any grim detailing of spiralling trauma like Chris Salewicz depicted in his article penned during The Clash's last tour of Britain.

The tee-shirts printed for this current fling read in simple white lettering on a black background — *"The Clash — The Sort It Out Tour"* and although the person actually wearing the garment, a newly drafted Welsh roadie, will claim otherwise, that particular statement of intent is, it seems, being adhered to both practically and ideologically with a fair degree of success.

The gig I caught at Manchester's Apollo Theatre apparently fell into a linear focus for, as far as the opening stretch of a tour can gauge, The Clash's particular working policy is successfully being implemented.

Certainly as a musical entity, the band are in ripe old form, the current set kicking off with "Safe European Home" and seguing through a strong rendition of The Bobby Fuller Four's "I Fought The Law" and "Jail Guitar Doors". It manages to take in most of the "Rope" album with its sturdy detours like "Police And Thieves" denoting a more varied tempo allocation until the set's climax with a brace of the first album's little classics; basically "Janie Jones", "Bored With The USA" and "White Riot".

"It's that 'White Riot' that gets 'em up every time," growls one of the roadies after the set's conclusion, which tonight, like every other time, draws the front row of kids onto the stage itself on instinct — as though they were being physically impelled there by some perverse form of suction.

It's the band's expressed desire that the kids who've amassed on stage for the closing minutes of the set are allowed to remain there that appears to be causing dissension amongst The Clash road crew. And Caroline Coon, the band's new manager, will state this dilemma diplomatically to a surprised Joe Strummer at the hotel bar later; "They don't feel as though they're doing their job properly."

Mick Jones, however, baulks at this latest problem and remarks jaundicedly about the roadies' apparent suppressed functions.

And so it goes. They still spit at bands up North, by the way — something I hadn't witnessed for a while and thus considered obsolete — and Strummer gets a good drenching for his troubles while Jones gamely sports a large white globule of phlegm on his current lacquered-back haircut.

"What can you do? Tell 'em to stop? Of course, it's repellent. We've always said that," says Jones philosophically.

But after all, it's better than that very real cut-throat violence that the band were having to face up to at virtually every gig on the last tour.

WHEN our own Chris Salewicz ran into the band on that particular trek (in Glasgow) earlier this year the report he filed was a vivid, frightening documentary of a band totally out of control of its audience and becoming prey to all manner of random violence.

It turns out that Salewicz wasn't over-estimating anything either, as both Jones and Strummer reminisce over the daily trials and tribulations of that last escapade.

Jones, for example, recalls "breaking down in tears all the time" at what was going on around him — events which included a near-fatality (a personal roadie almost "offed" by Strummer in a car accident) and a cocaine bust for the guitarist himself.

"Two years ago we did the band's first interview," recalls Jones re the latter charge. "On Janet Street-Porter's *London Weekend Programme*, it was, and me being all young and naive, I blamed bands taking too many drugs for the great mid-70s drought in rock. I recall saying it really well. And a year or so later, I found myself doing just as many drugs as them!

"Y'know, taking drugs as a way of life, to feel good in the morning, to get through the day. And it's still something I'm getting over right now."

Now, however, instead of cocaine, or more pertinent to this band, amphetamines ("I was so into speed," states Jones, "I mean I don't even recall making the first album"), The Clash appear to be adhering strictly to a steady dosage of vitamins for maintaining energy.

Jones himself pinpoints the making of the second album as an important point of departure here. "It was really a question of me saying to myself, 'Well, do you really want to make a great album or what?' In which case, I knew that I had to be straight at least part of the time. Which I was."

The making of "Give 'Em Enough Rope" appears, from the outside anyway, to have been a period of much turmoil. Jones himself concurs by denoting just one of the pressures on the project from the internal hierarchy of CBS.

"It was at a point right in the middle of the mixing and Sandy Pearlman was getting this incredible rush of insecurity and sheer panic because CBS were calling him up and saying that the fist mixes were of absolutely no substance. And me 'an Joe were having to do this whole number on our side, telling him that this effort represented absolutely his last shot at any kind of aesthetic success.

"Meanwhile, unbeknown to us, two geezers from CBS — Muff Winwood and Jeremy Ensall

■ *Continues over page*

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C·L·A·S·H

From previous page

— were taking the tracks, doing their own fuckin' mixes and going back to CBS saying, Well look what we've done — it's much better than Pearlman's efforts'."

Finally, in order to placate the opposition, and keep their creation from being wrecked by extensive tampering, the band conceded to a deadline which they narrowly held together. The immediate result is a satisfied Mick Jones, who laughingly claims that he wouldn't even mind seeing Pearlman on a social level again.

"His big thing is that he invented the word 'Heavy Metal'," Jones comments on Pearlman, again with tones of hilarity not entirely absent, before describing a fairly noxious aspect of the Blue Oyster Cult's one-time theorist which manifested itself through a desire to employ a somewhat ghoulish dwarf as a gofer.

"Joe and me had to really keep checkin' him over that. Like, keep on at him about ths fuckin' guy being around and all."

TALK OF gofers moves perhaps a touch too coincidentally onto one of the primary Clash 'pressing issues' of the present moment, which equates itself into the little matter of former manager Bernie Rhodes becoming 'presona non grata' amongst the band members whom Rhodes himself claims he "took off the street".

The 'official' Clash line on this little chapter has the group democratically muttering "No hard feelings" as a display of good diplomacy in the face of the purportedly aggrieved Rhodes.

Indeed, the last 'official' interview I read with Messrs Strummer and Simonon — in *Melody Maker*, just before the onslaught of this latest tour — had the latter at least agreeing with Rhodes's "I-took-them-from-nothing" side of the story whilst also filling in details of the split by claiming that Rhodes's ideals had become redundant in the light of the band's progress and consequent need for better technology.

Mick Jones, however, allowd for some of the 'unofficial' essence to be sucked into print here.

The 'unofficial' side, mostly manifested through rumour-mongering, has several barbed pointers in the recounting of the latter days of the Clash-Rhodes pairing.

It was certainly a well-recounted story of the time that Malcolm McLaren, just before his interests were all-consumed by the latest Sid Vicious drama, had gotten in touch with Rhodes again and was buttering up his former partner-of-sorts by slyly informing him that The Clash had 'betrayed' Rhodes.

The McLaren Sex Pistols and Rhodes Clash aspect of the situation has always, apparently, been crucial. There was this terrible feeling — manifested implicitly in the very origin of McLaren and Rhodes's quarry would be immediately second-best to brother Malcolm's treasure.

Mick Jones was very aware of his feeling of being second-best at one time. He admits that The Clash were made to feel that, in the shade of the Pistols' all-pervading lustre, they were very much immediate runners-up.

He also admits that at the time — up until somewhere betwixt the creation of their two albums, Jones reckons — the seeds of dissention were force-fed by this awareness.

"There was this time when that feeling of being second-best was really getting to us. And, of course, Malcolm would help it along by throwing in some story like, oh Christ, there was this time when we heard that the Pistols had come over and nicked some of our gear. As a gesture of contempt, so to speak.

"So we'd immediately be up in arms . . . like, y'know, 'let's get 'em, let's go over to their rehearsal place and rip off their microphones', always something petty. Like there was this time — the first time — the Pistols actually slagged us off in print, in a *Melody Maker* interview, I think it was — so, right, we got off together and confronted John (Rotten)in a pub (laughs), and John was pretty shocked, probably because he saw how petty we were all becoming, fighting among ourselves, just stupid squabbling when there was a very real enemy out there probably laughing its head off." *(Ian Penman? — Ed.)*

Jones recalls that when the feeling of being 'second-best' to the Pistols suddenly lifted, "it didn't even matter anymore" — which he goes on to prove by expressing a kind of dolorous awe at the Pistols' greatness, and great pity at the way they came to career-termination.

However, it's dubious whether McLaren has ever gotten over this in-built feeling of superiority. It's a moot point, for example, that he thought of The Clash as an 'easy pickings' second divison to the still intact Pistols.

Thus, last Christmas, when matters came to a head, it was 'assumed' that Paul Simonon would be available for transfer to Pistols-prominence, although the bassist was doubtless never asked about it.

The Clash, however, were later to make this position clear, when 'powers-that-be' (you only need to guess who) quite recently attempted to move Steve Jones into Mick Jones' Clash position.

"Yeah, that's all true," mutters Jones now, adding slyly: "Course I wasn't going to have any of that! And, more to the point, neither were the rest of the group. But yeah, there were all sorts of little undercover swaps being arranged."

Jones, though, had an advantage in securing a kind of advance knowledge relating to these dodgy activities, partly because he's no fool and partly because of all Clash members he was the first to encounter Rhodes & McLaren — when the latter was making tentative plans for the importing into England of one Richard Hell.

"Yeah, like just before The Clash there was this thing where Richard Hell was writing to Malcolm saying, 'Honest, I'm not a junkie, I really wanna come over to London.' So I was in line for that. Meanwhile, Malcolm or Bernie would be planning some new group or other and I'd be sent over to some rehearsal (laughs) . . . Like, there was a pool of us musicians that they'd have 'on tap', expecting us to form bands ultimately.

"At one point, me and Chrissie Hynd would be half-heartedly rehearsing away and Bernie would rush in and say, 'I've got a new idea. We'll call the band 'Big Girl's Underwear' or something like that."

Jones's involvement with The Clash project was more his own doing, however. After all, it was he who taught Simonon the rudiments of bass-playing — "for all of three days (laughs) . . . Which means Paul got pissed off after those three days and would go away and then return some days later to try again."

More pointedly, Jones — and Simenon — went after the services of Joe Strummer, then of The 101ers, a self-confessed pub rock band.

More pointedly, Jones — and Simonon — y'know, amongst the McLaren bunch, of thinking 'yeah, well' *they're* pub-rock — they're below us'. Whereas with Joe I could see he was a great performer saddled with a duff band."

THE WHOLE Bernie Rhodes subject is, according to at least one source, currently a 'sub-judice' matter, which may account for the official 'no hard feelings' front. In his place are a posse of lawyers and former Release prime-mover and freelance journalist Caroline Coon who, as Paul Simonon's girlfriend appeared a fairly obvious choice as personal manager.

For her part, after just a handful of dates, it's hard to tell whether this move has been for the best, although brief chats with the roadcrew denote that Ms. Coon is quickly learning the practical day-to-day facts necessary for a manager's vocation.

In her favour, though, is the feeling of great togetherness noticeable on this current tour. Coming off at a time when the "Rope" album has literally bulleted in at a staggering "No 2" in the official album charts, this latter show of faith has had a noticeably confidence-building effect on a band who'd had to watch virtually single after single nose-dive into the bottom reaches of the Top 30 before disappearing from sight.

"We honestly thought it was virtually finished for us in terms of commercial force", Jones now admits, pinpointing the four previous singles' lack of success as chief demonstration to this feeling.

That added to the constant barrage of letters that seemed to hit paydirt in the columns of the various music papers, almost every week berating the latest petty Clash let-down until a little under a month ago, and one begins to get only the outline of the problems that have been pelted down from what appeared like some monstrous frowning deity on the band themselves, as though their name itself warranted such treatment.

Jones points to the sequence of events that simply naming a tour, say, seems to have sparked off. The last one, for example, boasting that "On Parole" sign, appeared to virtually supernaturally guarantee at least one bust.

So this time it's down to simply "sorting it out". And this The Clash may actually achieve at least a semblance of this time around. The halls still get packed out, and visually the band may look a little the worse for wear — particularly Strummer, whose teeth seem in terrible shape after being chipped and battered by a fan manhandling of the singer's mikestand.

Yet The Clash's philosophy, not to mention the broad design of a deep interlinking set of friendships that hold this band together against often brutal odds is succinctly hinted at by Mick Jones when he talks about the latest slag-off and its perpetrators, namely our own Messrs. Parsons and Burchill and their book *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, which attempts a brittle dissection of the band — based, The Clash maintain, mostly on half-truths and warped malice.

"It's like, ultimately, who cares? So, two more people think rock'n'roll's dead? So what? Should we all drop our guitars down and fall apart? It's like too many people are letting the negative aspects get to them, get them into some terminal form of depression.

"Fuck it, I get depressed just as much, but what can you do? 'Cos if you start shouting about the death of something, you're just copping out really. To me, it's like rock'n'roll is dead? Oh alright then. See you at the next gig."

If this is page 27, it must be The Clash winter '78 tour photographed by Pennie Smith

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SINGLES

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (Act One)

IAN DURY: Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick *(Stiff)*
A million diaries rendered redundant in the twinking of an eye! The Blockhead backlash does *not* start here. (Erasers up by ten points). So we all know of the band's chummy old pals act with the press, but no dew eyed, 'alright mate?', whacky lovable off-beat shennanegans can mask the stark truth that this record deserves no less than its full whack of the superlative stick.

It consists of geographical word wrangling over one of Chas Jankel's finest funk backings, hi hat sizzling on the beat and the Norman Watt-Roy bass bubbling like the business.

A couple of times it does seem that Dury isn't too familiar with his own lyric, but all can be forgiven because of the middle break — a bivouac awash with African jazz percussion and cranky sax runs which can tend to overshadow the rest of the single on repeated play.

The 'B' side ("There Aint Half Been Some Clever Bastards") is the offspring of "Billericay Dickie" and "England's Glory".

On Van Gogh: *"He didn't paint the Mona Lisa / That was an Italian geezer . . .".*

Empires are turned on such statements.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK (Act Two).

Earth Wind And Fire: September *(CBS)*
I must have last crossed EW&F just after their "That's The Way Of The World" album, when they were developing their silly Dr Lao-Pink philosophies and flying drum kits. But there's no mystic schtick here and we find them in their finest form since the very serious "Sing A Song". The track is hurled into greatness by the instantly familiar (but not always as welcome as here) high melody harmonies which appear to repeat "Barney Owl" but I wouldn't bank on that. They maintain the crispest drum sound in captivity and can sleep easy that their chart success is as secure as a Sunday dinner. As always, it's the louder the better, so crank, it up, cos you wouldn't judge any other form of music through a half-heard lilt off somebody's ailing HP II's. Musical 7-Up.

999: Action *(Labritain)*
I used to think 999 were strictly a kak-handed mob of charlatans, but through singles like "Emergency" and a clutch of cuts from the "Separates" album they shape up far better than most of our '77 cousins. This 12" is an average example of their honed gusto, but it doesn't altogether warrant lashings of feverish adjectives. (Note to record labels: It is pointless marking sides 'AA' and 'A').

THE FOUR KINGS: Non Stop Dancing / R'n'R Is Here To Stay *(Parole)*
Magnificent sound, magnificent name (there's three of them), appalling. titles/lyrics. Bordering on headbanging and working riffs so old they had to be translated from the Latin, Four Kings have a 45 which, though no more than a soundcheck for most bands, has more going for it than a bargeful of Rush monstrosities. The "R'n'R" side is pure magic and disgustingly urgent. (Fact: Early Sham 69 sounded exactly this way, but exactly.)

THE PAGANS: Street Where Nobody Lives *(Drome)*
Hahahaha! It does the old heart proud to hear this follow our own Four Kings. This load of toot is from Detroit (ironically?) and is the sum of the very worst tuppenny ha'penny rich boy directed "energy" you ever saw in your local Vortex. Without even the slightest so-bad-it's-good appeal it's obvious these chaps got all their punk info from the ridiculous *Punk* magazine. And wouldntcha know the reverse is called "What's This Shit Called Love?". Love, this shit's called Pagan.

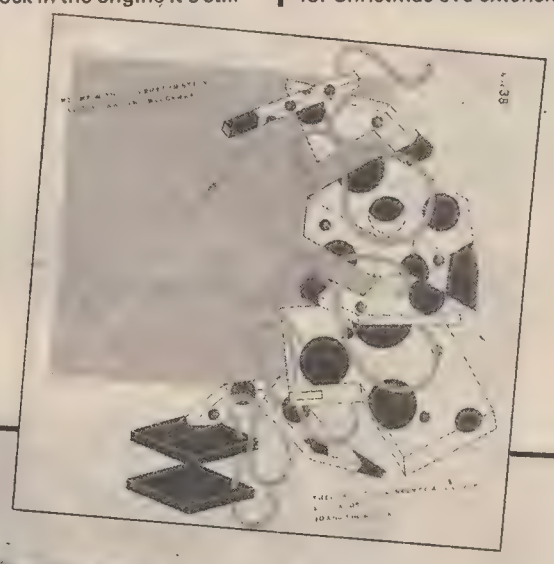
THE MUTANTS: So American *(FTM)*
Also from Detroit but I refuse to lump them in with the above. A neat if a little unspirited single.

"Chicks, cars — they're so American, and / Drugs, bars — I'm glad I'm an American . . ."

Well, I suppose they probably are . . . but then again, have they ever sampled the delights of *Sportsnight* with a European tie of which you don't know the score? (The girls roll their eyes while the boys waltz to "OK-UK"). A no-keyboards mid-rock record that justifies its importing.

FRED BANANA COMBO: No Destination Blues *(Warm)*
Well, seeing as the word banana lost all its whacky charisma about the turn of the century, I think a name change is needed to prevent this mob from sinking faster than the Tirpitz. An over-anxious confusion.

MIKE OLDFIELD: Take Four *(Virgin)*
I must say that Oldfield is looking well these days (and so he bleedin should, a millionaire riding about in a car so big that when it's four o'clock in the engine it's still only 3.30 in the boot). But all this winsome pixie penny whistle sub-Chieftains dribbling is only 90p value to fey retards and the type of prawn who lives to be an extra in *Watership Down*. Strictly for Christmas eve extension



IAN DURY, sticking with the Clever Bastards . . .

office parties. ("Ommadawn" was good).

JAMES BROWN: Nature *(Polydor)*
JB still has to follow "Get Up Offa That Thang" for a dance record and I doubt if he and his crew can ever capture anything of sparkle again. "Nature" is distinctly JB('s) and in '78 it's sad to report, suffers because of it.

JERRY BUTLER: Cooling Out *(Philadelphia)*
Another fine voice dealing with soapy songs. On the deck here it sounds pretty, but in a disco will get torn to shreds while dancers use it as the filler during which to top up at the bar. In fact, that is exactly what DJs will use this for. (We sigh).

BILLY JOEL: My Life *(CBS)*
A slice of de luxe non-tune from the current darling of the FM medium (it's called medium cos nothing's well done).

ROCKY SHARPE AND THE REPLAYS: Rama Lama Ding Dong *(Chiswick)*
NICKY BEAT AND THE BEATNIKS: I Can Hear Voices *(Rigid)*
SLIP HAZARD AND THE BLIZZARDS: How Can You Do It *(Joe Bloggs)*
Nothing here to knock Max Headroom And The Car Parks from the name pedestal. Rocky Sharpe doowops in "Why Do Fools Get A Job Doing The Bristol Stomp" vein and must be aware of his slim chances of owning Mike Oldfield's time-lag automobile in a market already firmly gripped by his former backers, The Darts.

Nicky Beat delivers somewhat ineffectually and while appreciating the record being an independent affair I think they might have had the mikes in the same room as the band instead of devaluing already thin songs a little further by whacking away in a sound as flat as a witch's tit. The rotten thing about disliking independent records is they always seem to include a personal letter with the disc which, if you review it badly, makes you feel like painting your tongue black.

Slip Hazard's outing is probably the best here: almost-slick upbeat pubrock with a vocal on one track that's not a million miles from Roger Chapman — if a little chirpier.

DAVID BOWIE: Breaking Glass *(RCA)*
An exceptionally redundant release for rabid collectors only. From the LP which consists of live tracks from other LPs done note for note. Let's have some semblance of order round here — this is a *singles* page.

BOG UGLY: Disco Veteran *(Toadstool)*
SESAME STREET: Fever *(Polydor)*
Bog Ugly's record starts moodily over electric piano and disappears as soon as it gets breakneck and jumbles about with words about pogoing and discos without making clear what's going on.

The Don Martin sleeve is about the most recommendable part of the whole deal.

Meanwhile, I don't wish to sound cute, but the Sesame Street Muppet record has a lot going for it. The sleeve is reconstructed inch-perfect with the furry market kings replacing Travolta and Bee Gees. (Silly jokes ignored, sixth form). The actual single is passable disco — made sinister when it becomes OK and you realise the muppets are just on the sleeve to shift units.

■ *Continues over page*

From previous page

ROBERT JOHNSON: I'll Be Waiting *(Ensign)*
Charlie Murray says this bloke is an imposter but that doesn't really follow because an imposter has grand bogus claims whereas there is nothing truly grand about this at all. It, ah, boogies along in a mindless sort of way; style, flash, empty gestures, clever guitars going too fast. An inoffensive single all round.

THE WILD GIRAFFES: Love Me *(Neck)*
From Mentor, Ohio, this is one worth digging up — worth it for this 'A' side, a cracking rockpop tune that beams out like Pluto's moons. (Daft name, although they drop the 'wild' on the label.)

STRAIGHT EIGHT: Tell Me If You Want Me To Bleed *(Eel Pie)*
NEO: Tran-Sister *(Jet)*
Straight Eight play polite rock like the type the Speakeasy was wont to trump out and Ian North's old bruisers Neo find 45 at last but don't know what to do with it. It can't be very satisfying or inspiring to know you are releasing singles that are neither adventurous nor in any particular field of popular craving. It certainly doesn't grip me in the jaws of graphomania, but stay with this, titbits always turn up . . .

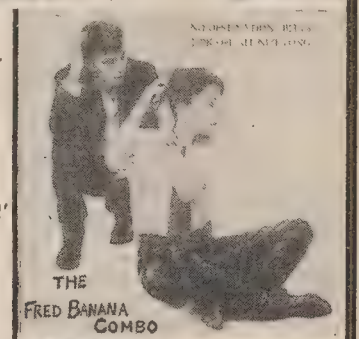
THE SHADOWS: Don't Cry For Me Argentina *(EMI)*
A conjuror's accompaniment version of the hit tune from the cash production of 'Oh No! It's Selwyn Rice-Webber!'

LUCKY PIERRE: Fans And Cameras *(Unadulterated)*
A titbit! Another from Ohio, another neat straight-ahead rock song with some good lyrics and a twisted charm. The lead singer tends to sound like a posh Patrik Fitzgerald and there are going to be some zealous compilations over the next decade. Search and employ.

QUAZAR: Funk'n'Roll *(Arista)*
Another over the top would be funk band stuffing all sorts of riffs and licks all over the shop in an attempt to come across like some sort of uncontrollable outfit of mean machines who were taped unawares while going about their daily business of being outrageously funky. For a shorter version of that message, read: Inadequate Soul Brothers Funk For Badass Dudes Called Tim.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN: A Little More Love *(EMI)*
I know it's obligatory for all 'right thinking' decent rock men to take no nonsense from this Travolta chappie (or whoever your kid sister/brother likes this year — after all, you have to make a show of your senior tastes). This probably also applies to ONJ? Any rate, this single is a starchy piece of slinkrock that will be a little hit even though it's not much at all.

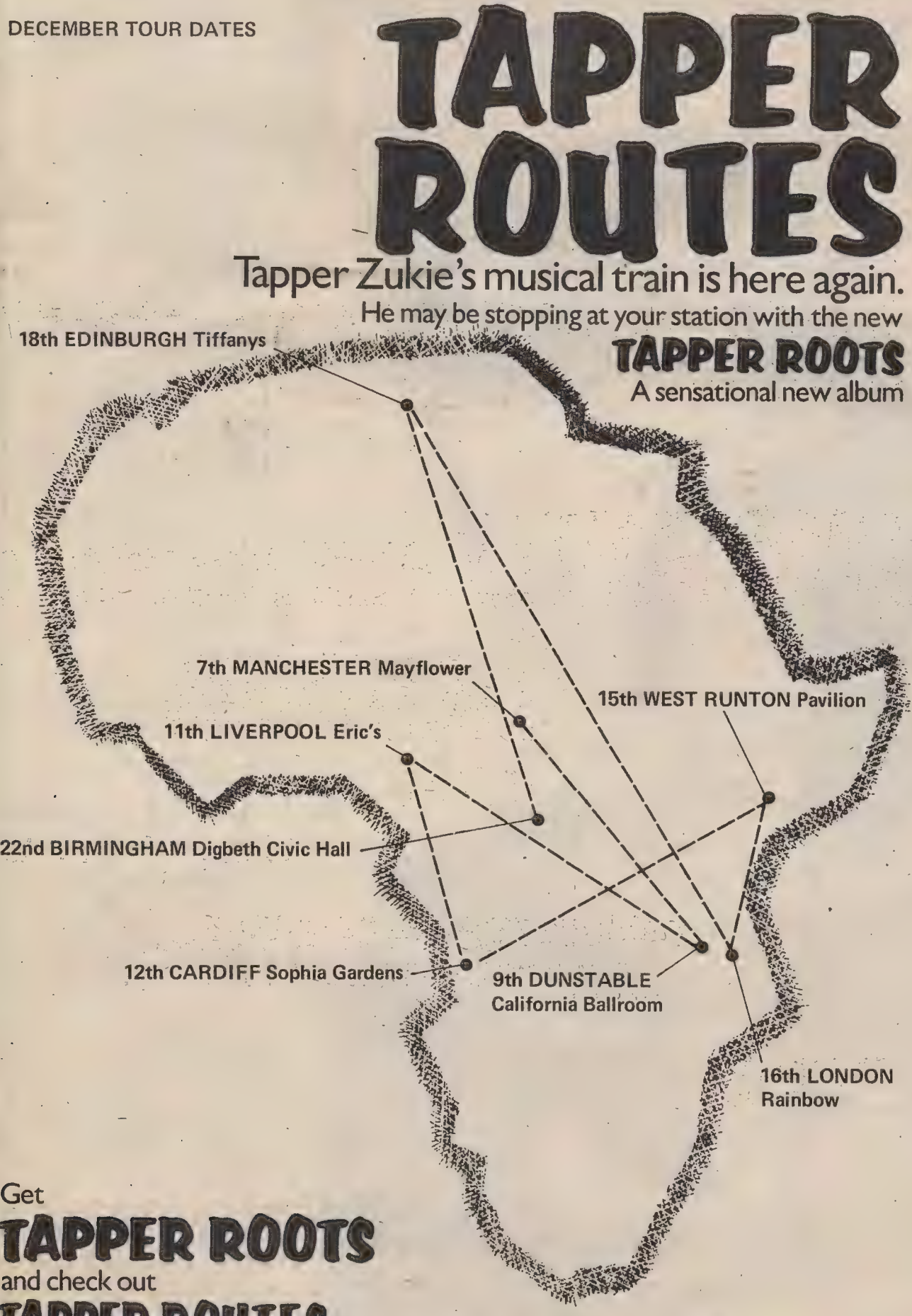
LIVERPOOL FC: Hail To The Kop *(Logo)*.
All these mediocre records make it time for a joke. (For football fans). Bill Shankley walks into the dressing room at Anfield to find Tommy Smith on top of the Liverpool skipper:

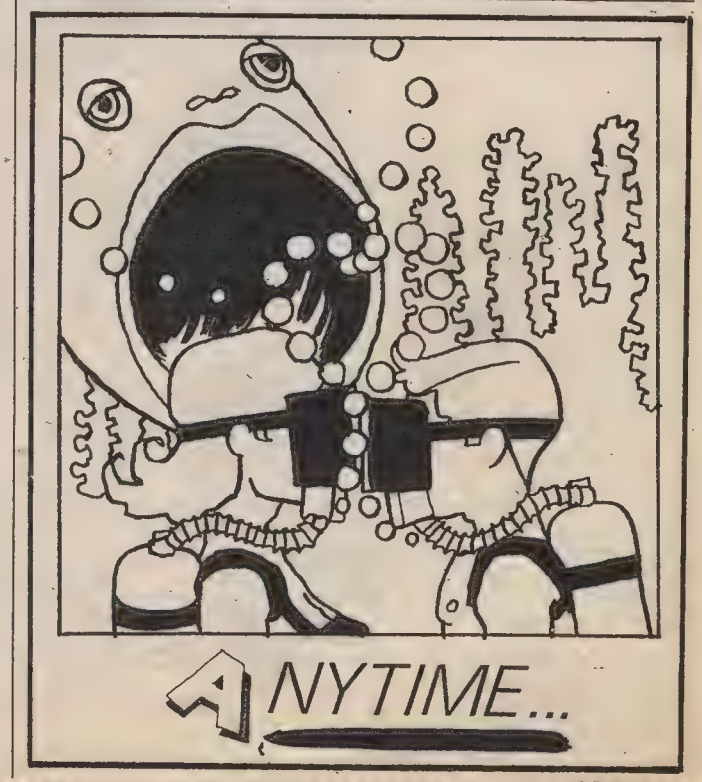


"Eaah, what're ya doing' Tommy?"
"Emlyn, boss . . ."

DRIVER 67: Car 67 *(Logo)*
A fine little record for anyone who has ever been gently entertained by the banter chucked around on cab radios. (And on those iron hat nights the best sound in the world can be "One seven P.O.B." and all that nonsense). A folky love ballad that goes downhill when it starts getting a bit serious.

ROY WOOD— Keep Your Hand On The Wheel)*Warners*)
These days to confess a liking for Roy Wood is usually greeted with the reply, "Tell me, do you live under a rock?" But although I'll agree that during the last couple of years all this Wizzo Band tomfoolery hasn't been too easy to overlook, I've had some good times with his singles and it's encouraging to hear this latest — which, though, by no means a classic, is still a step back to form. A mild radio joy.





Who is Roy Hill . . .

Bimbo (left) risks his drawers. ROY HILL risks his ego.

By TONY PARSONS. Pix: GEORGE BODNAR.

. . . and why is he not being chased by, er, lascivious lovelies?

IT WAS IN the garret late last summer and I was sitting there at a loss how to translate into hot copy Joan Jett's gum-chewing, dumb resentment towards the infidels who think she cut the album for a cheap laugh, when something happened.

I touched that dial from the Dada horrorshow of the LBC phone-in to "Peelie" on "247" and scowled, expecting nothing more than the uneasy aural bedfellows of punx, Rastas and the entire Liverpool first team squad.

Instead, I got the bitter bile of frustrated ambition, the world viewed through the telescopic sights of Rockbiz London, the bloodsucked underbelly of the music industry in all its gory glory. It was perfect and I began banging it down . . .

"There's a man in New York, said I had a good chance/Now he's forgotten me, doesn't want a romance/But he won't let me go just in case the tide turns/Keeps me here on a lead, I can feel the rope burns.

"The band's playing really tight, they ought to play looser/The album's dying on its feet, we need a new producer/You just ain't colourful, wear beads and bangles/The press don't want to know, give 'em some new angles/Kiss girls, turn away/Be straight, be gay/It's only my life/tonight I think I'll end it with a knife.

"Everybody's finding me a new direction/The press man is gonna make a real good connection/There's optimism everywhere like an infection/And I'm rolling up my sleeve for a cash injection/No drugs, no drink/Write songs, don't think . . ."

Cut! Print it! Great, great . . . what's the name again? Roy Who? Hill? *Roy Hill?* Never heard of him. Obviously been around for years getting used as an A&R man's doormat, feels that the role of the singer/songwriter has been devalued by the events of the last two years, probably burnt all his Dylan albums when Bob went electric on "Bringing It All Back Home", etcetera.

If he directed that Randy Newman virulence away from the hand that might feed him and aimed it at Lipstick Vogue model girls he'd be the toast of tinsel town . . .

Ah, but he wouldn't do that. This bloke sings like he's *really* got a grudge, the twisted bastard! For sure he ain't no chicken, probably got a really low visual profile — maybe even a hare-lip or something — just one more star-crossed old musician on his way to a music biz menopause of crying into his Pina Colada at Dingwall's chucking-out time that he gave you the best years of his life, oh faithless mistress rock and roll . . .

I MARKED Hill down as one of the most neglected talents of our time and filed him away for future generations to discover and mourn.

Then he turned up with his band doing a song called "Piccadilly Lights" on *Revolver* and the situation called for a complete reappraisal.

In front of a motley crew that sounded like surrogate E Streeters there was this geezer singing and casually chopping rhythm guitar, the focal point without doubt, but this wasn't Roy Hill, there was no way that *this* was Roy Hill.

Perfect puberty bedroom-poster fodder for disillusioned David Essex disciples, tall, moody and hunky, his standard good-looks just the right side of Spanish waiter — he's a rebel, but he *ain't* Roy Hill.

But it's unmistakably another gem of Hill's caustic commentary and acidic japes, whoever this bloke out front is; Eros nightlife, the West End at pock-marked play, slit-eyed tourists with bug-eyed Nikons immortalising it all as a postcard to show the next door neighbours back in Nippon. The shooting-gallery set queueing up for their Health Service placebo, clip-joint clientele losing their bank-roll on R Whites and their teeth on the pavement, the Sloane Ranger's sidekicks heading for Billy's, the boys with bow-lipped mouths and legs to match out walking their uncles, just-a walking their uncles . . . all of it drenched in the light of the quirky neon Arabesques.

And did Kerouac's Red Brick vision, in ancient times, walk upon England's mountains green?

"Lady on the third floor deals in education/Three minute French course/No examination/She doesn't need a phrase book/Rather have a bodyguard."

The singer is shivering all this with the poker-faced derision the song requires when suddenly camera one cuts — for just two seconds!! — to the sax player . . . a short, bespectacled, maniacally grinning little man . . . and the kin-folk roar as one. *That's* Roy Hill!

See the way he knew exactly what was happening? How he needs the brown eyed mucho macho handsome one out front for the *image*, while — all the while! — Roy himself is at the back blowing sax cool and sweet to that Van Morrison melody fused to Springsteen's sense of the epic . . . the man's a genius!

The singer, poor geezer, is now subjected to all manner of abuse from the kinfolk, who suggest he doesn't realise the incisive brilliance of the lyrics he sings. They are spiteful enough to suggest what his own lyrics would sound like.

"If only I were worthy to be the father of your children!"

"Your body is a flower to be plucked by the grateful!"

"Hey baybee yoo Eengleeesh wanna go to deeesco?"

IMAGINE my chagrin when I chose Roy Hill's "I Like I Like I Like" as Single Of The Week — a brash caricature of spike-heeled, black leather, crotchless Janet Reger wear punky fetishist fashion and the sexual mores and manners thereof — only to discover upon opening a copy of the paper that instead of a picture of mild-mannered Roy Hill, some insensitive sub had put in a picture of the *Ambre Solaire* refuge vocalist trying his hardest to look smouldering and Mediterranean.

I ordered the sub responsible to be brought to my study, where we pinned the bounder to the hearth of a blazing log-fire until the heat had scorched through his britches and he confessed the reason for his behaviour.

"Because that — gasp — *is* Roy Hill. The bloke you thought was him is the saxophone and flute player. He's called Bimbo Acock."

Oh.

"THAT'S REALLY strange!" chuckles Roy Hill when we eventually meet up in Arista's opulent gaff.

Bimbo peers myopically at the world with a hesitant smile, a bemused expression his only defence against the outside world. He is, in fact, looking like a Bimbo. Like a man who has had a history of being tormented for drawing the short straw in the lottery of life and landing the moniker Bimbo Acock.

Imagine him as a child. "You're tea's ready, Bimbo Acock!"

God, he was lucky to live past infants' school. But this mere slip of Acock happens to be the nearest thing this side of the Atlantic to Clarence Clemons. Truth.

Roy Hill subsides to a soupcon of smirks.

Glad to see you're taking it like this, Roy.

"Well, Bimbo's the only member of the band I've got now who's been with me nearly from the start," he explains in his polite Gloucestershire tones, his affable demeanour belying the acidity of the music. "The rest I've got one by one over a period of . . . many months. I want them to be what the E Street Band are . . ."

Continues over

THE CLASH

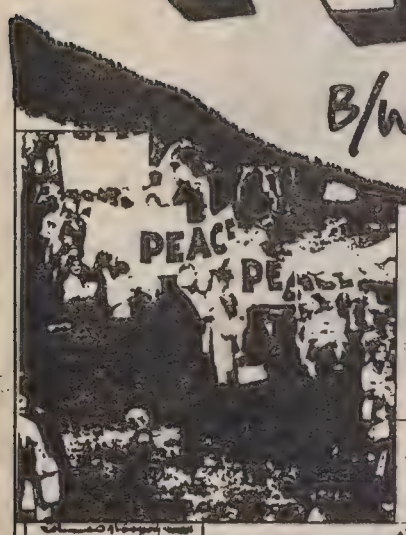
new 45 r.p.m. single

TOMMY GUN

B/W

1-2 CRUSH ON YOU

(previously unavailable)



وزير النفط العراقي :

مطلوب بديل لمنظمة "أ

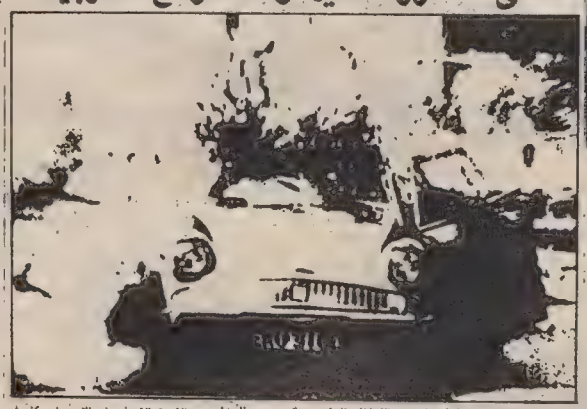
إذا فشلت في زيادة الأسعار

الكويت – وكالات – دعا وزير النفط العراقي الى ادخال زيادة كبيرة في اسعار النفط وعدد بان بلاده ستسعى الى ايجاد بديل لمنظمة الدول المصدرة للبترول (اوبك) اذا لم يوافق وزراء الدول الاعضاء فيها على زيادة عادلة في اسعار النفط اثناء اجتماعهم القادم الذي سيعقد في ابو ظبي في شهر ديسمبر القادم .

وقال وزير النفط العراقي : في حال فشل مؤتمر الاوبك القادم في جعلية مصلحتها فان عليها ان تتساءل عن تمرير وجود المنظمة وبالتالي فان عليها السعي الى ايجاد منظمة بديلة . ولكنه تكهن بان مؤتمر القمة العربي الذي سيعقد في بغداد في اوائل الشهر القادم سيتجهى الى اتفاق اجماعي حول زيادة اسعار النفط بنسبة مئوية معينة . وقال ان جميع الدلائل تشير الى ان تطبيق جميع الامال السياسية بالولايات المتحدة لم تكن اكثر من سراب مثلما هو الحال بالنسبة الى تطبيق الامال على الدولار الامريكي . واضاف ان كل مؤتمر قمة بغداد توجهه عدة الصناعية ودول العالم الثالث وذلك من اجل تفادي احداث فوضى في الاقتصاد العالمي . واشار السيد عبد الكريم الى ان العراق يعتبر الدعوة الى تجديد اسعار النفط بمثابة خيانة يوازي خطرها خطر السياسة الاسرائيلية . وقال ان السعر الحالي لبرميل النفط (١٢,٧٠ دولار) لايعادل في الحقيقة الا اربعة دولارات وذلك بسبب التضخم المالي وتدهور سعر الدولار الامريكي كما اشار الى ان واردات النفط خسرت قلي طاقاتها الشرائية خلال العامين الماضيين .

ومعقولة في اسعار النفط . وقال انه يجب مضاعفة سعر النفط اذا اريد التعويض عن الخسائر الحقيقية التي لحقت بالدول المصدرة للنفط . ولكنه اضاف ان العراق سيناضد بعنف الاعتبار ظروف الدول

سركيس يفتتح اجتماعات مؤتمر بيروت التي ستقرر مصير قوات الردع العربية



بيروت – وكالات – افتتح الرئيس اللبناني الياس سركيس بعد ظهر امس في قصر بيت الدين الذي يقع على بعد ٢٦ ميلا الى الجنوب من هنا اجتماعات وزراء خارجية ست دول عربية تساهم في قوات الردع العربية في لبنان بشريا وماديا .

الكويت الشيخ جابر الاحمد لم يكشف الغلاف عن محتوياتها .

وسمت وكالة الاسوشيتد برس الى مصادر دبلوماسية في دمشق قولها ان الرئيس الاسد سعى الى اقناع وزير خارجية الكويت بان

البوليساريو تطلق سراح ثمانية اسبان

الجزائر – رويتر – اطلق ثوار جبهة البوليساريو الذين يقاتلون من اجل استقلال الصحراء الغربية امس سراح ثمانية صيادي اسماك اسبانيين بعد ان ظلوا يحتجزونهم حوالى ستة اشهر .

وقد اقلعت طائرة خاصة من مطار الجزائر امس وهي تقل الصيادين متوجهة الى مدريد .

وكان الثوار قد اعتقلوا الصيادين في شهر ابريل الماضي اثناء قيامهم بالصيد داخل المياه الاقليمية للجمهورية الصحراوية التي كانت اسبانيا قد شكلتها في الماضي .

وصرح الصيادون لدى وصولهم الى العاصمة الاسبانية بانهم لقوا معاملة حسنة اثناء اعتقالهم .

وكان حزب الوسط الديمقراطي الحاكم في اسبانيا قد تفاوض على اطلاق سراح الصيادين مقابل اعترافه بالبوليساريو كممثل شرعي ووحيد للشعب الصحراوي .

رئيس اليمن الشمالي يفقد المنشآت العسكرية

صنعاء – واع – فقد العقيد علي عبد الله صالح رئيس الجمهورية العربية اليمنية عددا من الاماكن العسكرية في الصلاء .

وقال راديو صنعاء صباح امس ان المقدم علي عبد الله زار القاعدة الجوية وقيادة القوات البحرية واللواء الثامن مدفعية . ومديرية امن الحديدة ومطار الحديدة الحديد .

انتخاب رئيس جديد للبرازيل

مارتيليا – رويتر – تم هنا يوم امس انتخاب الجنرال جاو باتيستا فيجر يدو رئيسا جديدا للبرازيل خلفا للرئيس الحالي ارستو جيزيل .

تصرفاته المهينة . وكان الاضراب قد بدا يوم الاربعاء الماضي عندما وصل الى عمسو موستي كيهلر و اطلاعات ممثلون عن السلطة العرفية وطلبوا من مسؤوليها عرض جميع الاخبار عليهم قبل نشرها .

ومن جهة اخرى اتخذت سلطات الحكم العسكري اجراءات امنية عسكرية مشددة امس تحسبا من وقوع اضطرابات جديدة في البلاد اليوم الاثنين وذلك بسبب الاضراب العام الذي دعت اليه المعارضة .

وكانت الدعوة الى هذا الاضراب قد جاءت من الامام اية الله الخميني الموجود حاليا في باريس ومن حزب الجبهة الوطنية المعارض وذلك حدادا على ارواح مئات الاشخاص الذين قتلوا عند ان فرضت الاحكام العرفية في ١٢ مدينة ايرانية يوم ٨ سبتمبر الماضي .

البوليساريو تطلق سراح ثمانية اسبان

الجزائر – رويتر – اطلق ثوار جبهة البوليساريو الذين يقاتلون من اجل استقلال الصحراء الغربية امس سراح ثمانية صيادي اسماك اسبانيين بعد ان ظلوا يحتجزونهم حوالى ستة اشهر .

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تأجيل قمة بغداد

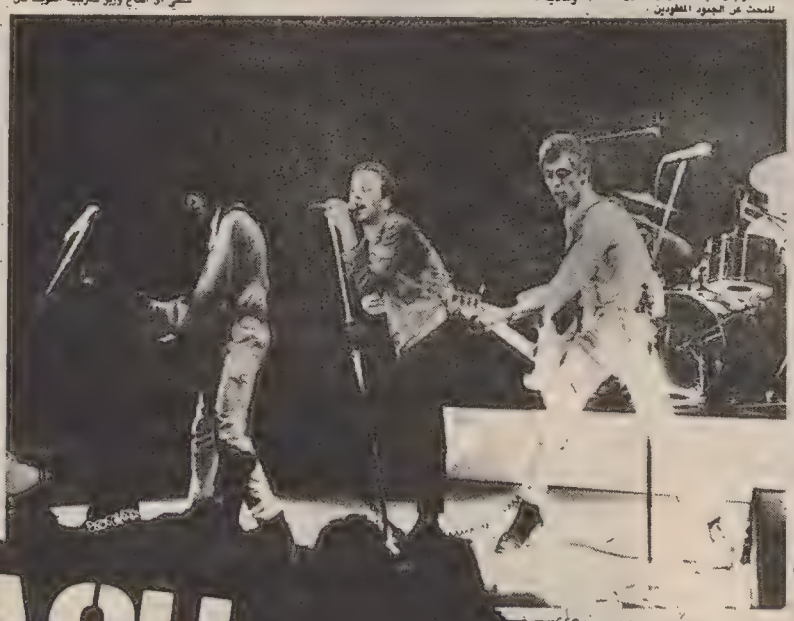
إلى نهاية أكتوبر

بغداد – وكالات – اكد ناطق بلسان وزارة الخارجية العراقية امس ان يوم الاول من نوفمبر القادم قد اجل حتى اليوم الثاني من شهر التشهر وقال الناطق ان قرار التاجيل اتخذ بموجب رغبة الدول العربية التي وافقت على

انتخاب رئيس جديد للبرازيل

صباح امس اسفرت عن حدوث تم خلالها بحث مقدد سير المفاوضات الجارية في واسطر من رعد اسرائيلي ووفد مصري للتوصل الى معاهدة سلام .

وقد رفض مناحيم بيجن الاربعاء ماي تصريح بعد الاجتماع ولكنه اعلن ان المجلس قرر ان يتوجه غضو المحكمة العليا اهارون مارك الى وانسطن يوم عد الملاساء للانضمام الى الوفد الاسرائيلي هناك . كما وافق المجلس على تعيين لجريم ايفرون سفيرا جديدا لاسرائيل في واشنطن .



وكان الثوار قد اعتقلوا الصيادين في شهر ابريل الماضي اثناء قيامهم بالصيد داخل المياه الاقليمية

THE CLASH

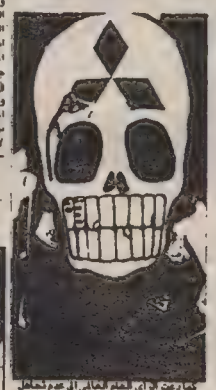
'SORT IT OUT TOUR' CONTINUES

December 2 Polytechnic, Newcastle

12 Pavilion, Bath

سعيد الحرب وكمبوديا

أمس أن الانتقادات التي وجهتها الصين من الدخان لاخفاء خطط تكين وكمبوديا



كما دعت الولايات المتحدة الى عدم تجاهل الخطر الذي تشكله النشاطات العسكرية للصين وكمبوديا .

جه الى مناطق يا بحثا عن جنود الخميس الماضي

ان الرئيس الاوغندي عيدي امين توجه الى عدد من الجنود الاوغنديين الذين انطلقت اوعدا يوم الخميس الماضي .

وسمت الاذاعة الى مسؤول كبير في وزارة الخارجية قوله بلك اثناء استقباله لمسؤولي احد مصانعا بني والاخر عراقي وصلا الى العلاء لتسليم الرئيس امين رسالتين من الرئيس معمر القذافي واحد حسن البكر – وقالت ان المسؤول ابلغ المسؤولين انه من غير الممكن لقاء الرئيس امين لانه موجود خارج كمالا للبحث عن الجنود المفقودين .

THE ROY HILL SAGA

From previous page

Definition?

"Sympathetic dynamite."

And what do you want to be?

"A combination of Bruce Springsteen, Ray Davies, Randy Newman and Elvis Presley . . . I'm not saying I *can* do that," he adds quickly. "But I'm gonna try."

Hill is in his mid-twenties. His undiluted contempt for the corporate showbiz empires who bring us our rebel music courtesy a kind of rock'n'roll IMF dates from his dues-paying days hustling his demo round Artist and Repertoire execs' front offices. He can name all the people who told him to go back to his day job and recite word for word the extent of their verbal abuse.

The rockbiz obsession also relates to just about everything else that has happened to him in the nearly three years that he has been signed to Arista.

For the first two years he was kept on a retainer before the first 45 rpm product got released — during which time, of course, the lads from the Fagen's Den of Sex had changed the face of popular culture by making it *de rigueur* for every high street kid in the country to throw away his flapping Oxford bags and get a sensible pair of strides that were the same shape as his legs. Roy Hill, no BA in chaos to call his own, was suffocating under the weight of record company pressure to hit upon the correct formula and clean up.

The disappointing end result of all this equivocating was his debut album release last spring. Produced by Gus Dudgeon, the album had a lush sound so appallingly sweet that it could rot your eye-teeth after just one side.

"Well, all I can say is that I was overawed by the whole occasion. There was Gus Dudgeon, all the top session men in London . . . I was the only person I hadn't heard of.

"I got shit for letting Gus Dudgeon do it his way — Arista suggested I do it with him — and I got slagged off. So now I do it all my way so that if I get slagged off it's on my own terms . . ."

SEEMS LIKE Arista snapped up Hill the second he set foot in their home of the hits, and immediately found themselves at a loss as to what to do with him — whether to go for coffee-table credibility like Elt and Bernie, to abduct the heart strings of the tired and emotional teenies, to make with the punk, baby boy . . . Hill appeared at a time when new acts into sensitive folk like Ray Davies, Tom Waits, Randy Newman and even Bruce on the backlash weren't exactly being hailed as vital, relevant artists.

At least we had the poxy Roxy. All Hill got was dunked in hip Hampstead syrup and a lot of stick . . .

"And these arc lights are picking out bruises/Little man you are a colourful sight/And you're going nowhere after tonight."

"After punk happened everyone expected just one pitch, one level of performance . . . didn't matter if it was Elvis Costello or Peters and Lee, they just wanted the one line. I'm not that one-dimensional. I like to bend that line. I've got junk songs, joke songs and . . . serious songs. I don't *want* a balanced set."

Only a handful of songs on that album weren't turned into total write-offs. The opening cut "Join Me" was shades of "Thunder Road" meeting Cal Trask on Abra's window-ledge in *East Of Eden*, "After Tonight" the allegorical tale of musician-as-boxer getting beaten to pulp for the benefit of the vicarious ring-side thrill-seekers eating their bacon and waiting for a fall.

"Piccadilly Lights" you've already met, which just leaves the "Tracks Of My Tears" — haunted "Marionettes", another song about exploitation, manipulation and many other -tions inside our wonderful business.

OF COURSE, you don't have to stay in it, Roy . . .

"I don't want to do anything else, though. I started out wanting to be rich and famous and now I just wanna be good. I think most people do it the other way round. Playing all those dates where nobody wanted us has toughened us up."

Hill's wife Chrissie is in hospital with a week-old baby boy called Jamie. It was Chrissie who kept him for years after he got thrown out of art school because he couldn't draw and set about, uh, Making It.

He whips out his guitar and knocks out three new songs: "One Time", a more personal, less nationalistic "Political Science"; "Keep Away From Me", basket-weaver, wild-eyed dreaming of settling scores, as funny as a strait-jacket, mush; and "(Win Or Lose) It's Something To Talk About", a fatalistic finger to a consumer society that laps up familiar corn of *TOTPunks* with their illusions of being both Che Guevara and a member of the local darts team, while uncharted quality like Roy Hill is telling you the way it was, it is and shall be. Better tell your Mum and Dad, finish up your grub (ha, ha) . . .

"High hopes are rising in young hearts today as pen approaches dotted line/Flashbulbs blow, wide smiles are fixed and the executives sign/A deal is made with Deadweight Records and Tapes/Knowing groom and blushing bride/Now all that talk of instant fame can just be pushed to one side.

"In dreams of house full signs they just want to play for you and me/They're gonna call themselves The Marionettes and that's just what they'll be.

"So here we are inside the home of the hits, in the land of promises and lies/Just waiting for those golden records to materialise/(Before our eyes)/Today they're everybody's brightest hopes, groomed for greatness, picked to thrill/Tomorrow they'll just be a reason for another restaurant bill.

"Showbiz smiles have all been packed away/The men who care have disappeared/Leaving only paper cups and empty words to be cleared . . ."

What would you do if your son Jamie said he wanted to get into the rockbiz in sixteen years' time?

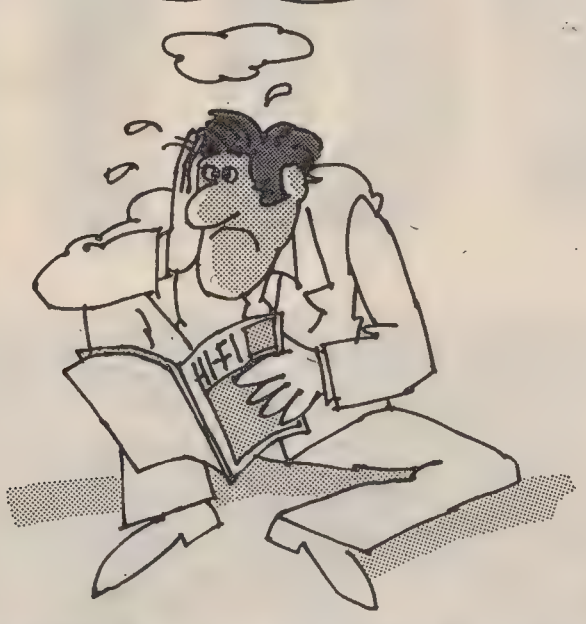
"Show him my first reviews. Then tell him to get into it."

What else can a poor boy do 'cept to sing for Deadweight Records and Tapes?

Well, I imagine there must be *something*. Otherwise it all seems so *futile*, doesn't it?

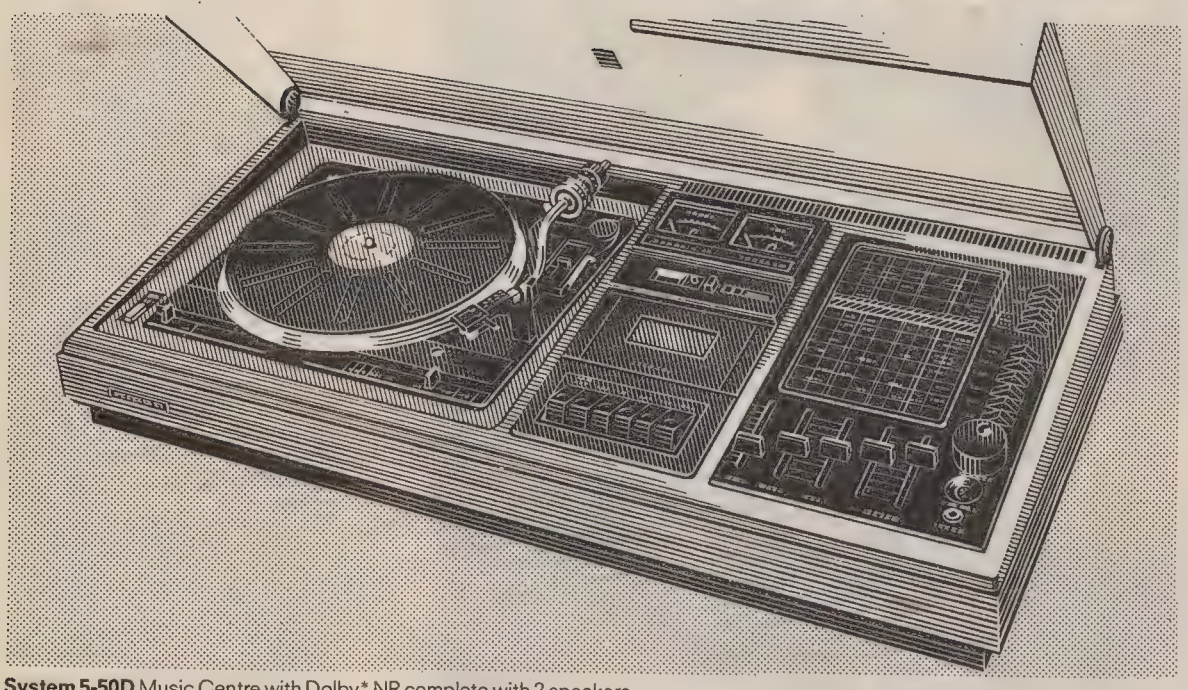
(Cue "Rock Is My Life" by Bachman Turner Overdrive, roll credits and fade . . .)

SENSITIVITY FOR 26 dB SIGNAL TO NOISE, STEREO CROSSTALK AT 1 KHz, IF REJECTION, AM REJECTION, IMAGE REJECTION, CAPTURE RATIO, BIRDIES SUPPRESSION RECORD/REPLAY FREQUENCY RESPONSE, ADJACENT CHANNEL SELECTIVITY, AMPLIFIER SIGNAL TO NOISE, WOW AND FLUTTER, RUMBLE, ERASE RATIO...



So you're not a sound engineer....

The only word you need is FIDELITY.



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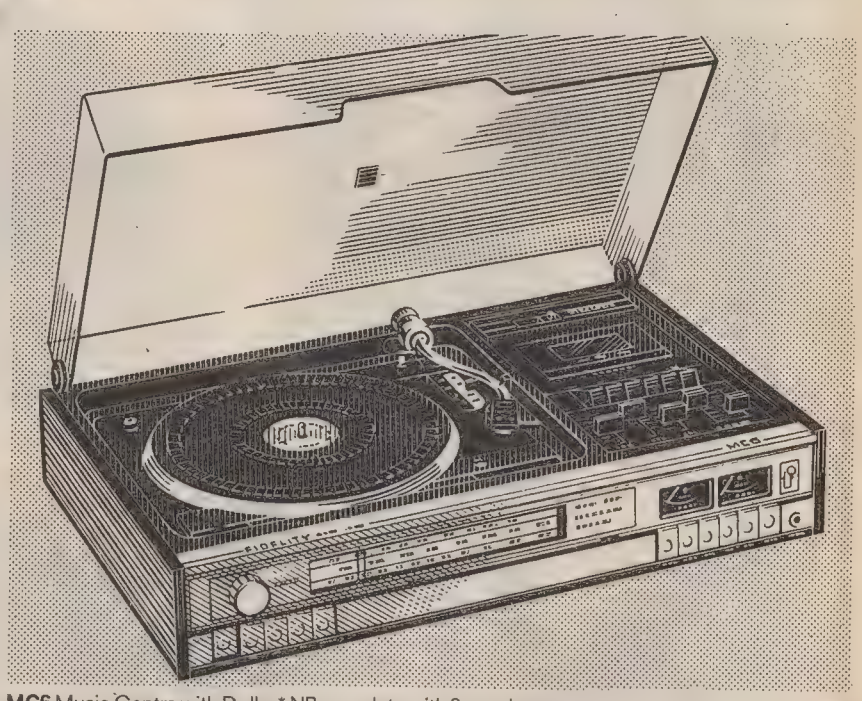

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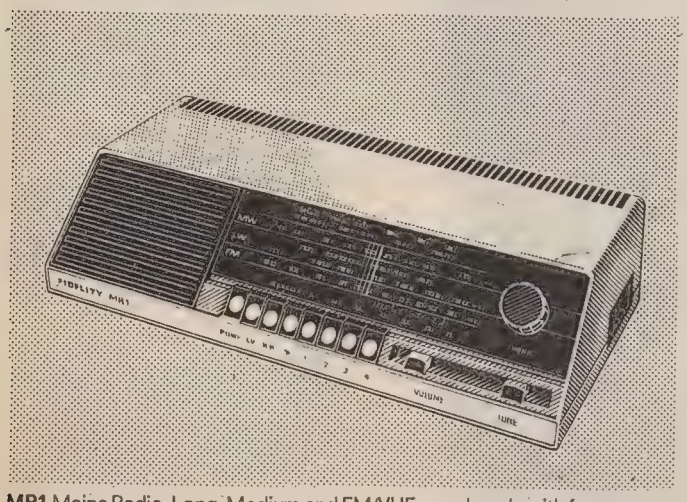

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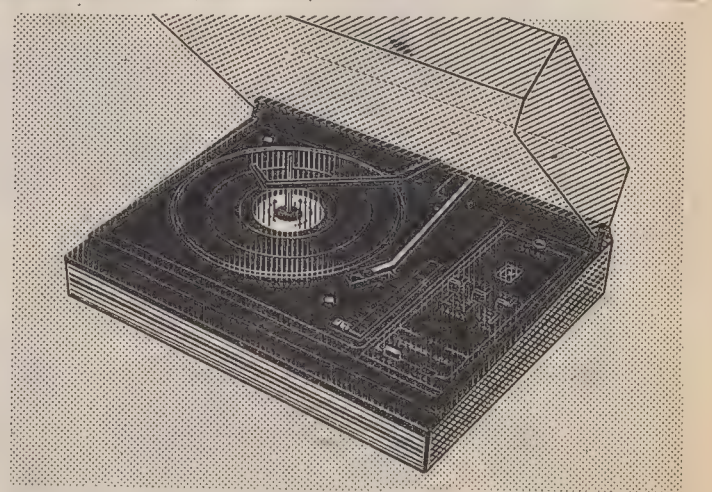

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DEVOTO

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

WHATEVER YOU feel about Howard Devoto, your feelings are no doubt strong, and whatever your feelings are (cynical, condescending, sympathetic) they have probably been influenced by what you've read (or haven't read) in the pop press.

The man who introduced a new literacy not just into 'punk' but into rock as a whole is not an easy person to represent. No orthodox rock'n'roll colour or controversy in his conversation, he handles interviews with an apparent unhelpfulness and obscurity that either irritates or intrigues.

Interviews have spread inaccurate (at best inconclusive) if attractive myths and interpetations around Devoto's words, and made much of his interview demeanour and attitude, which is actually perfectly normal, considering the absolute unrealness of a routine interview in which two complete strangers talk about this and that, superficially and awkwardly, compressing things that by rights should be of great importance to the subject into a couple of hours.

Devoto, because he is so annoyingly leisurely and amused during interviews, is often severely distorted.

Thus, so it goes, Devoto is odd, distant, difficult and downright peculiar. The fact is, he is essentially not keen on the interview process. Outside the interview confines he keeps himself to himself but is always approachable.

In an interview, his words are objective, much more wry than they appear in print, but he has a surprisingly limited vocabulary.

His measured responses are full of pauses and emphasis, though not disrupted by such, but ultimately he talks easily about anything from death to dishwashing with an intense, well disguised sense of humour.

Simply, he knows what he is doing. He is committed and composed. He is not a freak.

But at least those who have verbally depicted Devoto at some length have done so with a vigour and confusion that has reflected something of what he is trying to say or do. His music, his medium, has been approached blandly and obviously, many ruthlessly dissecting the form (and I am yet to be convinced about many of Magazine's mannerisms), yet shunning the content with crude and cursory impatience.

The depth and definition of what Devoto was struggling with on "Real Life" has few parallels in rock; a complex, indulgent perplexity of self-contempt, compromise, realisation, identity, personality, torment, mockery, morals, pettiness.

It is a definite search, conceptually fractured by a lack of self-discipline, an excess of melodrama, and the absence of any consistent match between words and music. There is no way that Devoto is dedicated to the surface off his life — and only incidentally is Devoto writing about any sort of contemporary predicament. He writes about himself.

And if you're blushing or scoffing at such 'heavy' criticisms — as Devoto claims, there should be room for all this in rock, as much as there is room for The Undertones, Nick Lowe or Rush — how serious do you want to be?

Right now, Devoto is oddly impressed deep in the rock'n'roll trappings, recording and touring with surprising regularity. He is not by any means a rock traditionalist, but accepts and uses its routes and advantages with varying degrees of compulsion and reluctance.

He is not as repulsed by the rock biz as much as Mark Perry, or as apparently lost as Pete Shelley. Nor is he as cynical as John Lydon or as suspicious as Vic Godard. Maybe a mixture of all that.

But, as with those four, he is implicitly and subtly altering the scope, shape and respectability of rock music, supplying it with an exhilaration and command it has only spasmodically known. We should be so lucky.

This interview took place a few weeks ago, but has lost none of its relevance or revelation. It is presented in what seems to be the best way: bald, flat but clear and open to minimal distortion. The first part printed was the last part of our conversation, after the assembled party had found its way to a Kensington pub and imbibed a moderate amount of lubricating alcohol.

The rest is from a talk at Regents Park Zoo (after we'd looked at the snakes, Devoto's favourite animal) — Devoto pleased with the venue, as it slyly emphasised his feelings about the actual absurdity of An Interview.

— PAUL MORLEY

WERE you a wimp at school?
I wouldn't say I was a wimp. I think I did get bullied.

Did you have a happy homelife?
Er . . . No. (ha ha ha ha).

How were you at school? Good, bad, lazy, unresponsive . . .
Confused. I think my big moment was always just around the corner. I was in my shell. They didn't like me. No, I hated school. I didn't have

CALM AND CONFUSION

The New Howard Devoto Interview

By PAUL MORLEY and IAN PENMAN

no friends. All my friends were people outside school, who lived near where I lived.

Close friends?
Yeah, I had a couple of close friends.

So you didn't feel too insecure?
. . . I dunno. I think I learnt to feel secure with myself eventually. I suppose I did feel insecure, and I had to feel secure just with myself.

Were you academically gifted?
Er . . . No . . . I've always found a few things that have interested me . . .

Any momentous works or books that 'changed your life'?
Off hand I can remember being really left gasping by *1984* or *Brave New World*, those books. The first thing that really . . . have you heard of a bloke called Gerard Manley Hopkins? (A Victorian poet, whose 'ecstatic language', his ways of expressing negative moods in vivid and violent language, and his exploitation of the ambiguities inherent in language is positively present in Devoto's work.)

That was the first thing . . . When you're approaching Sixth form, y'know, you either go for Arts or you go for Sciences, and I was all set to go for sciences and then some time or other in that last year we had Gerard Manley Hopkins on the course, and he's a really wordy poet, a bit like Dylan Thomas, great strings of adjectives.

And there was just one poem of his called "Hurrying In Harness" or something, which had something about . . . "silk sapped clouds float across the mealy mouthed skies" . . . lines like that, and for the first time words really connected with me. And I suppose that's when it changed. That's when I began to think about putting myself across.

. . . So what happened between the sixth form and Buzzcocks?
Well, let me go and take a piss and think about that. I'll ask you what you know . . .
(Devoto takes a piss.)
. . . so what do you know . . .?

Merely, trivially, that your maintaining you were never a student is false. I met someone who taught you Philosophy, and he told me that the third year of the course clashed with Buzzcocks, but that you were so clever despite not attending lectures your essays were still better than anyone elses.
I never denied being a student actually.

Sort of — 'I certainly didn't go to Art School'?
No — I was always asked if I went to university or art college, and I didn't. I went to technical college. I've done some philosophy. In fact I've done quite a lot . . . *quite a lot* . . . of different things, and they all interested me up to a certain point and then I would just lose the thread completely.

I could sit in a lecture theatre or wherever and just be completely amazed at what was happening, at what was being talked about . . . for me it was a bit like doing an interview . . . here we sit and talk about does the world really exist. OK, people laugh at that and say, er, "Gee I did a two month course on philosophy and it seems to me gibberish because we talked about does the world really exist — it's totally silly, and in a way it is silly, but in a way it isn't silly.

But nevertheless it's really weird to sit in a lecture room, with tables, Formica tables, and chairs and real people, and talk about something like "does the world exist". And it's a bit like doing an interview. Like talking about this now, in a pub, you somehow feel as if you should be suspended in mid air in a vacuum or something or other, and then start to talk about such things. But of course you never do. It's always in real life . . . it always happens in real life.

You claim you don't know what an existentialist is.
I don't know what it means. I've read some things. I've read some Camus but I couldn't tell you what it means. I couldn't sit down and write it out for you in half an hour or anything like that.

What about the idea that when you perform you'd like to leave your voice disembodied?
I've no idea. I'd like to leave my voice disembodied? I don't know about that . . . I think bodies are far too important to ever want to do anything like that. Actually, one of the other fantastic things for me was realising about suicide.

(The tape runs out here. "Quick," Devoto urges. "Turn it over, this is one of the most important things I'm going to say.")

I realised um . . . and that was real, you know, yet another end to another wretched love affair, sort of thing . . . and that was a *REAL*, er, event, somehow, along the line of things . . . and since then I've always thought of suicides as very important people, and Camus, when you talk about existentialists, has written a book called *The Myth Of Sisyphus* and it's all about suicide, where he says that the only important philosophical problem is suicide, and basically nothing else matters.

And Sylvia Plath . . . her world is superlative . . . it's really a crystal clear world of the suicide.

Do you like Robert Lowell?
No.

What's the difference between Lowell and Plath?
I've just never stumbled across him. That's where I can't think of myself as a fucking intellectual because I just don't . . . I sometimes come across things that really connect with me, and I live with them, but I don't have that academic approach, which I think of as academic, the investigative mind for the sake of investigation. That's not me at all . . . I somehow just meander my own way through things. Doesn't it seem crazy to you to be talking about such things?

If I sat back and thought about it, yes.
Don't do it for godsake, please don't do it.

Doesn't it seem crazy to you to be singing about such things in front of kids wanting "Boredom" all night?
No, not really. Think about kids . . . they go to school . . . what are they made to read? Shakespeare! And things like that! And then people try to tell me that this is not the place for such things. Oh it's bullshit . . . it's pushed down your throat from the age of 11. You maybe never get to swallow.
(Howard buys a round of drinks.)

DID you come to rock music after rejecting anything else? 'An actor' or 'a writer'.
Er . . . aah . . . I don't know whether I rejected things as in "I reject you" sort of thing. It's just doing something, starting doing something, and then finding you can do it, and finding in however small a way that your efforts are appreciated, even if they're appreciated sometimes for the wrong reasons — even that, sad to say, can be better than nothing. At least that gives you something to get to grips with.

There's been different times where I've got enthusiastic over something, and it's just never worked for some reason. There just haven't been people around me, or sufficient belief in the right people, to make something happen. Things got so bad for me at one time, I er, I had to do a piece of work for a seminar and I did this piece of work on murder. It was more or less murder as an art form of some kind . . . I mean, I was quite serious about it . . .

Do you know Antonin Artaud, the Theatre of Cruelty? I can remember reading somewhere how he wanted to do theatre that affected people's bodies . . . y'know, the Theatre of Cruelty is not what it sounds like, people applauding as the whip crashes down, all that sort of stuff, and I can remember doing this piece, and I just felt so extreme about things . . .

Oh god this is beginning to sound like a load of *crap* . . . but I can remember trying to produce this as a serious piece of work.

I really got into it. It was also the time the Baader Meinhof thing was on — and that seemed to me to make so much sense . . . not so much *sense*, but so much sense . . . OK, I'm holding my fingers about three inches apart . . .

You often reveal a fascination with death. Are you scared of it . . . do you think it's that final?
Could I just say sometimes I am, sometimes I'm not.

How scared do you get?
I get scared of not being able to think about it. I mean you're not going to find me quaking in a corner in a private moment. What does disturb me is how difficult it is to think about, somehow or other. It's hard to stop . . . how do you think about it in the midst of everything . . . how do you begin to think about it. And at times I do find myself being scared.

Is that why you like Sylvia Plath?
Er, not really. I almost don't think of her. I don't know, I can't answer that. At the time I was reading it it just seemed an accurate description. That's all I can say. Do you read Castaneda? It's been debunked, OK, but the words he puts into Don Juan's mouth, or the words he's copied down from somewhere else.

One thing I like is "Look to your death" — when you are there in the crowd, or you are there doing the shopping, or you are there trying to tell your best friend they've got B.O. — "Look to your death". It's one of the best lines Castaneda either ever made up or copied from somewhere. It's so hidden away in this life. When did you last see a dead body? You ever seen a dead body?

One.
One amongst hundreds of thousands that die each day. Fucking hell you're going to have to write this thing bloody carefully.

What's on your T-shirt?
I'm not going to tell you. It's so unbearably dull.

Why weren't the lyrics to your first album (that Devoto had spent that morning preparing for possible publication) included with the record?
Because I don't like the idea of people reading the words and then listening. I'd much rather they heard them together at the beginning.

Does it concern you that some of your words are misheard or misinterpreted?
No, I quite like it. People are always reading my mind. Have you seen the Japanese United Artists sampler thing? Buzzcocks are on. The lyrics to 'Orgasm Addict' were wrong . . . something like *"Making out with schoolkids and the one who owns the estate"* (instead of winos and heads of state.)

It took me a long time to work out that line in "Boredom" — "Get your hand out of my trousers". Was "Boredom" a joke?
It depends a bit what you mean by joke . . . Something like "Orgasm Addict" is 90 per cent a joke. No, it wasn't particularly a joke. There are lots of jokes all over the place but they're not the sort that should diffuse the song . . . not just a laugh or something. Like there's a lot that I find funny.

Are the songs written with an expected emotional response. Funny songs, serious songs . . . do you separate them?
No, not really . . . I think all my songs have got something to smile at somewhere. Nearly all of them. I don't mind people mishearing my songs as long as the correct version comes to light eventually.

How do you expect people to respond when that happens?
Normally people react with disappointment. They've heard lines of something, and then they discover what was supposed to be said — and they're normally disappointed, because they'd really got to grips with what they themselves had heard.

The fact that you didn't supply a lyric sheet implies that you saw the songs as songs, rather than a set of lyrics we sit and mull over.
Yeah, that's it. I don't see them as something to sit and think about. That's for poetry, and that doesn't interest me. But I am interested in eventual accuracy.

Does it make you feel good?
Well, I'm not trying to mislead people, if that's what you're thinking.

But maybe playing with people?
No I'm not! I'm quite serious about the point of people reading the words. They should hear the words with the music. The words don't really exist by themselves. They're important in the whole mood of the music, the way that they're sung. If yu just read something you don't get that, y'know? When you go and read someone's words after you've heard their records, you read them through their voice, you hear them singing.

All along you're implying the words have great importance.
No I'm not. Only if people are that interested. I mean, they're important to me. It depends how far someone wants to step into it. But there are people who are interested. I think a lot more than people think.

Do you enjoy forcing people to react in certain ways?
In what situation?

As a songwriter.
I don't relish it. What do you mean — concerts?

Yeah, the whole thing of concerts, records, reaching a mass audience.
Er, forcing is a bit strong.

Manipulating?
Do you mean people are getting seriously damaged through me? I do certain things to make people think twice, sit up twice . . .

Do you think twice about what you're doing and saying? About impact?
Oh yeah, I think twice about all sorts of things. About impact. I don't think there's a great deal to worry about on that score. There are things that could be picked up on, but so far haven't been. There's quite a few of what I think are outrageous things said on "Real Life" that haven't been picked up on yet. There haven't been loads of people saying *yes you're right*, good God, you're quite right . . . at which point I might begin to be a bit worried.

Worried?
Yeah! You've got to . . . I wouldn't say play with those things on record. That sounds a little too lighthearted . . . what am I saying (snigger). Well, come on tell me, what should I be worried about?

I'd rather not say. Let's move right back to 1975. Why did you decide certain things needed a shake-up?
I've said this before. It was the same reason everybody else did. Rock was tired.

You attach enough importance to it?
Yes. I take rock quite seriously. Yes, it meant a lot to me for years. It still does. But at that point it was really, really dull, and it also coincided with a really awful part of my life, and I just thought I could do something.

BEING a smart fellow, did you see ways you could make an impact using your cleverness to jump into the right holes? Those early days seemed more planned than lucky?
It's never ever been like that. When we (Buzzcocks) performed at the Free Trade Hall I knew nothing at all about how to play a gig, how to organise a gig, how to put out records, nothing at all. We really didn't even think we'd play another gig. It was just doing that extraordinary thing of going out in front of people and opening your mouth. That was all.

We just took things as they came. With "Spiral scratch", we just thought, there's no chance of anyone else putting a record out, so we tried to work the finances of it and we realised that is wasn't going to involve as fantastic amount of money as people thought.

As long as you did it a certain way, it was possible to do it.

When we got it out, we were thinking, gosh, can we sell 500 copies, can we pay these people back we owe money to.

But it wasn't as simple as that. Even in those anonymous days you sharply created an image.
I didn't know anything about the practical aspects of it, that's what I mean to say. There was no, 'Right, this is it, I've got my foot in the door, this is how my career is going to progress.'

But there was never any need to act like that because the career thing was what you were superficially rebelling against.
I don't know that it was specifically a rebellion against the business thing, but obviously that came into it because that was somehow part of the way that rock had become boring. But I still think that the blame was primarily with musicians.

The break with Buzzcocks seemed meticulously planned as well. The timing, the reasons you gave.
But I did feel like that. At the time all we had been doing was concerts and you know how awful the sound is at concerts, and it seemed to me that Buzzcocks were becoming just another punk band of the time. And it wasn't until "Spiral Scratch" had come out (by then Devoto had quit) that people could begin to hear it properly for themselves, take their time with it, that I got any recognition. It just coincided that by the time that record came out I'd had enough. That was it.

It seems that since the split you and Shelley have shot to opposite poles, you the rock rationalist, and Shelley the rock romanticist, or so we're told. Can you see a loss of balance that could have been developed?
Yeah, but at that time I was just feeling disinterested with music. Apart from one or two instances, with Buzzcocks I never wrote any of the music. Even when I left I didn't feel any confidence to write music, but I think that was definitely part of the frustration that I felt. I wanted to work with the music much more, and I felt I couldn't, and it wasn't until I left Buzzcocks — I mean I couldn't stay away and go and be a zookeeper or something — that I started to feel frustrated again at the perpetual regurgitation that seemed to be going on. So I thought I'd have another run at it.

Even the way you talk about the progress is as if you stand apart from it — like there's a stream there and you stand looking at it.

■ Continues over page

The Desultory Revelations Of Howard Devoto Continued

■ From previous page

Well, yeah, I always, nearly always, never feel part of the rock'n'roll scene . . . well, what does everybody else feel? Does everybody feel part of a great party that's going on, or what?

But it seems as if little disturbs you. You talk about a Magazine gig as if you can't relate to it.

It does very often feel like that, and I like it like that. I sort of go on with this forever mixture of surprise at finding myself where I am, and also, I don't know how to put this, I also know about it as well. As well as being surprised by it. And, yeah, I like that. Because I can never settle down to the idea of, 'OK this is what I am, OK now there's a job to be done and this is how I do it'. Does that make sense?

Does it make sense to you?

Er, yes.

You don't go out of your way to make yourself attractive?

Sometimes I feel I must stamp on the ground and make a hoo hah. I must draw attention to myself in the traditional way that people draw attention to themselves. But I can't . . .

Like getting drunk at record company parties?

Yeah . . . doing something extravagant. Sometimes I feel that I'm not satisfied with the attention that I'm getting and should do something like that. But I can't. I try to attract people's attention in rather subtle movements, y'know . . . I keep wanting to say, please won't you pay attention, you can go away after that, but please, pay some attention . . . because I'm not sure how much I want to work at attracting their attention. I can do it so much but not forever.

Is that what "Give Me Everything" is concerned with?

No, that's more a, huh, this is what I have revealed to you, here we stand, OK, here I present it for your eyes. And now that I have done this, in return for my services you will give me everything.

Oh, it's a love song. Do you think that, with "Give Me Everything" Magazine are becoming stylised? Do you feel you're a strong enough musician?

Well, it's not just me. Everyone else in the band makes a considerable contribution too.

IN THE end it's to get your viewpoint across. Magazine members cannot agree with everything that you're saying, and may be confused by much of it. So it is to some extent a job for them. Having got involved after some months, they become part of the Magazine organisation, but not involved with what you're saying. And why you're trying to say it.

Well, Magazine music is worked out until everyone is reasonably happy with it . . . I don't know to explain how we work. Did you hear the John Peel session that we did? Didn't you like it?

As much as the stuff on "Real Life", as much as your appearance on 'The Old Grey Whistle Test', which I liked despite the fact it wasn't powerful or forceful. It was a bit hesitant. Between songs you didn't know where to put yourself — sort of "I'm here, so I must try and act normally" — failing miserably . . .

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

. . . and it does seem that Magazine have become stylised. It seems odd that you regurgitate the same stuff for a number of months.

Regurgitate what stuff?

The Magazine styles. Already you've done three of four tours. When you conceived Magazine it never looked as if you would tour so often. The thought horrified you. Doing so many tours, playing the same songs.

Yeah, yeah.

You do get impatient.

Yeah, but the good thing about touring is I discovered that it was possible to get some enjoyment out of it. And also I began to realise how long it takes to reach people. It does seem to take an awful long time. Unless you can lay on the line something instant, something easy to pick up.

Don't certain things detract from reaching people. Like 'OGWT' Between songs there's a focus on your hesitancy and people are distracted from what you're trying to get across. They pick up on the superficial aspects rather than the things they you're trying to get across. You haven't got total control, in fact.

Well that seems a little totalitarian to talk about something like that. It sounds at least a little fake. What sort of control are you talking about? I will hold things so that you will know exactly what to think? I couldn't do that. And I wouldn't want to do that . . .so much of what the songs are about is actually opposite, as complete a picture of confusion as I can put together . . . see, what I mean.

So all this fumbling on 'OGWT' and 'Top Of The Pops' . . .Is it contrived?

The only thing you have to do in situations like that is think about how people are going to see you, through a television screen. It's different from on a stage. It's different from a still photograph. That's all.

On 'TOTP' you were far more nervous than you should have been.

Should have been?

Yeah, it was the most nervous performance I've seen, and considering how amusing the whole thing must have been . . . was it deliberate nervousness? Were you toying with the industry so to speak?

I wasn't nervous!

You seemed it.

I don't think so.

But you must have been amused by the 'TOTP' routine and appreciated the crucial three-minute access you'd got. You must have been able to do something more than stand still for three minutes in the foreground while the hand went through the motions in the background?

No, that is exactly what I wanted to do.

Aah. So it was planned?

Oh yeah! Sure. There was absolutely now way that . . . I mean, I can't fake enthusiasm and there was absolutely no way that I could get worked up about anything at the *TOTP* situation, so I worked on a very negative performance.

You were working against the jolly face of rock'n'roll?

Exactly. What do you see? All those people jumping about. So I just wanted to stand there and let the camera come to me.

So it wasn't nervousness — just being consciously wishy washy?

I'd like to think of it as not wishy washy.

But you didn't attack the camera . . . totally opposite to that first 'So It Goes' appearance.

Well, it makes you think . . .

Why did you decide to act so on 'TOTP'?

Well, everyone knows that I blew "Shot By Both Sides" chances of being number one by turning it down first week.

But didn't you blow its chances by being so negative the second week?

Oh yeah, very possibly.

Did that please you?

I would like to have been number one. I would have been amazed if it was a significant success.

But it's a significant song.

Yeah, but that's why I again sort of sabotaged myself. When we first got offered it I blew it out. I thought no way. And then I started thinking about it. And obviously the thought of my visage being in front of one in four people in the country was quite attractive, and I begun to think, ah yes, I can do this, I can do that, I can really pull something off here, but in the reality of the situation there was no way. The only way I could bring any significance to it was by taking everything away.

WHAT do you want to get through to people?

The thing about wanting to get through to people, the thing about them wanting to get the words as right as possible all comes from this thing about wanting to communicate certain things, thinking that certain things I go through are important.

I don't know if they make me important . . . but a lot of people aren't writing about these things — or certainly aren't writing about these things in rock. And I don't see why they shouldn't be written about in rock.

There are certain people who are intelligent songwriters, who have written things in the past that have amazed me, made me think, done all those things that are supposed to be the job of high art. Or whatever. I don't see why rock shouldn't do that. And I think it's really sad that people think it can't do that. Because it has.

Do you think rock has achieved or is coming to achieve anything on that high art level consistently?

Not really. Only in very general ways. Y'know, the way punk was able to excite people, make music exciting again. Not a lot really worthwhile comes out of it but what the hell. That's the way of everything. You can't spend your whole day in a perpetual state of bliss or personal enlightenment or whatever.

You mentioned that the album was about putting forward a picture of confusion.

Yeah, sure, it's my confusion, but I think that everyone feels it to a lesser of greater extent. Perhaps they don't know how to deal with it. One of the songs by someone else that I've always wanted is John Cale's "Fear Is A Mans Best Friend" — just because that's a great

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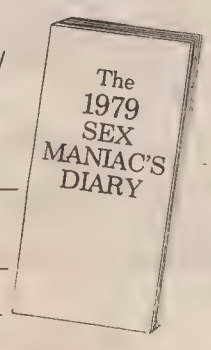

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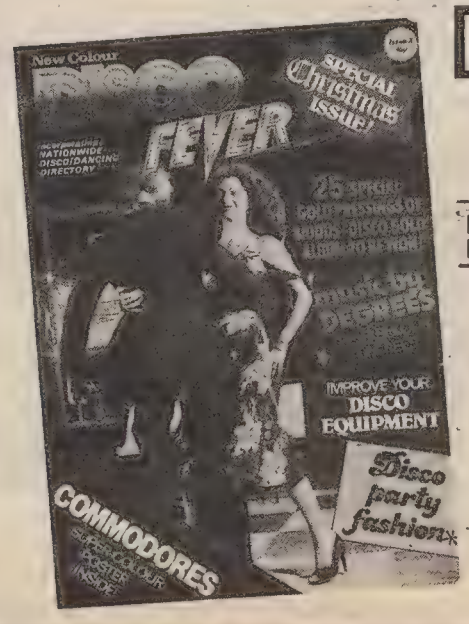

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slogan. It really makes you think, 'whaaat'? How can this be'.

It doesn't seem as deep a song as "Shot By Both Sides". What prompted that?

It was something somebody said to me when I had some friends in the Socialists. One of them said to me: "Oh you, you'll get shot by both sides" — and that leapt out at me, and I had that for about a year before I finally worked it out. I often find I write too many words for something. I don't like having things packed with words. But there's an ideal where you have these words and this music and it's a perfect fit.

These things are done in a certain way. They take a certain time, with a book on my knee, or leaning on a table. I think about it. It's a very human thing to do.

What about the song "Parade" — its place at the end of the album?

It comes after "The Light Pours Out Of Me", which is someone on his own and very isolated, and seeing himself as very isolated, but "Parade" is like stepping out of the door again, and feeling, yes, er, I've never seen all this before. Sometimes it really gets on my nerve endings, sometime's it's a real dance, but sometimes you can feel . . . I dunno . . . just very knowing . . . you know and understand what you're seeing.

You've got in the back of your mind that his is another picture, but you feel not so much at peace . . . but you feel just light on your toes, detached, which is a very difficult feeling from sitting there and saying I understand. But it's like saying "All this is going past me and will continue to go past me. The Parade will go on as long as I feel like this".

Then it gets my back up again and it stops. Like, you have times when you feel "how on earth could I get so worked up about something" and then you feel really, really cut off from being irritable. Or cut off from feeling anger. Moving through the world without leaving a mark on it almost.

That's how I feel about writing songs almost. I don't want to write a superfluous song. There's enough superfluous music going around. I want every word to count. That was the point using "Every Minute Counts" in "Real Life" on the adverts for the album, except it wasn't meant to be a slogan. It was meant to be in little letters.

ARE YOU content with Magazine?

Yeah I feel OK so far. I'm pleased and amazed to have done an album.

MAGAZINE l. to r. John McGeoch, Barry Adamson, Howie, Dave Formula, John Doyle.

Are you really?

Mmmmm.

You once said you never thought it was going to be so good.

Did I say that in so many words?

You did. You also said it was like another world.

Yeah. Now we're starting to work on some new songs. My future peace of mind depends a lot on that. I think we're considerably less committed to Virgin than anyone else. It's just a matter of pinning down what I want to do next. That never happens until you start doing it. For me anyway. My thoughts with Magazine was just to get "Shot By Both Sides" out as a single. Then we started working and more things came out, like some music would come out with a feeling — I'm going to slip in a French phrase here — with a certain *je ne sais quois*, y'know? And then you want to do something more. And that's the way things happen. I can think in a vague way, yeah, I want to make another album. I was very pleased with "Real Life" It would be great to do that again. But until we actually start work on it I don't know how I'll feel. I know that we've got a lot more music that I want to see.

What would happen if I confronted you and said you were talking a load of crap. Can you be provoked?

It's got to be done in the right way. It's got to be done without resorting to blatant stupidity. It's very hard to fight blatant stupidity. I just don't want to shout in the right places. It's easy to do. Obviously there are people to grumble about — to slag off — but it's too easy. I don't want to do it.

On stage, you seem to behave badly. Parodying the rock performer.

No it's not that. I mean, there are all sorts of ways you can behave that say I'm a rock star and this is rock'n'roll, and I try to get away from that. But not by making it totally alien. I like to pull people in, and then pull them up, short a bit, and then bring them in again, and then bring them up short again.

Teasing them? Winning their confidence?

Yeah, in a way. Win their confidence. Yes in a way I want to say, look I think this is worth listening to. I want you to have the confidence that this is worth listening to. That it's not a waste of your time or a waste of my time. So in a way, yeah, but I don't want to push it too far.

So that it's like a parody. Because it's not a parody at all. There's lots of things that I know people like and want to see at rock performances that I don't do. I don't think.

Like what?

The big endings — rock'n'roll endings to songs.

But you started playing "Boredom" with Magazine, which is appealing very low. It seems an easy trick and musn't be giving you much satisfaction.

No, no. But it was really that I wanted there to be some sort of continuity — as far as I'm concerned the new songs are about the same sort of things that the songs were about with Buzzcocks. It's not just a totally different thing. I don't want to tax people to the extent that they say this is not within our understanding.

It's very difficult for me if I get an unresponsive audience. Like I've said, I can only push so far. I keep going with my faith. I go out at the beginning of a performance and I say to myself, I know this is just about as good as anything you've seen and heard and I take it from that point. You are going to like us. If after five numbers it's not like that . . . then from that point it all depends. Sometimes I can just enjoy it, never mind what people think, but sometimes it matters.

Most of the time it does matter. Sometimes I get really angry about it. Sometimes I just think, well, fair enough, if you feel that way. It's especially difficult for me when people don't know the songs. I am singing this line *now* but I am acting *this way*. If you don't know the song or if you can't hear the line it doesn't mean anything. I might as well be saying go kill yourself.

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The new single — Hello My Baby — Ivor and Amelia/I've Parted MISPRINT Ivor Biggun. BOP 2

Beggars Banquet

MICK BOX. Pic: FIN COSTELLO

'umble again, and still 'eavy

'Very 'umble, very 'eavy' was URIAH HEEP's slogan at the start of their career back in 1970. Guitarist Mick Box brings us up to date with the current state of play and recalls the art of inserting crap into paper bags. BOB EDMANDS treads carefully.

"WHEN I was a kid in Walthamstow," says Mick Box of Uriah Heep, "we used to do this little stunt. Disgusting, it was.

"One of us used to crap in a paper bag. Then we'd leave it on somebody's front doorstep and set fire to it. Knock on the door, and run off.

"Of course the geezer would come out, see the flames, and go: Aaaaaargh."

By way of demonstration, Mick does a very loud scream.

"And he'd try to stamp it out. Disgusting."

At the punch-line, Mick laughs loud enough to drown out a passing police siren.

Mick Box is on tour in the States, with Heep supporting Jethro Tull. In New York, he staying at the Sheraton hotel, and each night after the gig the other patrons get the benefit of his extrovert personality.

Since everybody in the city aspires to be John Travolta these days, the hotel bar has been turned into a disco, and Mr Box, who looks like a plump, benign Frank Zappa, is to be found shaking it on the dance floor.

"He does a lovely watusi, this boy," says Lee Kerslake, Heep's drummer.

"Well," says Mr Box, "I may make a fool of myself, but I have a great time doing it."

IT'S EIGHT years now since Uriah Heep were launched on an unsuspecting world. Mick Box is 31, and if he'd waited until now to get his break, he'd no doubt be a short-haired professional Cockney flogging round on some gimmicky package tour.

As it is, he's a heavy metal guitarist, all long-hair and dramatic poses, and he's working hard on a comeback.

Time was when Heep had platinum albums in the States with the likes of "Demons And Wizards" and "Magician's Birthday", and they would headline in their own right. But things went wrong, as Mick explains.

"It got to the point where we were more concerned about how many limousines we were going to get and how much booze there would be in the dressing room than with doing a proper sound check and making sure it was a good show.

"The music took a back-seat. We got very lethargic, and every album was just like the one before it, except that the lyrics were a bit different and there were a few changes in the chords.

"It's a very easy trap to fall into, mind. When it's been going well for a few years it's easy just to sit back and enjoy it. We played safe, and it choked us. Everything was going down the tube."

And so, the night of the long knives. Out goes the former lead singer David Byron along with the old bass player; in come a couple of new boys with a new attitude.

"It was a bit of a wrench," says Mick Box, "but it was necessary. Now we're a hungry band, we've still got fight and drive, our impetus is back."

There is something a little poignant about seeing a long-established touring band busted down to support act, even if it is Madison Square Garden they're playing at.

Mick Box says he's got no hang-ups about being support. "During our set the stage is ours, and we give it a lot of *welly*, everything we've got."

But why keep at it, once you've had your platinum albums?

"To be honest, I love the business. I know that's a very *brown* sort of thing to say. But I can't really do nothing else. I'm the number one fuckin' A-1 useless. But I happen to play guitar, and I love it."

Another reason, says Mick, is that he's been in the band for all those years and doesn't want it to die.

He'd always wanted to be a guitarist. Him and his mates used to mime with tennis rackets round at each other's houses, and charge their parents for the performances.

At school he got caned for playing "Peter Gunn" on a cello laid across a desk. It was that kind of school.

"On the last day I was on the starting blocks at the gate."

Mick had a job in an exporting business in the City of London, near Liverpool Street station. The idea was to make enough money to keep his amateur band The Stalkers on the road.

"I used to cycle into London all the way from Walthamstow," he says, "and what with doing gigs until the early hours of the morning I used to get well knackered.

"What I used to do was sneak off down the bog, and sit there having a quiet sleep. We used to keep a sponge hidden behind the cistern, and to wake me up my mate would fill it with water and lob it over the top. I used to sleep pretty soundly, see."

From the start Uriah Heep got a good slagging from the British rock press, and that's still the case today.

For a while Mick Box used to keep all the band's bad reviews and they printed a selection on the sleeve of their live album.

What's his explanation for all the hostility?

"I think it's because Heep came out right at the end of a particular period. It was about 1970 and folk-rock was suddenly the latest fad. Everything had to be laid-back, and we were up there still giving it the old head shaking, festival touch. We just happened to come out at the wrong time."

He insists, though, the slagging didn't bother him that much.

"I mean", he says, "all the people at our concerts weren't standing on the chairs and shouting because they didn't like us. Know what I mean?

"I remember one review where some bird said she'd commit suicide if we ever made it. As far as I know, she's still alive.

"If I ever met any of these critics, I used to ask them what it was all in aid of."

You used to get heavy?

"Nah, nothing arrogant. Just polite. Generally, they couldn't come up with nothing. They'd be totally embarrassed. Strange, really."

HEEP'S LATEST album, "Fallen Angel", has had better reviews than most of its predecessors, and their Madison Square Garden set is fast and energetic, even if it is undeniably somewhat old-fashioned.

So why don't the band try a little harder to be a bit more trendy? There are, after all, certain obvious, well-used ploys they could adopt.

"I think to be fashionable you've got to be a bit of a built-in poser," says Mick Box. "I don't think that's us. You've got to hang around with the right crowd. I would hate to do that just for the sake of the right image."

You could perhaps draft in a name producer instead of always using your manager?

"I don't think so," says Mick. "Gerry Bron is a very good producer. Besides, we're very proud of what we do. If someone else had the say then it wouldn't be us. We'd be hiding behind them."

So how long do you think it will be before Heep are back among the headliners in the States?

"I've no idea. It's a funny business. One album could take off, and you could do another Foreigner or another Boston. If it's on the strength of sheer hard work, it'll be a few more tours yet."

The idea doesn't seem to disconcert Mr Box. He's got the consolation that Heep are still big in European countries other than Britain, and besides there's the rest of the tour to look forward to.

"When we get out to the West Coast I'm off down Disneyland," he says. "The last time I was there, I really gave it some welly. Went on all the rides, came back to the hotel with bags full of Mickey Mouse stickers, really got sucked in.

"I can well understand why they used to ban all the long-hairs. In the flower power days people used to drop their tabs, and go in there for the rides. I mean, there's a ghost house there where they've got these holograms that actually walk up to you.

"That's a trip in itself, even if you go in there straight."

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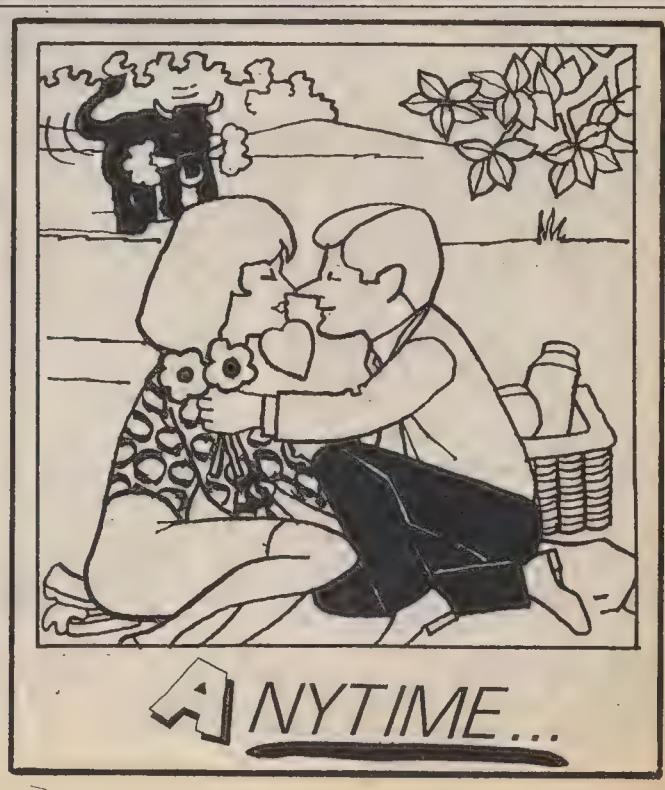

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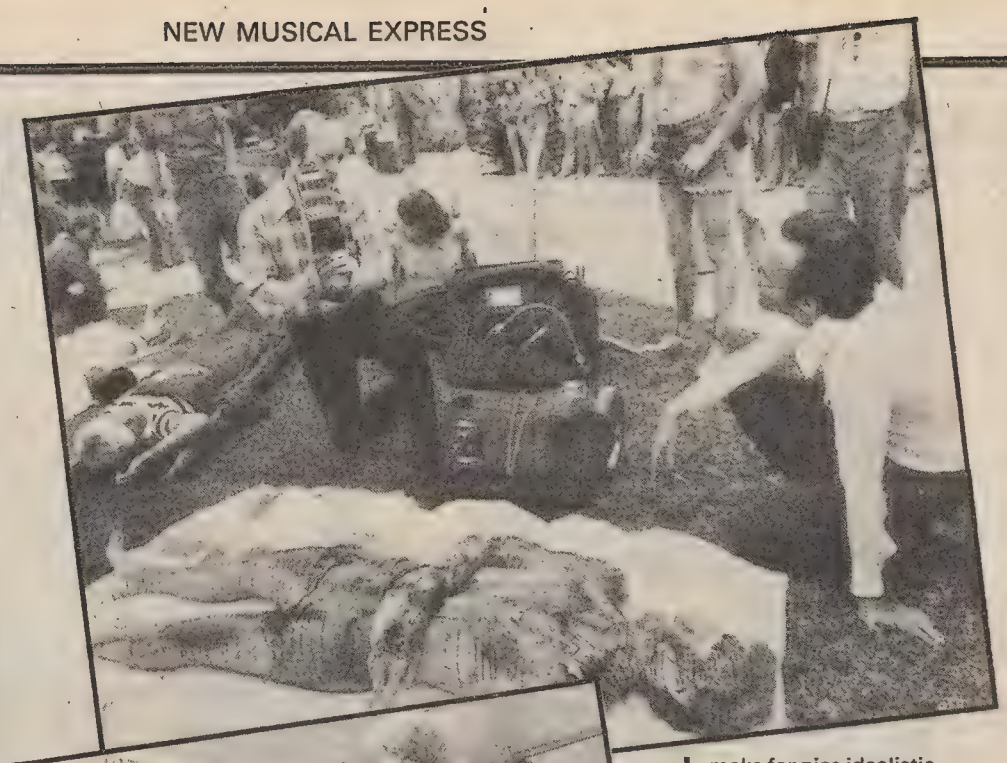

Top: Piranhas ate my flesh ("Piranha"). Below: Old folks finding themselves ("One Sings The Other Doesn't"). Bottom: Old folks hunting Robin Hood ("Power Play.").

Black And White In Colour

Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud
Starring Jean Carnet and Catherine Rouvel
(United Artists)

Black And White In Colour is a charming war picture. The American Film Academy, usually suspicious of anything originating outside America, deemed it worthy of an Oscar for Best Foreign Film of 1977. And they're right.

It's a film of images and foibles, employing a highly developed sense of contrast in order to expose the absurdity of war, and of most human effort besides.

Two tiny military outposts, one French, one German, in 1915 are stationed along Africa's Ivory Coast. They live in neighbouring tranquility, sharing the same shops and also the flies, which are a sole intrusion into the languid if somewhat tedious existence amongst the natives.

One day a package arrives and in a six months' old newspaper the French read that war has been declared between the two European nations.

This revelation stirs the motley community, consisting of ignorant shopkeepers, aging soldiers, two stupid priests and a tart, into action. War has provided an interlude from apathy; Viva La France!

Recruited by the promise of bright shiney bowls, the natives are shaped into a home-grown militia. Only a young French geographist recognises the foolhardiness of such a venture, and he is cast aside in the enthusiastic preparations for activity.

The French dress up in their European finest and the natives march into battle, looking for all the world like a Notting Hill Carnival street parade, complete with costumes and drums.

There is only one thing to mar this festive outing: The German outpost has a machine gun.

Black And White In Colour is a genial, low-key film, but one with a kick. Images are stunning in their simplicity. A family of pigs wallows happily past decaying shanties; a tribal mask lies dying in embers thrown by missionaries without mercy. And the contrast — a Renoir picnic tableau on the banks of a stream while near by, bloody battle rages.

Important concepts are raised, like the folly of impersonal patriotism. Or colonial attitudes towards native inhabitants. But for all the crudities that war brings, these ideas are handled with the delicacy of a fly's wing.

Martha Ellen Zenfell

Girl Friends

Directed by Claudia Weill
Starring Melanie Mayron and Eli Wallach
(Warner Bros).

One Sings, The Other Doesn't

Directed by Agnes Varda
Starring Valerie Mairesse and Theresa Liotard
(Cinegate).

Two films hesitantly applauded as 'feminist' — which seems a rather hasty and dubious epithet. Beyond the simple and admittedly uncommon fact that each was directed by a woman, and that each possesed two female lead protagonists, these films broach no new attitudes or approaches worth embracing any sister for, and indeed seem ultimately trite and demeaning.

Claudia Weill's US entry wins out, if at all, only because the co-protagonist Susan (Melanie Mayron) isn't an ordinarily cinematically 'attractive' character, 'heroine' — although that perhaps implies that there is a convention which is 'attractive' . . . ho hum, sorry.

But this possible contradiction isn't explored, and *Girl Friends* sticks neatly to traditional sterotypes of both character and plot, and investigation thereof. Susan's 'sensitive', willowy flat-mate quits poetry and splices it with A Good Chap. They have a babe. Tulips in the window. Car in the drive. Slides on the wall. His and hers track suits . . .

Hints of depression and dissatisfaction are viewed through a muted, attic-life-and-jogging lens, — angst is just one more undercoat of paint. After a non-affair with a married rabbi (Wallach), Susan's heart finds its homo sap, and he's into American football and square meals, not to mention open neck shirts worn outside the collar.

There's no reasons for anything. Abortions, successes, traumas, desires (and no good jokes) — they all flit through like butterflies. And it's quite likely they've escaped from *One Sings The Other Doesn't.*

What is *One Sings . . .* about? *"It is about, well . . . life."* The plot is essentially the same; two women meet, befriend, are befallen by men, seperate, grow and discover themselves in out-going meaningful situations, find one another again.

Everything is misery and ecstacy, with no barometer between — which would make for nice idealistic metaphor, strictly, if the tortured buggers didn't keep hanging themselves, forging abortions, marrying macho foreigners, and having affairs with married pediatricians . . .

One Sings, The Other Doesn't is one long Dubonet advert, and if this wasn't bland enough the director has to coo in an occasional voice-over to bridge the continuity and concept; sample *"She had to return to a life of flowing music and tousled hair . . ."*

Tolkienesque sexual politics. Jogging optional.

Not much tits'n'bum neither.

Ian Penman

Power Play

Directed by Martyn Burke
Starring Peter O'Toole, David Hemmings and Donald Pleasance.
(Rank)

Few films about revolution deal with revolutionary ideas, and *Power Play* is no exception. In fact, ideas of any sort are scarce in the movies, with most characters a cocktail of emotions and strenuous activity. And chin-scratching moments countable on the fingers of a mitten.

The life of the mind may be difficult to film, but the clash of idealogies in *Power Play* hasn't advanced much beyond Bold Robin and the Sherrif of Nottingham. Corrupt regimes bundle the citizenry into trucks: utopians object. The Army plan a coup d'etat, the Secret Police sniff about, but ultimately dreamers and rotters share an impartial firing squad as a new tyrant emerges.

A conspiratorial professor is allowed little evidence of his vocation, while the Army leader's idealism focuses on his avuncular dealings with young girls and a weariness towards his medals. David Hemmings, looking as if he'd seen everything twice in a colonel's uniform, is so averse to bloodshed that one wonders how he drifted into that line of work.

No such doubts dog Donald Pleasance's Gletkin-like appearance at the head of the interrogators. Master of the quiet mania, the averted eye and the beetle-black suit, he could unsettle for Britain. Peter O'Toole gives a performance of glacial authority as the tank commander who wins the pot, and in the scene where he ditches his mistress, presents the deadest face outside the reptile house.

Nowhere near the class of Frankenheimer's *Seven days In May,* it's still an entertaining movie, nicely composed and paced, never boring. A lot of thought went into the lighting in the war room, and a little of *The Conversation* into the deciphering of the tapes. The 'X' certificate is probably down to the torture scene in which electrodes are attached to nipples, only dimly justified by the needs of the plot.

Brian Case

Piranha

Directed by Joe Dante
Starring Bradford Dillman

(United Artists)

A cheapskate spin-off from *Jaws,* this inept crock wears its cynicism openly with many a knowing nudge and wink in the direction of Spielberg's blockbuster.

With editing cutting from an overheating car engine to a cooking supper, one wonders if this sassy attitude is entirely justified. Piranha attacks on bathers are as harrowing as an indistinct globeful of goldfish in dentures can make them, and without a convincing monster the movie is batter 'n chips.

I never cared about Bradford Dillman, but the presence of Kevin McCarthy and Keenan Wynn suggests some hellish studio contract worse than the human bait they impersonate. The female lead, Heather Menzies, on this outing at least, shows the thespian skills of a school-crossing warden.

Director Dante should study Romero's *The Crazies,* and despair. Roger Corman produced and should have stayed in bed. Maybe he brought the breadcrumbs.

Brian Case

Study the picture carefully. Then answer the questions below.

1. Is the horizontal person ill, or is he simply trying to listen to an argument in the downstairs flat?
2. Is the lady with the legs called Sniff?
3. Is she the first female percussionist to utilise the automatic pistol as a musical instrument?
4. Is the cat a permanent member of the band?
5. How are you going to hang the picture on the wall without leaving the record permanently on your turntable?

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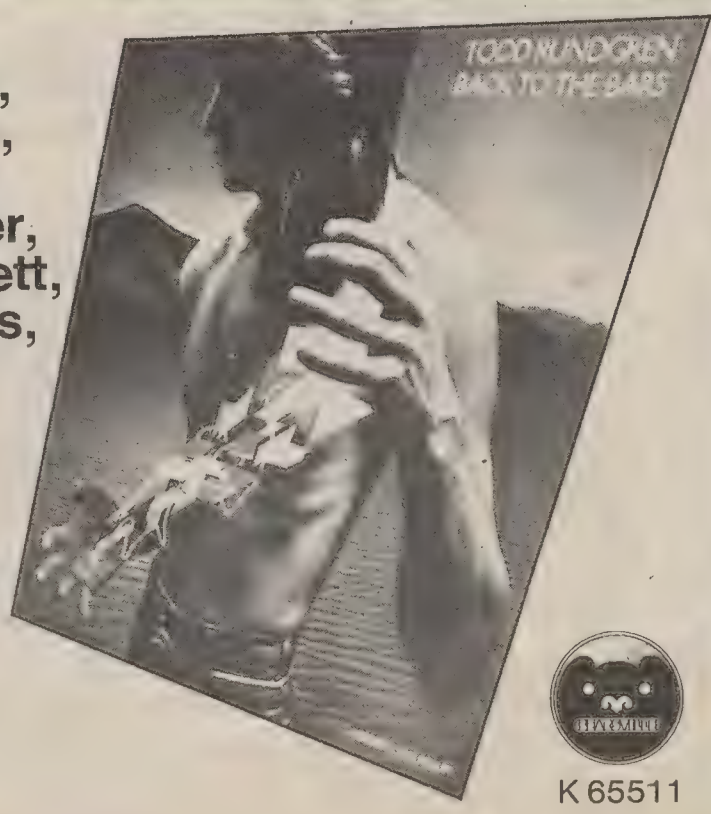

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ALBUMS

Ronnie Spector and Southside express onstage concern at current studio state of Grateful Dead. SIMON FOWLER

True grit, chaps, true grit

(Souls ablaze, Southside Johnny. Jukes vindicate entire history of American rock music, etc, etc.)

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
Hearts Of Stone (*Epic*)

Whatever happened to the war against all things American that raged through this journal not so long ago? Well, I'll leave the answer to the warriors involved and, merely suggest that the silly feud did unwittingly highlight one thing: the essential difference between British and American music.

Simply stated, American rock music is folk music, British rock is rebel music.

Obviously these are sweeping generalisations, and exceptions abound. But on the whole the best American rock music has always been traditionalist, musically and emotionally 'mature': Albert King, Bob Dylan, The Grateful Dead, Otis Redding. Whereas great British rock is essentially young, iconoclastic, angry, 'immature': Stones, Who, Pistols, etc, etc.

Even now, when the mass of interesting American music comes from Anglophile punk rockers, the *best* American rock still springs from the depths of tradition and mature emotions.

Bob Seger and Bruce Springsteen are obviously the prime exponents of contemporary *American* American music. And now Southside Johnny.

Third time lucky, "Hearts Of Stone" is the rationalisation of The Asbury Jukes' previous multifarious preoccupations. Here the big band line-up, the R&B grounding, the Springsteen connection, all fall into place.

No longer is Southside acting as patron and ringmaster for a host of resurrected soul stars like Lee Dorsey and Ronnie Spector, no longer is he assiduously paying his dues and respects to the past. "Hearts Of Stone" sheds that burden of 'duty', and ushers in a deliberate formulation of a Southside *style*. Sure, it's eclectic, but now the influences take backseat. This is the modern Southside that you should have heard about ages ago . . .

Reading the small print, we note that the Jukes have changed drummers. Exit the band's primo comedian — possibly a move of greater significance than one guy out of ten might indicate. This album is a serious affair, in the best possible sense.

All nine tracks present are 'originals': two by Bruce Springsteen, six by producer Miami Steve Van Zandt (Springsteen's regular guitarist — he also plays thoughout this album as well as singing back-up), plus one collaboration twixt the three of them.

That familiar Asbury Jukes Latin brass sound is still prevalent, but moved on in the way the early English beat groups updated and reinterpreted *their* R&B/soul influences.

The best track here is the collaboration between Springsteen, Van Zandt and Southside, "Trapped Again". As a song it may not have the epic brilliance of "Because The Night" or "The Fever", but it pulls together all the strands of the Jukes' current endeavour in jumpin' style.

The band hit in on a lovely, relaxed groove, handling the dynamic like only a ten-piece can, no effort. Southside . . . his singing on this album is just marvellous, no more straining, totally in control — it's like he's broken his voice in, crossed some personal barrier. Add a tune which perfectly matches the band's new-found rock melodic feel with a raw Stax chorus, and it's sheer unassuming genius.

To top it off, Billy Rush produces a six-note run into his guitar break that writes him straight into the book of all-time great licks . . . here it comes again!

In fact, it's really only that guitar break that makes me single out "Trapped Again".

After all, every other track is just as cultured, just as excellently performed, whether it be a hard rocker like "Take It Inside", a Spectorish big-beat excursion like "This Time Baby's Gone For Good", an up-city R&B groove like "I Played The Fool", or even an unashamed tear-jerker like "Light Don't Shine", wherein Johnny Lyon's vocalising rivals Bill Medley in the melodrama stakes yet neatly avoids over-statement.

"Hearts Of Stone" also scores extremely high in the terms of playability. Let me make myself celar: this album *performs*.

The one weakness will no doubt be ironed out in time. Although they are distinctive, the Jukes don't have a strong collective personality. Sure, that's a sales-force term, but it still counts for a lot with this licence-paying viewer at least.

Right now the Jukes have solved a tricky problem. They've finally moved up into the big league with a style of their own. Next they have to stamp themselves upon the game.

No wonder Southside's reading *Sports World* on the back of the "Hearts Of Stone" sleeve. This man's looking for the title.

Phil McNeill

THE GRATEFUL DEAD
Shakedown Street (*Arista*)

Sorry to interrupt your reverie, Jerome. But then, this far along, not much could.

This is the longest, strangest trip there has ever been. In the Dead's macrocosm events take on their own significance, unbound by the normal parameters of careers and contracts. Grateful Dead albums are like instalments of a never-ending serial. Never mind that on the last few it began to look like a soap opera. This is the new Grateful Dead album, and that's enough for some.

It was recorded under all the ususal constraints — the Egyptian jaunt left them broke but probably immensely happy. The Dead family has gone from one bankruptcy to the next, and there's no reason why they should change now, so commercial pressures hardly threaten.

What does loom large, though, is the need to deal an ace from the pack, and that doesn't mean Bob Weir. The Dead reached a plateau with the three albums culminating in '75's "Blues For Allah". Since then — barring the illicit "Make-Believe Ballroom" that really should have replaced the rag-bag of old live chestnuts that was "Steal Your Face", and barring "Estimated Prophet" on what can most kindly be called the serious mismatch of group and producer that was "Terrapin Station", they have been in the proverbial lowlands.

What do you expect from The Grateful Dead? They are as inscrutable as their name or their proxy-leaders's bearded countenance. They still play live six hour exercises in musical star-gazing. Word has it that Kesey's valley is still wired for sound too. You can't overlook the lack, Jack, of any other highway to ride . . .

The employment of noted derelict Lowell George in a production capacity serves to toughen-up the Dead sound, as much as such a thing is possible. On "I Need A Miracle" and "All New Minglewood Blues" it indeed proves possible, but not exactly desirable. George's sublime feel for musical drama comes to working on the Hart/Weir tune "France" in a way redolent of old cronie Van Dyke Parks, but Robert Hunter's lyrics give few opportunities for the twisted and sensual imagery we have come to associate with George's productions.

In fact, Hunter's lyrics err on the side of cliche — when something is sweet it's always sweet as wine, etc. The fertile well of folk lyricism that fuelled "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty" is running dry, as "Stagger Lee" illustrates.

And this is no "American Beauty", despite makers' claims. The diffusion of songwriting chores through the band prevents the singular focus of that album being relived. It's closer to "Wake Of The Flood", if anything, with the experimental Dead played definitely down — no Phil Lesh contributions, and only Micky Hart provides a measure of that sort of input.

Side one stays on the tracks after a slow start with "Good Lovin' ", with Weir's vocal close to Felix Cavaliere's timbre on The Rascals' version. The disco emphasis (I kid not) of the title cut is no blasphemy, more like part two of "Eyes Of The World". And "Fire On The Mountain" almost falls into the unlimited groove of "Mister Charlie", but closes too soon.

Side two barely moves. I find myself for the first time appreciating a Donna Godchaux tune, which casts a poor taint on the quality of the cuts that surround it.

Trouble is, on the aforesaid triad, especially "Mars Hotel" and "Blues For Allah", The Grateful Dead were making full use of the possibilities of their hugely rich frame-work. Most of the time here they sound as though they're falling back into it for support.

Like Hunter once wrote: *please* don't dominate the ramp, Jack, if you got nothing new to say . . .

Paul Rambali

TED NUGENT
Weekend Warriors (*Epic*)

AS EVER, our amoral and instinctive hero "obeys nature" and ranges himself against society, wildly demanding his Utopia, aiming for an unreasonable sense of human brotherhood (WHOOH! MU... MUU!).

This volatile, sexually confused, sinister god-like publicist for ponderous power and conceited eroticism scythes his way through the unbearable realities he sees around him, using melancholy, ferocity and the influence of Wagner (UUGH! BLAM!).

The fresh-faced dynamo clings to the notion — the faith — of the artist as God, as omnipotent creator of his own world (AAAGH! WAAGH!). He remains repellently intolerant, remorselessly quarelling with those who will not agree with him, to the potential and virtue of music as the ultimate expression (lift up your eyes and see something tricoloured in the skies!). But what he fails to see is that his kitsch fluency and vulgar artifice are fatal to even his better intentions (AIEE! WORAGGH!).

The rhapsodic reactionary, the indignant idiot, tosses off into our agape mouths, squeeling and squawking, whining and whimpering, his whole existence a masturbation fantasy.

God help us when he loses his virginity.

Paul Morley

Derek and Clive
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ROD STEWART
Blondes Have More Fun
(Riva)

"Don't forget," ran the note from the absent reviews editor, "to purchase your fabola and *very* frisky copy of the Rod Stewart album, will you, dear?"

Quite a novelty, actually having to *buy* a Rod Stewart album but, since Riva hadn't sent *NME* a review copy, out I went to procure my first RS record since "Every Picture Tells A Story".

I can't be the only one who thinks he's been well duff since then. Still, he hasn't done *too* badly, proving to young women all over the world that just because you like wearing mascara and cami-knickers doesn't necessarily mean you vote Liberal.

Di-di-di-did-did — Newsflash! Rock superstud Rod Stewart last week was called 'Randy Rod' in the sinful *Sun* and 'Rod The Sod' in the falling *Star,* these startling appelations occupying front page space in both national newspapers in a week when over 900 people killed themselves in a Guyanan jungle and Mr Jeremy Thorpe's alleged misuse of public funds came in for some embarrassing scrutiny in a Minehead court.

Pathetic, isn't it?. Just why Rodney should go to such inordinate lengths to make sure the nation's non-readers know so much about his private life will remain a mystery, because I'm not A Doctor. I'm A Hack, and even I'm suss to the fact that Stewart the songwriter isn't what he once was. For starters, he doesn't write quite proper.

"Da' Ya' Think I'm Sexy" may look like some strange Celtic corruption of an old Petula Clark title but is, in fact, about the best (original) number on "Blondes", simply because it craftily mixes a "Miss You" bass line with Gibb-like synthesized strings. And the words aren't *too* sickly.

The other halfway decent song is "Attractive Female Wanted" (one of several tracks carrying the vaguely amusing composer credit of Stewart-Grainger), and undeniably seductive lurcher with Carmine Appice as ever bashing the traps stone dead — but, oh dear, those words.

Rod here plays a bachelor, tired of buying *Penthouse* and *Oui: "I've been alone too long and all my family think I'm gay . . ."* Who would ever have thought such a thing? No time to dwell, though, because it's straight into the title track, out of the spineless and into the specious — a paean to peroxide and a pie in the face for half the planet.

Oh, Rod, you are awful — and evidently not always an autobiographical writer. "The Best Days Of My Life", for instance, opens with two surprising assertions in one line: *"We ain't got money, but we sure got laughs . . ."* Cue flutter-tongued flute for a twee, over-orchestrated vinyl blemish. I'd hate to think what Joe Jordan, or any other similarly simian members of Scotland's squad, would make of it.

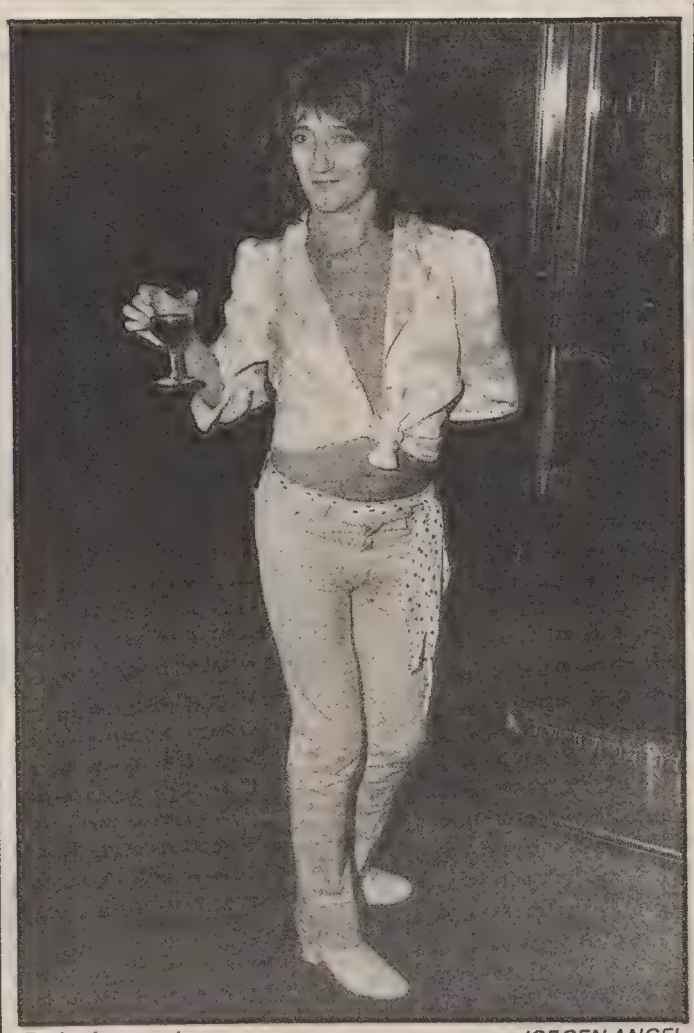
What else? Some do-do-do-do's courtesy of some poncy French flick or other in "Ain't Love A Bitch?" a penny dreadful 'dramatic' narrative in "Scarred And Sacred", as real and involving as any *Waltons* episode, a snatch of poetry in "Is That The Thanks I Get?": *"You kicked the shit right in my face . . ." — one of Beverley Nichols', your majesty.*

The one authentic moment of rock and roll on the entire record — "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" — is all but wrecked by Rod's breathy 'improvisation': "Didn't I screw you right, now, didn't I?" And that's a mouldy old Motown number anyway, right?

At least Carmine again proves that if this lot were a bunch of buskers, he'd be the only one with any coppers in his cap — he's the only one who sounds like he's actually working. I mean, all the instruments are in tune, the trio of guitarists (Jim Cregan, Gary Grainger, Billy Peek) are ever so tasteful, Tom Dowd's production is lovely, and the mixture of rockers and ballads is a tried, tested and tired formula.

A hit!

Troy Donahue



Rod cries tough *JORGEN ANGEL*

And more jazz!!!

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Downtown Disco Party
(MCA)
Boogie Fever
(Ronco)
It's Disco Fever
(Pickwick Limited Edition)
20 Disco Dancin' Hits
(Pickwick Limited Edition)

Crimes committed in the name of Disco, episode 2001: No, I won't write yet another polite, pleading mini-manifesto to all you brick-walls who don't dig my muse. I won't come over all sociological/working class about why you should be making merry to my favourite kind of musical merchandise. I won't go into the ins and outs of how these sinister "economy" labels are conning poor you because I can't see how they are. I'll just say here are four original-artiste compilations presumably primed for the Christmas fun-market that I hope "the kids" (un-united division) will have a wagonload of leisure to, and give my opinion as to which ones are up.

The two "Limited Edition" (250,000 copies, actually) items are cynical, cluttered and useless. "20 Disco Dancin' Hits" features a massive two disco songs, and those only dignified by memory and the Trash Aestheitc: Sylvia's vulgar "Y Viva Espana" and Barry Blue's dainty, nostalgic "Dancin, On A Saturday Night". The remainder is made up of drippy '60s "classics" and mid-'70s mush-masses of Kinks, Status Quo and the unexpected bonus of the Brighouse and Rastrick Band rendering "The Floral Dance". An album to make your party swing, like Hanratty.

"It's Disco Fever" comprises 20 tracks taken more or less equally from the cold vaults of GTO and Oasis, and has two tracks worthy of mention: Billy Ocean's "Red Lights" and Heatwave's marvellous "Boogie Nights". The rest are loser, uncharted GTO pop (Dooleys, Polly Brown, Fox). Better to have certain parts of your career end up on the cutting room floor than under the Christmas tree.

Pickwick have the necessary lust for the buck, but their business-head is in the sand; Ronco want that fast and furious buck just as much now as when they were relatively small and poor and selling household cleaning accessories just as much as records — and so they keep their eyes sharpened to the charts.

"Boogie Fever" gives you 22 (13 of them disco, 14 a big deal in the charts, all of them popular) real party tracks inside shiny, sexy packaging. The non-disco stuff, from Abba through The Motors to Foreigner, is rave but not to my taste, but side two is pure disco, good stuff. There are hits from Eruption, Belle Epoque and other flash girls plus real quality (although they're from lesser sweethearts of the charts): "Everybody Dance" by Chic, "Hot Shot" by Jaren Young, "Rainin' Through My Sunshine" by Real Thing and Stargaard's magnificent "Which Way Is Up"". Now this is the kind of thing you really think you want!

Stargaard's supreme contribution to 1977 mankind also opend the *Downtown Disco Floor Filler* side of the MCA collection, but you'll suffer the rude awakening of all rude awakenings when this gem is followed by their duff but funky follow-up! In fact, all the tracks on this side (one War, two early, loud and sub-standard Rose Royce) are duff but funky (except, naturally" "WWIU"), a fact that comes near to being overlooked when you consider that they're all US disco-mixes and full-length versions, as opposed to the curtailment of most compilation budget albums.

A free rein can never really compensate for a topping tune, though *Party* side two starts of crummy with Osibisa and Deodato then bang!!! into "The Clapping Song" through to the Impossible Dream's "1-2-3" (smart move), Dobie Gray's "Drift Away" and ends on the ultimate soft-soul indulgence of "Walkin' In The Rain With The One I Love".

The MCA collection is the classiest and has put the most thought into itself; "Boogie Fever" has an eye for the main chance via value, and will sell the most of all, quite rightly; the couple of Pickwick "Limited Editions" would do well to limit their edition to approximately 10 copies of each, to avoid disappointment (Pickwick's own).

Julie Burchill

Loudspeakers speak Louder than words.

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From the album Summer Holiday ALBG 100

Rootsy but slick?

Matumbi suprised and compromised *Pic: JOHN ANDOW*

MATUMBI
Seven Seals *(Harvest)*

An inconsequential and flabby album, "Seven Seals" hopefully represents no more than a clearing of the decks and dreck for Matumbi, undoubtedly the country's most accomplished reggae band.

Their six-year career has been blighted by legal and business wrangles throughout, their unsatisfactory ties with the Trojan label preventing the general release of an album of original material under their own name until now.

"Seven Seals" boasts eight tracks, three of which have previously been available — "Music In The Air" and "Guide Us" made up both sides of a 12" discomix on the band's own label last year while "Rock" was their Harvest debut single this summer. The majority of the others have been in the can in some form or another for months on end, waiting for the old contracts to expire and the various injunctions to be lifted.

Now, more than most, Matumbi really do deserve success, but this album sadly reeks of the classic case of a band watering down their music in a desperate bid for Babylon's playlist.

Rootsy but slick?

In fact, Matumbi have always possessed a certain soulful slickness — peerless harmonies, gently rocking spaced-out guitar, a woolly rolling bass and occasional muted horns have been their trademarks in the two years or so that I've been going to see them — but never have they been as undynamic and insubstantial as on "Seven Seals".

"Guide Us", "Hypocrite", "Hook Deh", "Music In The Air" and "Money" are all more or less instantly disposable, their feeble lyrics clouded in Jahspeak. Based loosely around a "Don't you fall on I" chant, "Rock" is no better and ends the album on a stodgy note with a tedious instrumental passage.

And then there's the last track on side one, Matumbi's answer to the strident bravado of Fab Macca's *Crossroads* music — the theme tune for a television soap opera! Who knows, maybe "Empire Road" will start a new trend? Are we ready for Big Youth's *Coronation Street* toast — "Love Thy Neighbour Ina Dub"?

The one halfway memorable song on the whole set is the gently lilting "Bluebeat And Ska", its lyrics unwittingly ironic in the face of the rest of the goods on show: *"Will somebody tell me what happened to rock steady/Won't somebody let me know where is Bluebeat and Ska?"*

Sure, as a whole, "Seven Seals" is a hell of a lot harder than the homogenised covers of early soul hits like "Brother Louie" and "Funky Stuff" that Matumbi were cutting for Trojan in the early '70s. But, considering the band's stature in 1978 — and the fact that their mainstay Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovelle has already produced one of the best dub albums of the year in "Strictly Dub Wise" with the help of vocalist Bagga Fagan, drummer Jah Bunny and percussionist Fergus Jones — you expect it to come better than this.

Wretched green vinyl too.

Adrian Thrills

NICK GILDER
City Nights *(Chrysalis)*

DAVID KUBINEC
Some Things Never Change *(A&M)*

Nick Gilder is the strange androgynous figure who turned up a few weeks ago on TOTP to sing his American hit single "Hot Child In The City".

You probably thought he'd sprung out of nowhere (well, I did); but no, he's also had a chart-topper in Canada, and "City Lights" is his second album for Chyrsalis. The first, "You Know Who You Are", is directionless wimpop with Gilder coming on like an ersatz Marc Bolan.

"City Lights" is much better. Mike Chapman produced three of the tracks — including "Hot Child" — and Peter Coleman, who handles the rest of the album, preserves Chapman's distinctively punchy approach. Strong, basic drums and bass, fuzzy guitars and Gilder's high, attractive voice turn out a series of catchy teenybop rock tunes, at least half of which could serve as hit singles.

Most are more uptempo than "Hot Child", and the lyrics are pretty silly; but only the overambitious "Fly High" and "Rockaway" are failures. The rest is fine — trashy and old-fashioned, but very well done and thoroughly enjoyable when you're in the mood for light pop sensuality.

Old-fashioned music of a different kind features on "Some Things Never Change". To judge by the album sleeve and the ad. campaign, David Kubinec is being sold as a wacky individualist — a dangerous ploy since the only evidence of this in his music is a predilection for yelping. Otherwise his vocal mannerisms are reminiscent of David Bowie (and "Out In The Rain" is *very* similar to "Space Oddity"), but his musical vision is much less interesting. In fact, it's almost non-existent.

With John Cale producing and playing keyboards, and sessioners like Chris Spedding and Ollie Halsall, the music is competent and often pleasant but Kubinec is a very derivative songwriter with little to say of his own. "The Elf Sires" is silly; the rest good, but ordinary. Cold, knowing rock.

Some people have compared him to Steve Harley and Queen. Well, he's better than them — but so is total silence.

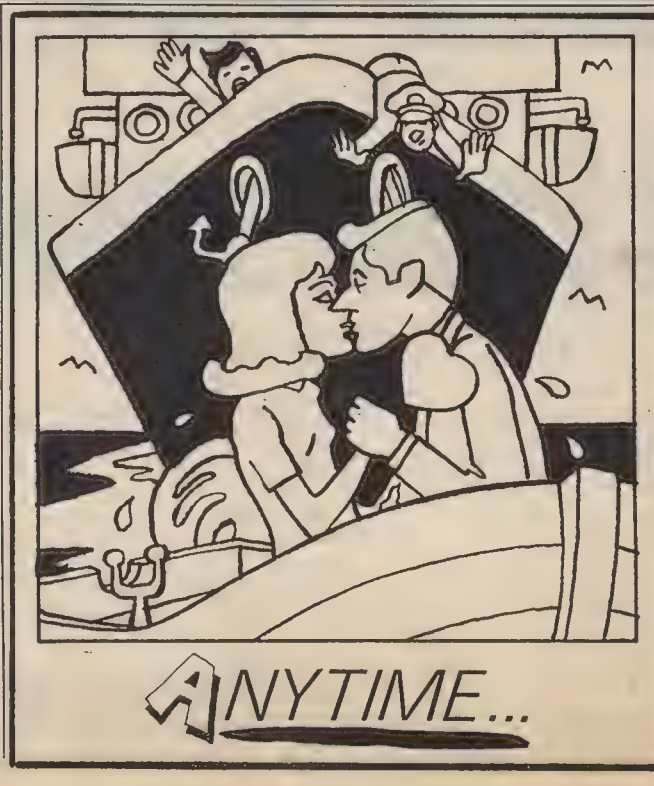
Graham Lock

SWINGING BLUE JEANS
Best Of . . . *(EMI)*

The Blue Jeans were one of the Mersey groups who were famous for 15 minutes each at the height of Beatlemania. They had three hit singles in 1964: "Hippy Hippy Shake", "Good Golly Miss Molly" and "You're No Good".

Lead singer Ray Ennis sounded a bit like John Lennon doing his vintage rock'n'roll routine, and the music had a fair bit of vigour despite the inevitably tinny sound. The three hit singles would have made a nice EP. But a 20-track album? Somebody's got to be kidding.

Bob Edmands



SHAM 69
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THE NEW ALBUM
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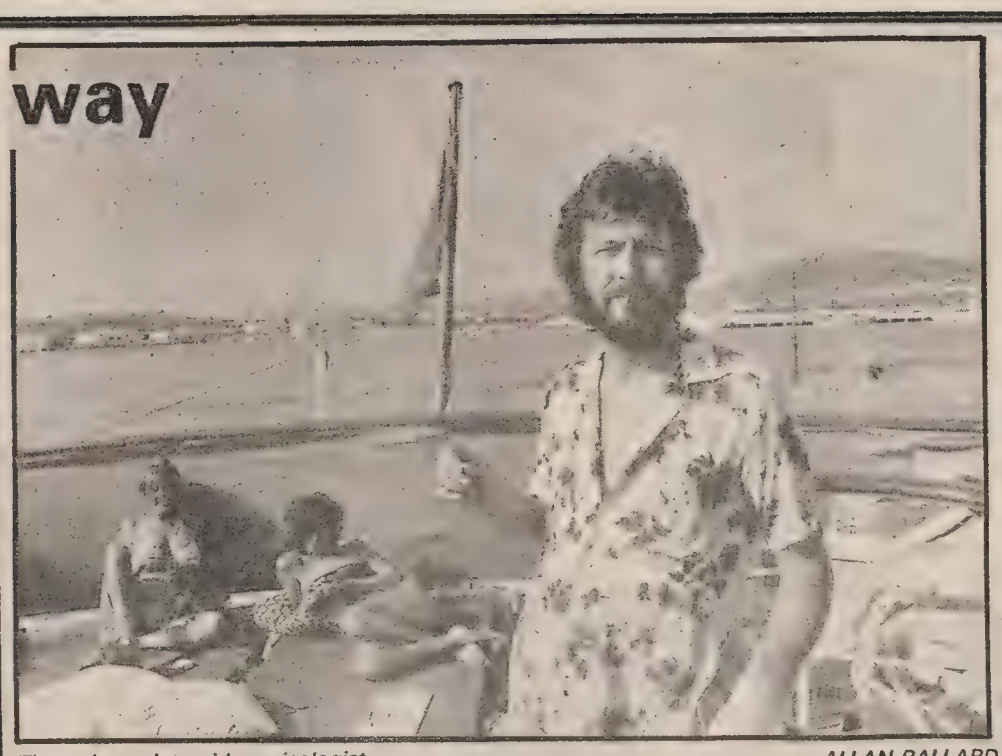

The artist as intrepid musicologist. *ALLAN BALLARD*

ERIC CLAPTON
Backless (*RSO*)

"Backless" is Eric Clapton's best album since his 1974 classic "461 Ocean Boulevard".

As with "Boulevard", the accent is on understatement, be it Marcy Levy's back-up vocal on "Promises", the new single, or Clapton's dobro whining away in the background of the same song. Even the album's magnum blues, the guitarist's arrangement of "Early In The M orning", relies not so much on guitar excess as a sublime use of economy.

Clapton's recent records have left quite a lot to be desired. Despite the inclusion of Bob Dylan's "Sign Language" and a truly devastating blues in "Double Trouble", Clapton's "Reason To Cry" was directionless and inadequately produced.

Last year's "Slowhand" displayed Eric's current infatuation with country music, but lacked good material and inspiration. For "Backless" Clapton has retained the production services of Glyn Johns, but with better results. There's a refreshing live ambience to "Backless" and its deceptively lazy American sound.

'Roll It' as likely as not written in the studio, even has that earthy, spartan quality of the Stones'. "Exile On Main Street". It's similar to "Ready" from "Boulevard" but, instead of featuring a duet between Eric and Yvonne Elliman (now departed from the fold and chasing her own star), the song sees Ms Levy take care of the vocal while Clapton makes with some quietly effective slide.

"Early In The Morning" is also high on atmosphere. It smacks of beer-stained bars and thick, thick smoke haze. The mix is deliciously blurred, Clapton's slide almost indistinguishable from the uncredited harp blowing. Jamie Oldaker's drumming is incendiary; the ending is pure Cream circa 1968.

Following "Early In The Morning" "Promises" works wonderfully as well. The first time I heard it I was disappointed by its apparent lack of muscle — slight was the word — but repeated plays reveal a disarming simplicity that's unsurprisingly not a million miles removed from J J Cale.

In the tradition of "After Midnight" and more recently "Cocaine", Cale's sensual "I'll Make Love To You Anytime" is included. In keeping with the mood of the album, it's a dirtier adaptation than the version of "Cocaine" which graced "Slowhand".

Clapton has provided himself with good material by relying heavily on other people's. Dylan actually gave him six songs for the album, and two, "Walk Out On The Rain" and "If I Don't Be There By Morning", opening tracks on side one and two respectively, have surfaced. Neither are outstanding, though the latter, a straightforward uptempo rock song in the tradition of "New Morning", features good chord changes. But for the credits (Dylan co-wrote both with Howie Springs, one of his back-up singers), it's doubtful if anyone would guess their authorship.

Clapton's own best composition on the album; "Golden Ring", is far more distinguished. An acoustic strum, the song would be well worth considering for adaptation by Emmylou Harris.

All in all an unassuming and quietly satisfying album from the much-maligned Mr C that stays closer to his blues and R&B roots than either of his last two releases.

Steve Clarke

TREVOR RABIN
Trevor Rabin *(Chrysalis)*
VAN DUREN
Are You Serious? *(Big Sound Import)*

From sea to shining sea, America (a well-known modern nation) would seem to be full of bright, rugged young men who spent their teens learning to sing in a tuneful manner, play loads of instruments, write songs and piss about in recording studios.

You thought Todd Rundgren and Rick Derringer and Al Kooper and all those guys were prodigies? More fool you, buster. In the future, *every* American kid will be able to do it.

Trevor Rabin'd be a useful geezer to have in a band; he plays good guitar (albeit in a disastrously conventional HM manner), fair keyboards (albeit in disastrously conventional pomp-rock style), and acceptable bass. His singing is tuneful and bland; he can harmonise nicely and is possessed of an enviable vocal range.

The trouble is that Rabin the producer compounds Rabin the vocalist's lack of personality and/or individuality and/or emotion by quadruple-tracking everything into oblivion, making his sound even more like everybody else than he does already.

Rabin the songwriter is a complete disaster; all the usual noises and changes and postures from macho to sensitive. The end result is moderately impressive. Does the world really need a one-man Boston or Foreigner? He'll clean up in the States, even though he had to come to London to get his Chrysalis deal.

Van Duren is, superficially at least, a more entertaining proposition. He looks like a geezer with something vaguely approximating a sense of humour, as evidenced by his album title, appearance (he looks like Phil McNeill before he had had his haircut) and the fact that the album is dedicated to Groucho Marx, comes with a sticker on the shrink-rap announcing "Contains 13 hit singles" and so forth. Plus the album's on Jon Tiven's Big Sound Records, an enterprising indie in the classic tradition.

Lacking Rabin's lofty belief in his own omnipotence, Duren delegates lead guitar as well as drums to others, even calling in occasional extra bassists, saxophonists and percussionists. Plus he didn't produce the record, he actually only co-wrote one of the songs (Jody Stephens, ex-Big Star drummer, helped out) . . . what a pathetic, dependent helpless wimp. I mean, he only does vocals, acoustic guitars, piano, bass, electric rhythm guitars, organ, synthesiser, percussion, bells and clavinet.

Yep, American bioengineering is still the best in the world; a master race who can make records without the aid of humans (our only bionic musician is Welsh — damn damn damn!). The only trouble is that American mainstream rockpop creativity is at an all-time low, which is why these records are just as crappy as the current examples of the old-fashioned sort.

Charles Shaar Murray

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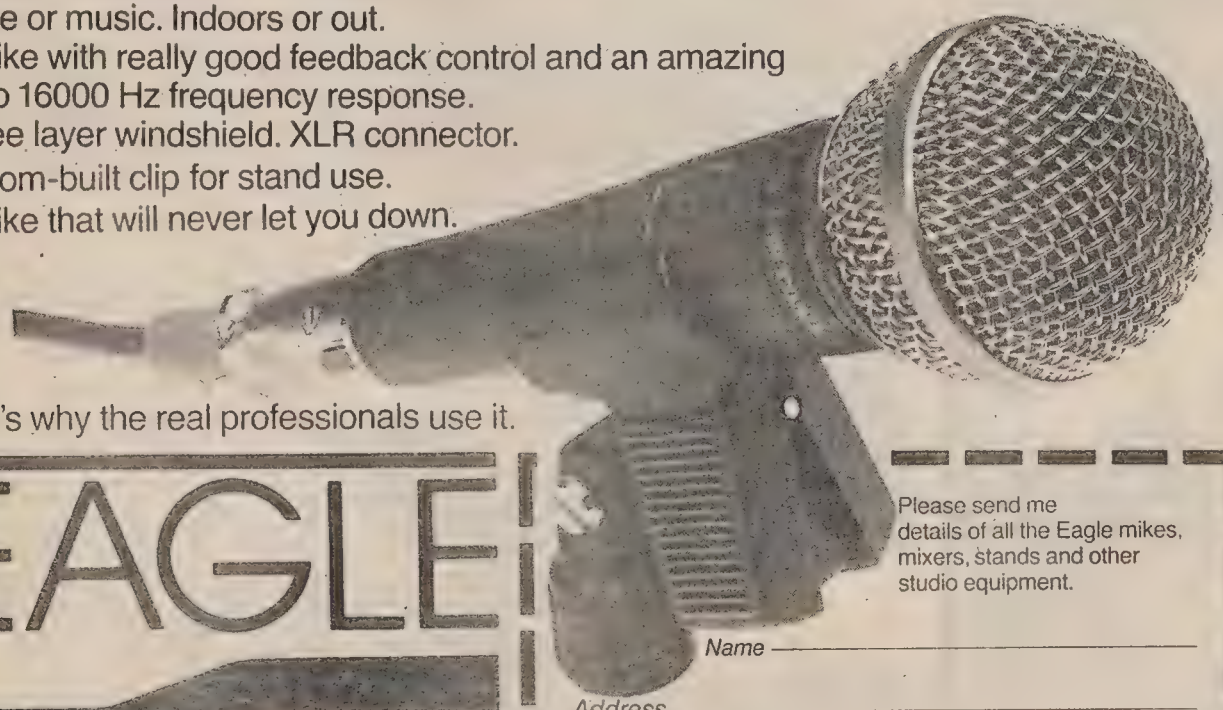

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I feel about **Ose's** "Adonia" (Egg) the way Clive James feels about *The Swarm*. And they certainly have something in common, both being about drones and flutterings in over-abundance. **Ose's** drones and flutterings are provided by **Herve Picart**, a French journalist who recently gave up his Underwood in favour of a Moog, and **Richard Pinhas**, described as Gaul's "foremost synthesiser expert", who has obviously given up music in order to provide monotony.

Together with drummer **Francois Auger** they comprise **Ose** (the band's name comes from the French title of a work by H. P. Lovecraft) a unit that, according to the handout, seeks to prove that "the orgasmachines of the planet Adonia correspond to a form of sensuality that equals music." Frankly, I prefer the disco version of the theme to "Star Wars" — but that's my problem!

Unfortunately I had to sit through one **Ose** track twice, a cut titled "29 Heures 08 Minutes" (which fortunately only lasts just under seven minutes), this item also appearing on "The Most Progressive European Experience", an Egg sampler that's for promotional purposes. Now I wouldn't mention this disc — which is unavailable to your everyday punter — but for the fact that it includes some choice cuts from albums that are either just released or about to be released.

Among the even choicer cuts is **Tim Blake's** "Generator", a synthesiser *soiree* that is the very antithesis of "Adonia", being a dotty but endearing pure pop affair that you can dance to, chant along with or merely add to your growing collection of **Gong** offshoots. The message is then — the new Blake album, whatever it is called, *("Tim Blake's New Jerusalem" — Ed)* could be worth tuning into.

The mighty Moog also plays a part on "Free Smiles" (Arista-Novus), a live at Montreux set from **Mike Mainieri** and **Warren Bernhardt. Mainieri**, who plays vibes, also handles a synthi-vibe, which triggers a Moog synthesiser, while sidekick **Bernhardt**, a keyboardsman, also has a synth plugged in. But their music is hardly of the sterile, gee-whiz, weird category much in vogue with the current crop of shekel-grabbing astral-taxi riders. For Messrs **Mainieri** and **Bernhardt**, who obviously remember the MJQ with some affection, possess considerable warmth and humour and sound as if they have some affinity with planet Earth.

Fred Dellar

Paranoia the easy way

PHIL MANZANERA
K-Scope *(Polydor)*

Phil Manzanera's plain man's guide to plain man's music is a dreary, potentially immensely sellable collection that proves conclusively that gentle Phil was the plainest of all the plain characters in Roxy Music, and that he really is in love with the bland, modulated and sedate.

Or does it?" K-Scope" is a very cosy, sequential product that seems more indulgent than paranoid. And yet it exploits custom and causes with a narrow greed that I can't help wondering (hoping) is an attempt at displaying a subdued, symbolic uneasiness with contemporary satisfactions, cultural blindness and general slackness.

Can plain Phil really be so enraptured with the sapped, safe and smooth, as hinted at in previous long players, or is all not as it seems? Is playful Phil being sly and naughty? If so, this is a clumsy, careless deception. It has been voiced before that cheerful Phil maybe aims to produce a work that both satirises and works as (intelligent) easy listening — a hope that furry Phil is not as soft and susceptible as he appears. "K-Scope" all but strangles such thoughts.

Manzanera's records have always been clean and restrained, so maybe sensitive Phil fancies himself as the sensible, sophisticated yet somehow avant-garde rock commentator, a sort of risky Phil Collins. But his fallible fascination with the undistinguished, unexciting and blank is so synthetic and insubstantial; even any subversive messages get saturated by the destructive, demeaning gloss and grace of the passive presentation Manzanera has lately favoured.

And "K-Scope" has little of the furtive edginess that made patches of some of his previous works if not exactly exotic, then contagious. It is a horribly civilised collection straining to be decorative and shows no signs of anxiety.

The opening two cuts, the b-side and a-side of the current single, "K-Scope" and "Remote Control", are smart and instrumentally accurate, but over-acted and too obvious — a casual complexity with an oily tone. They're certainly not as vibrant and as vivid as similar exercises on "Diamond Head."

The following three are dehydrated dance interpretations, again firmly and reliably structured yet overridingly dutiful and derivative. The six minute "Cuban Crisis" is wily, theoretically acceptable rock-reggae. The five minute nihilistic disco rattle "Hot Spot" is the record's prime example of a bad conceptual balance between message, medium and motive. "Numbers" either intentionally or coincidentally quotes Rose Royce's "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" and develops into a well behaved Average White Band graft.

Side two is less overtly voyeuristic, more intricate and spasmodically engaging. There's nothing speculative, breathtaking or definitive, but after the ordinary "Slow Motion TV" and the vulnerable "Gone Flying", the dainty instrumental "N-Shift" is sweet, if inconsequential. Similarly, after the mood ballad "Walking Through Heavens Door", the dignified "You Are Here" (originally the album's title) is a careful, mournful way to finish a cluttered and isolated set.

Manzanera plays all the instruments on "You Are Here", whilst elsewhere the record is a typically, necessarily democratic work. It fails to achieve the blasted, mobile blend of "Diamond Head", where Manzanera was an active, inquisitive catalyst for those around him.

Of the ten tracks, only the three instrumentals are composed unaided. The contributing musicians include Paul Thompson (drums), John Wetton (voices), Francis Monkman (piano), David Skinner (keyboards), Simon Ainley (rhythm guitar), Neal Finn, Kevin Godley and Lol Creme (backing vocals) and fluctuate around a central unit of Simon Phillips (drums), Bill MacCormick (bass, drums and vocals), Mel Collins (sax), Tim Finn (lead vocals) and Eddie Rayner (keyboards).

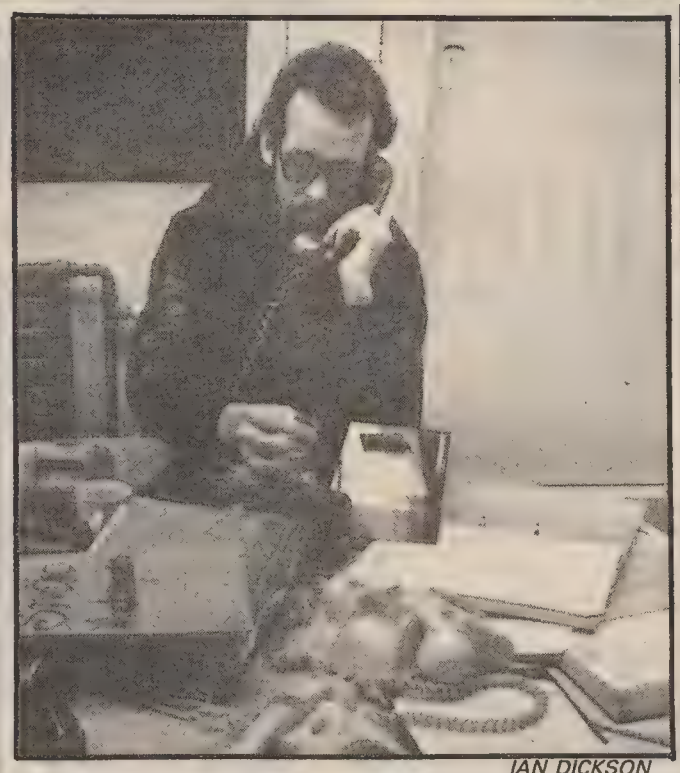
Competently classy, cosmetic and objective — am I falling into the trap, missing the point? I fear not. The more I play this album, the more sincere and straightforward it becomes. My first reactions were to look for something that isn't there, hoping that pleasant Phil has an ulterior motive. They rapidly evaporate. This is nothing more than a versatile, varied but mundane set, another uninspiring, predictable episode in the Roxy Music plain chap saga.

Paul Morley

EDDIE HENDERSON
Mahal (*Capitol*)

A staid and weakened but perhaps logical continuation of Herbie Hancock's two broadminded and shrewd early '70s electronic and large-scale instrumental albums, "Crossings" and "Sextant".

Eddie Henderson (nobody's fool, trumpet and flugelhorn) and Hancock (The Master Spirit, Fender Rhodes,



IAN DICKSON

clarinet, ARP 2600, ARP string ensemble, mini-moog, etc., etc.) lead a capable and clever 12-piece that includes Benny Maupin (tenor sax and saxello), Julian Priester (trombones), Hubert Laws (flute) and Paul Jackson (bass).

These are seven polite, proper instrumentals with titles such as "Butterfly", "Emotions", "Prance On" and "Ecstasy"; they're full, active and superlatively performed, yet inevitably predictable and unadventurous. Themes, textures and details are easily anticipated. Solos, phasing and phrasing are dull cliches.

Everything echoes the arrangements and patterns of those two earlier albums, but is, of course, funked up with heaps of sugar. The new jazz? This has no unity and no expression. It's functional and stylised.

Paul Morley

ELVIS PRESLEY
Elvis' 40 Greatest (*RCA*)

We-e-e-e-e-e-llllll, it's a . . .

Basic entire history of Elvis for blockheads, and it's on pink vinyl too (hurry hurry hurry). One side is devoted to the early '50s, one to the late '50s, one to the '60s and one to the '70s. The '50s stuff is all great with the exception of "Love Me Tender" (I have this recurrent nightmare about drowning in treacle, doctor) amd "Old Shep" (cringe city, though I must admit that Ol' El could probably have put me under the table with the rest of the sob sisters if he'd cut a couple of decent cat songs), and the other album contains maybe half a dozen good songs, including the absolutely treble-ace version of "Fever" that kicks off the third side.

My advice, popkids, would be to leave this turkey in Woolworths (where it belongs) and latch onto both volumes of "The '56 Sessions" and the first post-Army album "Elvis Is Back" — that is if classic no-gristle Grade A Elvis is what you're after. If you like his more recent stuff, consult your dealer.

Charles Shaar Murray

Stuck in the middle with who?

BETHNAL
Crash Landing (Vertigo)

Bethnal's irritating and unchallenged 'wise', 'moral', 'experienced' and 'shrewd' veneer has given them an automatic respect and reputation that their regressive and heavy-handed music, glazed and self-conscious lyrics and crude, often sexist stage antics have no right to merit.

A kid glove press acceptance, a convenient, topical multi-racial integration (which surely should just be taken as natural and not something to boast about), a frequently broadcast strong will, an acclaimed open-mindedness to the apparent old and new rock waves, and a relationship with idol and wizened observer Peter Townshend (pompously previewed as a musical adviser though not credited as such), which merely emphasises the narrow-mindedness and smugness of both parties, has solidly combined to supply the East London quartet with an auspicious image. If not actual success. The above front has given Bethnal good protection for their actual failure.

Musically, their sound has never been examined, just accepted as powerfully eclectic. The misleading but romantically feasible theory was that Bethnal possessed the (mythical) penetrative skill and imagination of the 'good old' turn of the decade progressive rock (sigh) bands, their obsessive, laudable desire for technical superiority *and* the energy, direction and social commitment of the mid-'70s punk rock people.

This meant (so it went) that they were musical (whatever *that* means, but friends always used to tell me that Led Zep were more 'musical' than Buzzcocks) and relevant. Perfect? All the wunnerful advantages of both genres and all the crass, gross disadvantages discarded. The ideal modern rock group?

Truth is, Bethnal incorporate all the heavily disguised inadequacies, the indulgence, self-satisfaction and self-deception of early '70s progressive rock, and none of the essential ambition, curiosity or true speculation (even theatre) of the actual 'new wave'.

Everywhere you look, they fail.

Although they *can* play their instruments. Apparent virtuosos George Csapo (lead voice, violin, keyboards, synthesiser), Nick Michaels (guitars and vocals), Everton Williams (bass and vocals), and Pet Dowling (drums and vocals) graft hard but indistinctly. And they just don't know what to do with their ability, lacking even the inspired, innocent inventiveness of mentors Purple and company.

Not one of this record's ten dusty songs has the attractive verve, excitability or accidental delight of a "Black Night" or a "Paranoid", the naive tension and structure of an "Alright Now", the neo-metaphysical slashing of Thin Lizzy, the minor thrill of a "Neat Neat Neat" even. The album is a witless and shapeless jumble of unemphatic, drab Who outtake rock songs.

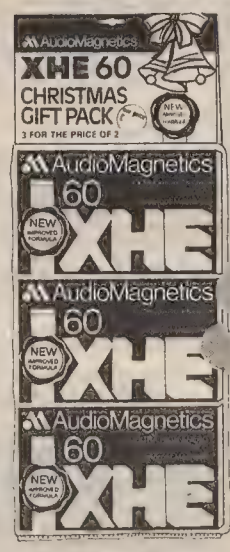
These songs' pitifully pretentious philosophical statements (titles like "Summer Wine", "I Gotta Go", "The Fiddler", "Clown In The Crowd", "Odd Man Out", "You're A Dreamer" — take it from there . . .) sketch shaky and shaming lines about confusion, alienation and concern. They make Jimmy Pursey seem like Herman Hesse. The last track on side two, "Nothing New" (a typically messy song), says much about "Crash Landing's" grey contents.

The lyrics are printed on the sleeve. The album is less spirited (even) than their last. Hipgnosis designed the sleeve. What more can I say?

Bye Bye?

Paul Morley

Christmas sounds good value!



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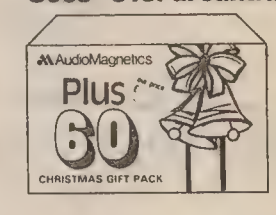

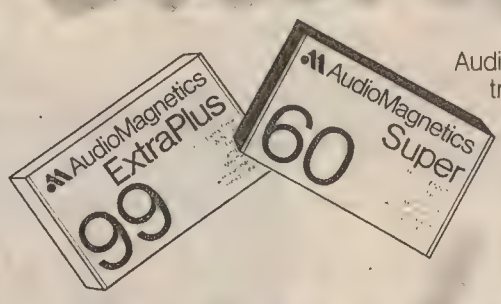

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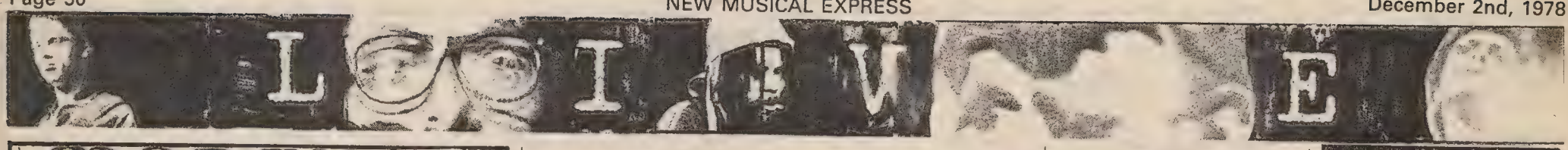

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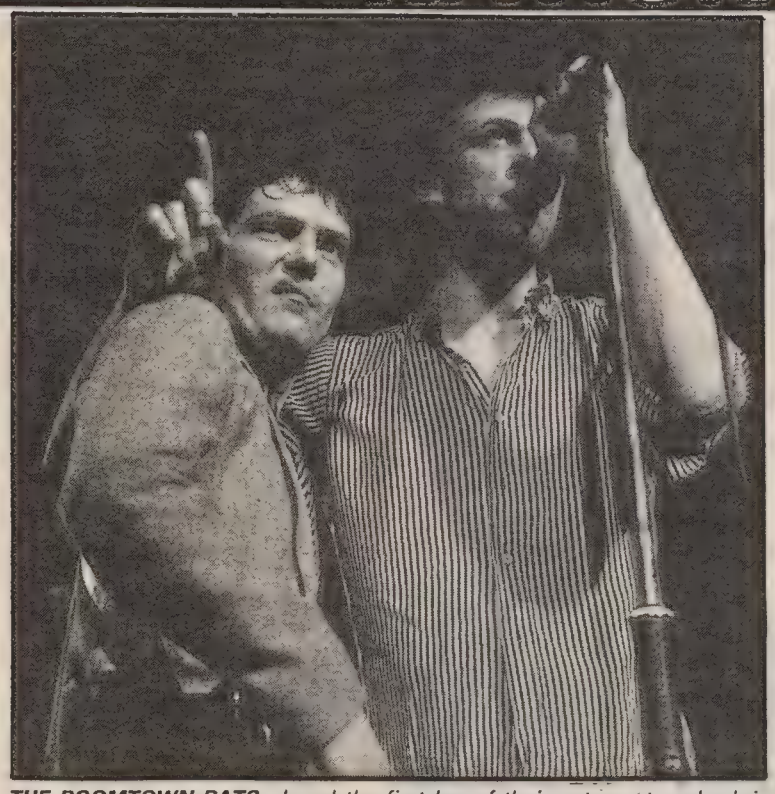
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



***THE BOOMTOWN RATS** played the first leg of their autumn tour back in October, then devoted November to recording sessions and overseas trips. But now they're back on the road with the second leg, aptly named their "Seasonal Turkey Tour", and coinciding with their biggest chart success to date. They open at Bracknell (Saturday), Guildford (Sunday), Exeter (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday).*

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Aberystwyth College of Librarianship: **Here & Now**
Basildon Upstairs at Turkans: **Grinder**
Belfast The Pound: **The Doomed**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Darts**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Jasper Carrott (until Saturday)**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Bristol Crockers: **Wheelz**
Bristol Granary: **Bullets**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Johnny Moped/Writz**
Bristol University: **Gazza**
Cannock Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **David Essex/The Real Thing**
Chatham Central Hall: **Mike Harding**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Generation X**
Coventry Warwick University: **Blast Furnace/John Potter's Clay**
Coventry Wyken Pippin: **Reno**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Showaddywaddy**
Doncaster First Aid Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
Dundee Bonar Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Edinburgh The Place: **Light Of The Road**
Flint The Raven: **Juggernaut**
Galashiels Talisman: **Charley Browne**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: **John Martyn**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Blazer Blazer**
Harlow Victoria Hall: **The Sods**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Keele University: **Stadium Dogs**
Lancaster University: **Magazine**
Langley Mill The Club: **Scene Stealer**
Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's: **The Boyfriends**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **CGas5**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Just Frank**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Alwoodley Jets**
London Barnes Bull's Head: **Chris Barber Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Retainers**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
London Camden Music Machine: **Zaine Griff**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Inmates**
London Chelsea Breaking Point: **Rogue Herring**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers/Nicky & The Dots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Fame**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Foundations (for three days)**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Boney M**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Straight 8**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Sinceros**
London Kennington Goldsmiths School of Art: **This Heat**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Gonzalez / Liz Christian Band**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **Johnny Coppin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Twickenham Winning Post: **Noel Murphy**
London Wembley Arena: **Lindisfarne / John Miles / Frankie Miller's Full House / Chris Rea / Bandit / Mike Elliott**
London W14 The Kensington: **The Young Bucks**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **The Accelerators**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Olivia Newton-John**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Swift**
Manchester Kelly's: **Knives / Wilful Damage**
Manchester Mayflower: **Squeeze**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Cruisers**
Manchester Russell Club: **Private Sector**
Mansfield Westfield Folk House: **Art Failure**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **The Cresters (for three days)**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Forwards**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Perth Blairgowie Gig: **Acker Bilk Band**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **The Clash / The Slits**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Mary O'Hara**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Pere Ubu**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Jeremy Taylor**
Reading Bones Club: **Skrewdriver**
Rotherham Dickens Inn: **The Sneakers**
Rugby College: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Seaford Third World: **The Flys**
Sheffield City Hall: **Devo / Doll By Doll**
Sheffield Limit Club: **White Horses**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Xero**
Sheffield University: **Mud**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Spud**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Strathpeffer Spa Pavilion: **The Tools**
Swansea Circles Club: **29th & Dearborn**
Wantage The Swan: **Scratch**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **Tavares**
York Barge Club: **Defunked**
York Revolution Club: **Ethel The Frog**

***ALBERTO Y** Lost Trios Paranoias are always well worth seeing, because their stage show is more than a gig — it's an event. And on their latest round of dates — starting out at Bath (Friday), Sheffield (Sunday) and Oldham (Monday) — there's the added bonus of seeing that up-and-coming outfit The Police as special guest artists. If you're ready and willing to get into festive mood, this is the show for you.*

Friday

Aberdeen College of Education: **The Tools**
Aberdeen Music Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Airdrie Pye Club: **Underhand Jones**
Aldenham Red Lion: **Agenda**
Aylesbury Kings Head: **The Liggers**
Bangor University: **Here & Now**
Bath Academy of Art: **90° Inclusive**
Bath Brillig Arts Centre: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
Bath University: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Batley Crumpets: **Marseille**
Belfast The Pound: **The Doomed**
Birmingham Aston University: **Generation X**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Odeon: **Devo / Doll By Doll**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham The Sheldon: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham University: **Generation X**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Accelerators**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **Just Frank**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Fan Club**
Brighton Sussex University: **Pere Ubu**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Bristol Crockers: **Wheelz**
Bristol University: **The Albion Band**
Burton 76 Club: **Blazer Blazer**
Bury St. Edmunds The Griffin: **Quasar**
Cambridge The Alma: **Spring Offensive**
Cardiff University: **Bethnal**
Cheltenham North Glos. College: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Chester Labour Club: **Why Control / Angry Young Men / Co. Starz**
Coventry Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Mike Harding**
Doncaster First Aid Centre: **Belt & Braces Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Fischer-Z**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Little Jimmies**
Edinburgh Clouds: **The Lurkers**
Edinburgh Odeon: **John Martyn**
Edinburgh University: **Hi-Tension**
Exeter University: **Writz**
Gourock The Ashton: **Chou Pahrot**
Harrow College of Higher Education: **Racing Cars / Helicopters**
Hebden Bridge Carlton Club: **Reducers / Drive By Night**
Hertford College of Education: **Zaine Griff**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Jerry The Ferret**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Fairport Convention**
Kingswinford Woodman Inn: **Johnny Coppin**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Simple Minds**
Lampeter St. David's College: **Muscles**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Vye**

CHRISTMAS DEADLINES

DUE TO the upcoming seasonal holidays, please note the following early deadlines for Gig Guide entries covering the Christmas and New Year period:

Details of gigs taking place **up to and including January 3** must be received at this office by not later than **Thursday December 14,** to ensure publication.

Gigs taking place during the week of **January 4-9** must be received here by **Thursday December 21,** at the latest.

So don't delay, in case you forget. Help us and help yourself by popping them in the post right away to: Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

***PETER TOSH** has finally made it to Britain, after all the delays and uncertainties due to the controversial injuries he sustained back home in Jamaica. He's only playing a few gigs here, as part of a European tour, but the lucky ones can see him at Manchester (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday), Bradford (Tuesday) and London Rainbow (Wednesday) — with a second Rainbow show to follow next Thursday.*

Leeds Riley Smith Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Ethel The Frog**
Lincoln Bishop Grosseteste College: **Paradox**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Swift**
Liverpool Christ College: **Scene Stealer**
Liverpool Eric's: **Sore Throat**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **After The Fire**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Sham 69 / Cimarons**
London Camden Music Machine: **Cafe Jacques / Fame**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Grand Hotel**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Young Bucks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Boney M**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Piranhas**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Steve Linton Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dogs**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Cado Belle / Squeeze / Panties**
London Marquee Club: **Spud**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **The Crack**
London Paddington College: **Moonstone / Poser**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Putney White Lion: **Snoots**
London School of Economics: **Viv Stanshall**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Revelation**
London Willesden White Hart: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Pressure Shocks / Live Wire**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **This Heat / Metabolist**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Olivia Newton-John**
Manchester Mayflower: **Dave Lewis Band**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **White Horses**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Tavares**
Milton Keynes College: **Bullets**
Newcastle University: **Magazine / The Bishops**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Thriller**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Nottingham University: **Japan / Gaffa**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Dog Watch**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **Scratch**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Gillan**
Oxford Westminster College: **Split Rivitt**
Perth Blairgowrie Gig: **Acker Bilk Band**
Plymouth Hoe Theatre: **"Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton / Alex Welsh / George Chisholm**
Raleigh Crocs Club: **The Olympic Runners**
Ryde I.o.W. Prince Consort: **Last Straw**
Salford University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Seahouses Viking Club: **Chris Barber Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Straits**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Fabulous Poodles / CGas5**
Sheffield University: **Mud**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Eric Clapton Band / Muddy Waters**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Cliff Richard**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury / The Wall**
Tamworth Arts Centre: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Watford Herts College: **The Detroit Emeralds**
Wokingham Rock Club: **Hazzard**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Penetration**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Dave Paskett**
York Revolution Club: **The Sneakers**
York University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
York Winning Post: **2TV**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

***BONEY M** couldn't have come to Britain at a better time. They're currently the most consistent singles sellers in this country, and look like having THE big Christmas hit of the year with their latest release "Mary's Boy Child". They're at London Hammersmith (Thursday and Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Brighton (Tuesday). All sold out, though.*

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Rod's Christmas cracker

ROD STEWART begins his eagerly-awaited British tour this weekend, happy in the knowledge that he's got another smash hit on his hands, plus a new album that's about to emulate the success of his current single. He's playing 16 major concerts around Britain during December, and the first four of these are at Manchester Belle Vue, starting on Saturday. But if you don't have a ticket, there's little chance of getting one now.

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **John Martyn**
Abertillery Six Bells: **Cryer**
Basildon Double Six: **John Potter's Clay**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Dave Lewis Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Quartz**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Dave Peabody**
Birmingham Mayfair Suite: **Penetration**
Birmingham Odeon: **Boney M**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
Birmingham University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Hazzard**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **Just Frank**
Bradford University: **Mud**
Brighton Centre: **Eric Clapton Band / Muddy Waters**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **Cafe Jacques**
Canterbury Odeon: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Vernon & The G.I.'s**
Caversham The Garage: **The Beevers/Smeg & The Pretty Baa-Lambs**
Chelmsford Institute of Higher Education: **Panties**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Chester Deeside Leisure Centre: **Tavares**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Possum**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Brown Sugar**
Cumbernauld Golden Eagle Hotel: **Flat Out**
Derby Kings Hall: **Magazine**
Derby Mickleover College: **Bullets**
Doncaster Bircotes Leisure Centre: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Strife**
Edinburgh Clouds: **Skrewdriver**
Feltham Bison Club: **Matchbox**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Lurkers**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Samson**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Hi-Tension**
Glasgow The Maggie: **Underhand Jones**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Blazer Blazer**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Any Trouble**
Hornchurch The Bull: **Jerry The Ferret**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Alwoodley Jets**
Inverness Muirton Motel: **The Tools**
Ipswich Royal William: **Witchfynde**
Ipswich Tracey's: **Muscles**
Keele University: **Swift**
Kirknewton Dalmahoy Country Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **No Dice / The Kidda Band**
Leeds Trinity College: **After The Fire**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Knife Edge**
Leicester University: **Fairport Convention**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Eater**
Liverpool C.F. Mott College: **Scene Stealer**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **G.F.R./Massagan**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Teresa D'Abreu Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Wayne County & The Electric Chairs-/Gang Of Four/Colourtapes**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **The V.I.P.'s**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Zaine Griff/The Vye**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Ivor Biggun/Johnny G/John Spencer/Duffo**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Harem Scarem**
London Marquee Club: **Speed-O-Metors**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Earthbound**
London North-East Polytechnic: **Chas & Dave**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Mike Harding**
London Roehampton Froebel Institute: **The Young Bucks**
London School of Economics: **Viv Stanshall**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London Streatham Philippa Fawcett College: **The Secret/Shrink/Nicky Shy**
London University College: **Dog Watch/64 Spoons/Nicky & The Dots**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Revelation**
London Wembley Arena: **David Essex/The Rich Kids/The Real Thing-/The Movies/Nick van Eede**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Split Rivitt**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Manchester Belle Vue: **Rod Stewart**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Here & Now / 7th Angel / Danny & The Dressmakers**
Manchester University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **CGas5**
Newcastle Peoples Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Clash/The Slits**
Northampton County Ground: **Japan**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Pere Ubu**
Norwich Boogie House: **Benny & The Jets**
Nottingham Boat Club: **White Horses**
Nottingham Club Malibu: **Gaffa/Harry Stephens/The Press/Low C**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Outward Band**
Nottingham University: **Bethnal**
Plymouth Hoe Theatre: **Barney Kessel Trio**
Poole Chequers Inn: **Fringe Benefit**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **China Street**
Rochdale Technical College: **Reducers/ The Tunes**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Belt & Braces Band**
Slough Langley College: **Spud**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Cliff Richard**
St. Albans City Hall: **Gillan / Teaza**
Stevenage The Swan: **Spring Offensive**
Stockton The Dovecot: **Mike Westbrook Band**
Stowmarket Royal Oak: **Griffin**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **The Dogs**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Warhead**
Watford Red Lion: **Rednite**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ocean Boulevard**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
York Revolution Club: **Action Replay**

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Whitefire**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Wild Horses**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Antares (lunchtime)/Swing Street** (evening)
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Alwoodley Jets**
Bradford Royal Standard Hotel: **CGas 5**
Bradford Town Gate Sports Club: **Vintage**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Locarno: **Generation X**
Burnley Thompson Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Canterbury Odeon: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Lindisfarne**
Charnock Richard Park Hall: **The Dooleys** (for a week)
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Pere Ubu/The Human League**
Cleethorpes Bunnies Place: **The Real Thing**
Colchester Embassy Suite: **The Detroit Emeralds**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Johnny Coppin**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Croydon Greyhound: **Penetration**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **The Lurkers**
Dundee Royal Centre Hotel: **Skrewdriver**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Mike Harding**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Deadringer**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Boney M**
Liverpool Pickwick Club: **Here And Now/The Table/Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Swift**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Ralph McTell/John Williams**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Glass Siren**
London Finchley Torrington: **Dave Lewis Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Tennis Shoes**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **The Young Bucks**
London Kingway Royalty Theatre: **Robin Williamson's Merry Band**
London Marquee Club: **Supercharge/Panties**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
London Walthamstow The Chestnuts: **Nic Jones**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Five Hand Reel/Brian Dewhurst**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
Manchester Belle Vue: **Rod Stewart**
Manchester Mayflower: **White Horses**
Manchester The Venue: **No Dice**
Newbiggin Sports and Community Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Art Failure**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Staa Marx**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Dransfields/Graham Cooper**
Reading Target Club: **Juggernaut**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Little Jimmies**
Sheffield Limit Club: **New Jets**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Mechanical Horsetrough/Cocky/The Albion Band**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias/The Police**
Skegness Arcadia Ballroom: **Mud**
Slough Fulcrum Theatre: **The Platters**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Child**
Southend Cliff Pavilion: **George Melly and John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
Stoke Jollees: **Tavares**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Wakefield Bretton Hall College: **Mike Westbrook Band**
Wakefield Newton House Club: **Snoots**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Ampthill Folk Club: **Barry Goodman**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Crack**
Birmingham Crown & Cushion: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Birmingham Hopwood Waterside Club: **Quartz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **Here & Now / The Fall / Patrik Fitzgerald**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Blazer Blazer**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Molesters**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Child**
Bude Widemouth Bay Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Peter Tosh**
Chester Smartyz: **Blitzkrieg Bop**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **No Dice**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Derby Polytechnic: **Fashion**
Durham University: **John Martyn**
Exeter University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Hanley Odeon: **Lonnie Donegan (for three days)**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Hull University: **Belt & Braces Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **The City Limits**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Tavares**
Leicester Granby Halls: **The Real Thing**
Liverpool The Sportsman: **Juggernaut**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Spud**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hi-Tension**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Bowles Bros. Band**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London Palladium: **Liza Minnelli (for a week)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Quaglino's: **The Platters**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Marian Montgomery (for a week)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Crooks**
London Strand King's College: **The Boyfriends**
London Tottenham Fox: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Necromats / Clifton Hill**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Grand Hotel**
London W.1 Gulliver's: **Kandidate / Fusion**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Brave Strangers**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Boney M**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Devo / Doll By Doll**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford New Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Oldham Civic Hall: **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias / The Police**
Preston Guildhall: **Lindisfarne**
Rayleigh Crocs Club: **Flying Saucers**
Sheffield University: **Magazine**
Tamworth Chequers: **Paradox**
Walsall Three Crowns: **Muscles**
York Pop Club: **The Lurkers**

Tuesday

Birmingham Barbarella's: **No Dice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Platters**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Gypp**
Bradford St George's Hall: **Peter Tosh**
Brentwood Youth House: **Fred Wedlock**
Brighton The Centre: **Boney M**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Boomtown Rats**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Yetties**
Doncaster College: **Wide Boys**
Dunstable California: **Generation X**
East Grinstead Clouds: **The Piranhas**
Frome Merlin Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Gateshead Labour Club: **Belt & Braces Band**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Underhand Jones**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Jasper Carrott**
Keele University: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Magazine**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Aqua Vita**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Max Boyce**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **Mud**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Dore's Back Pocket**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Wild Horses/The Physicals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Steve Linton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Richard Digance**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band/Muddy Waters**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Michael Nyman Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Blazer Blazer**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Chas & Dave**
London N.11 Orange Tree: **Wizz Jones**
London Putney Half Moon: **Liam Og Flynn**
London S.E.1 College of Printing: **Pere Ubu**
London Sheen The Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Tennis Shoes**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **The Vye/Embryo**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Beaver**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Child**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Fast Cars / Departure / I-Beats**
Manchester Belle Vue: **Rod Stewart**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **Penetration**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Art Failure**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffe**
Nottingham University: **Here & Now / Blank Space / Patrick Fitzgerald**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Detroit Emeralds**
Plymouth Metro: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Mekons**
Sheffield Totley College: **Streetband**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Real Thing**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
York University: **John Martyn**

Wednesday

Aberystwyth University: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Magazine**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham (Hall Green) **The Sherwood: Cartoons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Little Acre/ School Sports**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Opera House: **Lindisfarne**
Bradford University: **Those Four**
Bristol University: **Mike Harding**
Camberley Civic Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Cardiff University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Deal Astor Theatre: **The Molesters**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Tavares**
East Grinstead Clouds: **The Piranhas**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Mechanical Horsetrough & Cocky**
Lancaster University: **Japan**
Leeds Fan Club: **Skrewdriver**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Argus**
Leicester University: **The Cruisers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Devo/Doll By Doll**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Juggernaut**
Liverpool University: **The Clash/The Slits**
London Acton White Hart: **The Ruts/The Vye**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Nick Cudworth/Charlie Prince**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Scene Stealer**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Girls School**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Eric Clapton Band/Muddy Waters**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Left Hand Drive**
London Marquee Club: **Streetband**
London Paddington Western Counties: **Zilch**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Kubinee's Excess**
London Tooting The Castle: **Vaguely Attractive**
London Twickenham St. Mary's College: **Spud**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinckley's Heroes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Earthbound**
London Walthamstow Town Hall: **Revelation**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Lightning Raiders**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **The Secret/Nicky Shy**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Manchester Bell Vue: **Rod Stewart**
Manchester Mayflower: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers/Matchbox**
Manchester University: **John Martyn**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Here & Now/The Mekons/Patrick Fitzgerald**
Newcastle City Hall: **Child**
Newport Stowaway Club: **Generation X**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Swift**
Reading University: **Mud**
Safford University: **Whitefire**
Sheffield City Hall: **Max Boyce**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Capital Letters**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
Southampton University: **Gillan/Samson**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Black Swan: **Crooked Oak**
Stevenage The Swan: **Quasar**
Stirling University: **90° Inclusive**
Taunton Odeon: **The Platters**
Torquay Carlton Club: **The Detroit Emeralds**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Pere Ubu**
Wisbech Isle of Ely College: **The Real Thing**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Band Of Joy/Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
York Arts Centre: **Mike Westbrook Band**
York Rendezvous Club: **Marseille**
York Revolution Club: **The Boys**

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Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

NEW WAVE CAREER GUIDANCE...

Info, please, on management, agencies, promoters etc, who handle and work new wave bands. Our neck of the woods is void of people who even talk about new wave and no one knows who to send demos to or pester for gigs. — **ANDY PANDY, Dansom Lane, Hull.**

● **A word from Nick Jones, one of the team that runs Step Forward/Illegal Records:**

"Whether bands say there's no interest in new wave locally or not — and I can't believe that *no one* in the North East cares for new wave — they've *got* to crack things in their own area first. It's no good imagining that it's easier to make it in London, because it's not. The competition's simply too great. And record companies like ours take more notice of news that comes through the grapevine — maybe through an enthusiastic report by a journalist of a gig he's seen in Newcastle — than the flood of demos that come our way. We rarely sign a band after hearing a tape — it's nearly all done through recommendations.

"What a band has to do is interest local radio stations, fanzines, newspapers, anyone who can inform people that they exist. Then, if they're good enough, maybe they can interest some resident entrepreneur into financing a single, which can be cut at any nearby eight-track studio. There are some good studios up there in the North East. Some of these singles can then be sent to the national press — I noticed Danny Baker gave a good review to a one-off single by Fashion, a Birmingham band, the other week — and a further buzz can be created that way.

But bands really have to make it in their own area first. If they've got anything going for them they'll attract enough bookings etc. It's no good thinking about coming cold into the London jungle."

Jones, whose label has signed such outfits as The Fall, from Manchester, and Gardez Darkx, from Bristol (plus bigger fish like Kim Fowley and Spirit), makes good sense. But I guess it's worth adding that some companies do listen to demo tapes and that Pinnacle Records, of Electron House, Cray Avenue, Orpington, Kent, recently dropped me a note stating that they were anxious to hear *any* demos that could be headed in their direction.

Please list the official release dates of XTC's singles and albums so far. — **WARRINGTON MINGE, Scotland (Somewhere nr Watford).**

● **Your address is a dead giveaway — you're obviously from London because only Londoners know that England ends two miles north of Watford. Nevertheless, despite such biased thinking — probably caused by too much exposure to Capital Radio — the news from Swindon is that XTC's first Virgin release, "3D EP" (VS 18812), had an October '77 release, this being followed by a single "Statue Of Liberty"/"Hang On To The Night" (VS 201 — January, 1978), and an album, "White Music" (V 2095 — January, 1978).**

In May this year came a further single, "This Is Pop"/"Heatwave" (VS 209), while October saw the release of a third 45 in "Are You Receiving Me"/"Instant Tunes" (VS 231), and the band's second album "Go 2".

I have two albums by the group Gracious. One, "Introducing Gracious", is on the Philips label, while the other is titled "Gracious!" and on Vertigo. What are the individual members of the band doing nowadays — were there any spin-offs? — **DAVID MIDGLEY, Chorlton, Manchester 21.**

● **Aw hell, I just can't remember what happened to everyone connected with Gracious, though I know that Alan Cowderoy, once the band's drummer, is now a very Stiff person, and I also recall that Gracious mainman, singer-songwriter Sandy Davis, later moved on to cut a brace of albums called "Inside Every Fat Man" (EMC 3029 — 1974) and "Back On My Feet Again" (EMC 3070 — 1975), employing members of Gonzales and The Average Whites on the last named.**

More recently, Davis has been working with a Guildford-based outfit known as Headwaiter and according to our roving reporter in the stockbroker-rock belt, this band, who also feature ex-Camel man Doug Ferguson on bass, have contributed three tracks to a locally-issued LP called "Who Invited Them?"

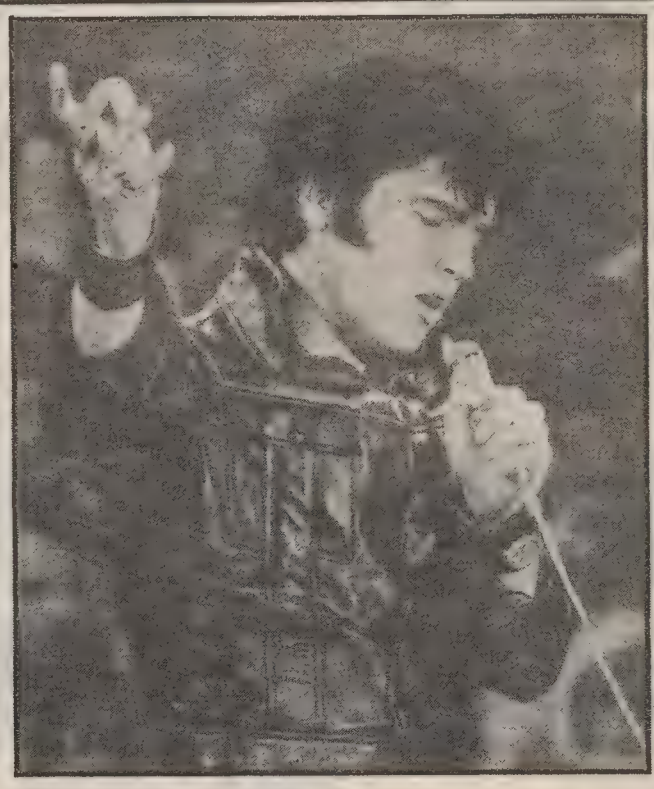
Just for the record, the other cuts on the disc (which is available from Thumb Records, 83 Waltham Avenue, Guildford, Surrey) are by Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band, House and Poker.

I recently heard of an Elvis Presley album called "The Legend Lives On" but can't find it in any discography. Can you supply any details of this mysterious item? — **W. OSBORNE, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.**

● **According to Paul Lichter's *The Boy Who Dared To Rock* (Doubleday Dolphin), which contains about the best El discography I've yet laid mitts on, "The Legend Lives On" is a U.S. bootleg containing a number of tracks recorded in Las Vegas, these including "What I Say", "Can't Help Falling In Love", "It's Over", "It's Impossible", "The Impossible Dream" (all 1972), "Yesterday"/"Hey Jude", Introduction and "Happy Birthday" (with James Burton), "In The Ghetto" and "Suspicious Minds" (all 1969), while also on the disc are sections devoted to Presley talking about his career and a studio cut of "Bridge Over Troubled Water".**

Litcher describes the boot as "An incredible LP. . . in my opinion this album is the best Elvis LP released in the '70s. Without doubt, Elvis's best live recording. . . the sound quality is excellent."

And while we're on the subject, Lichter's tome is full of goodies, being a 300-page job containing a full breakdown on all EL's recording sessions (back-up personnel, dates etc); a listing of all the concerts from 1969 through to '77; a complete run-down on the Presley movies; and discography that even includes discs released in Brazil, Chile (some of the albums released in this country are worth £1,500!), Denmark, Israel, Korea (where they have legal bootlegs, El appearing on the Hit and Oscar labels), Malaysia, Mexico, Russia, South Africa (the only place in the world to have a "Jailhouse Rock" LP) and Taiwan.



PRESLEY: brilliant bootleg

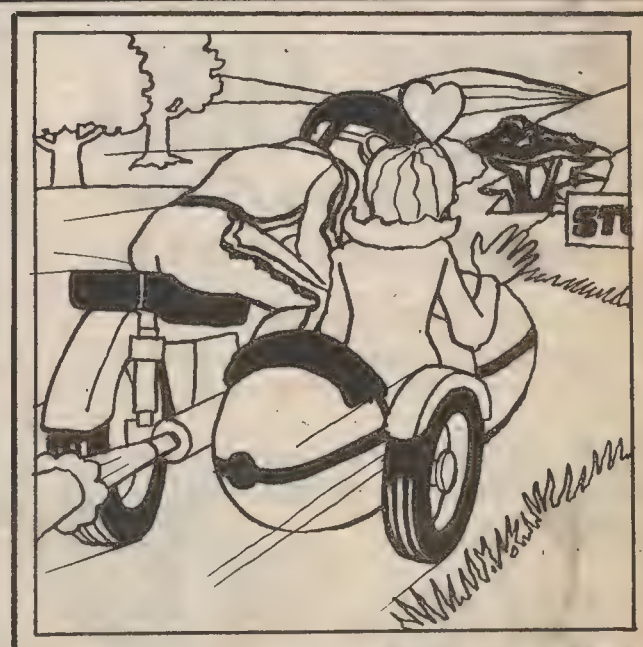
I'm an ardent collector of blues and boogie records and I noticé that you provided the sleeve-notes to an Albert Ammons album that I've acquired. This leads me to believe you may be able to help me regarding one of my Meade Lux Lewis albums. On the sleeve it mentions a film called *New Orleans*. What did Meade perform in this? Also, were there any other top jazz names in the film? — **B. THOMAS, Bonamy Estate, Rotherhithe, SE16.**

● **You mean that Ammons album really did come out? I remember writing a note for a Dutch release several years ago, but I never did see a copy of the disc. However, I did see *New Orleans* a couple of times and remember Meade playing "Honky Tonk Train Blues" in the flick (the same piece of eight-to-a-bar that Keith Emerson picked up on in '76) while the Woody Herman Band, Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Barney Bigard, Zutty Singleton and Kid Ory were among the folk featured, performing such ditties as "Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans?", "Endie", "The Blues Are Brewin", "West End Blues", "Buddy Bolden's Blues", "Dippermouth Blues" and many others.**

Apart from the music, the movie was pretty lousy — but then I'd always put up with any flea-pit special just for a glimpse of Lady Day!

Being an avid Family fan, I'm interested in obtaining an album called "A View From Rowland's Head" which was listed in an old Virgin mail order list. I wrote to Virgin and received no reply. Does the album still exist and, if so, where can I obtain it? — **STEPHEN JONES, Penygraig, Mid Glam. S. Wales.**

● **Sorry, but either you or Branson Inc have blown it somewhere along the line because "Rowland's Head" is not by Family but by Family Dogg, a band headed by Albert Hammond. The disc in question came out on Polydor 2318 061 but was deleted in 1974 and now only turns up in junk-piles or second-hand shops.**



ONTHETOWN

X-RAY SPEX. Pic: ROB HALL

Our Lady of St. Consuma's

OOOP! YAAA! UNNGH (That's right, this is a James Brown review.)

James Brown

Odeon, Hammersmith

It is nearly two years since the James Brown Revue last caroomed through Britain; a period of time in which the man has pulled off no great musical coups, just slipped a couple of points further down the star ratings towards what one could normally say would be certain relegation to the has-been league. Except that only a fool would make so final a judgement about James Brown.

Since as far back as 1964 he has been written off more times than the national debt and each time he has confounded the sceptics. I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's about to do so once more.

Clean-shaven again, and perceptibly slimmer than last time around, Brown looked and performed like he was about five years younger than when he was here in January '77 — even to the extent of *increasing* his athletics, although of course the splits and spins and knee-drops and so forth are now only an intermittent token reference to the wild non-stop routines with which he once boggled.

Musically, Brown and his band are still quite extraordinary, especially so because they defy current technological trends. Just as in the studio they still usually record "live" (no layers of separate tracks; simply wade in all together and pick the best out of four or five takes), so on stage they performed without using the house PA, without monitors and without a mixing desk. They simply linked and projected through their own modest array of Marshall amps. And yet, at least on the second show at Hammersmith (the opening set was a bit rough), the sound was better than at any other gig I've seen this year.

Opening as usual with their own brief set, the 10-piece JBs International (3 horns, 2 bass, 2 drums, congas, guitar and organ), several of whom were raw recruits last time, proved to have matured into as tight and exciting a band as any of Brown's previous ensembles, punching out "Hot Pants Road" and a hard-driving, totally illogical but supremely successful, funkified medley of "Thus Spake Whatsisname" and "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" before accompanying Martha High & The Lasers, three singers whose versions of some recent soul hits were every bit as good as the originals.

And then to startime ...

Short, sharp and sassy in black and silver, JB swung straight into a barrage of funk that was to be the predominant force for the next hour or so. He still hasn't cottoned on to the fact that the majority of European fans would prefer a little less boogie and a lot more sanctified wailing, but at least he proved that he can still get righteously down with "Try Me", a tormented "Georgia On My Mind" and a blistering version of "It's A Man's World" that segued into "Lost Someone" and a succession of tributes to the dear departed: Otis, Elvis, Janis, Jimi and Wes Montgomery.

The last gave veteran guitarist Jimmy Nolen a chance to break away from his chicken-scratch role; in fact he was further allowed a lengthy blues spot in honour of B.B King, an unheard-of event in previous Brown shows. Similarly, nearly all the band members were introduced and allowed solos at some point — Hollie Farris (trumpet), Joe Poff (sax), St. Clair Pinckney (sax) and Johnny Griggs (congas) being especially capable.

For the rest it was shout and shimmy and strut and storm through the old ("Cold Sweat", "Get On The Good Foot" etc), the recent ("Get Up Offa That Thing", "Body Heat") and the newish ("The Spank" and "Jam") in a solid, meticulously-synchronized performance that had everyone on their feet from the off and still partying hard and hearty as the last trains departed for suburbia.

Papa's bag is still in good shape.

Cliff White

BROWN: has never met Nicholas Parsons. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

X-Ray Spex

Bristol.

If the world turned dayglo, chances are it would look like Tiffany's.

Figure then that this shrine to extreme tackiness and grot is custom-built for Poly Styrene, whose love / hate fascination for the synthetic world, while inspiring most of her lyrics, has also contributed to the disillusionment and illness that's kept her out of the picture for far too long.

Of all the most acclaimed bands to emerge from the thin end of The Wave, X-Ray Spex are one of the least derivative. They're just a high-speed heavy rock band, lucky enough to be fronted by the only New Wave upstart actually to have crossed the borders into mass media acceptance.

It's fairly obvious why she makes it when other contenders don't. She isn't aggressive, she isn't provocative, you couldn't even call her bizarre. If anything, she's just exaggeratedly normal, and hits the spot with an unlikely balance of perverse charm, vulnerability, and a kind of chubby, adolescent vigour; qualities which, together with an exceptional song-writing talent, have produced a debut album that's a firecracker — but a live act that's decidedly second-rate.

On stage, decked out in an oversized regimental jacket and cockeyed peaked cap, she looked like a refugee from some fancy - dress - and - jellies - type primary school hop. She also looked far from happy with the crushed mob up front, showing blatant signs of distress between sporadic (and very forced) flashes of that legendary tooth brace.

The band, staring blankly at their silent monitors, launched into lumpy retreads of "Art-I-Ficial", "Obsessed With You" and "Warrior In Woolworths", while Poly footsied about awkwardly, and wailed down the mike in dismal tones.

"She doesn't exactly *sing*", observed a voice on my left. Someone reassured him that "she's not supposed to."

You can stuff that, as she does and she is, although, off the record she doesn't always manage it too well, reason being that the band have about ten times her confidence, strength and control. On numbers like "I Can't Do Anything" the power, expression, and plain accuracy of Rudi Thomson's rivetting sax lines drowned out the vocals every time.

Twice they got it dead right. "Dayglo" — her haywire, piercing vocals clearly outlined against a sparse, toned-down backdrop, and "Bondage", when she'd finally adjusted to the pace, the place and the people, moving from screech to ecstacy.

But only twice. Mostly, the arrangements are too well defined, and she contributes zero to the music, just dangling from invisible wires to fill an empty space on stage. A strange paradox — as without her the band would be nowhere.

The more precise the image — the more impact, the less mileage.

I suspect there's no through road past hermetic visions from a lone star siren of the neurotic Sacred Heart.

Where to now, I wonder?

Mark Ellen

The Red Crayola Cabaret Voltaire prag VEC Scritti Politti

Acklam Hall

An apt curtain on recent patchy and prickly Alternative Variety nights (church vaults to caves!), the Acklam Hall community centre played host to four unsteady, unusual groups.

For the trio Cabaret Voltaire it was the last in a line of London gigs (my third as spectator, but first as your guide!).

Thankfully, they've dropped the tapes of West German speech and the names of Red Army Faction terrorist martyrs — obviously now aiming less (or more obliquely) for the particularly pat and impressionistic ideological image — or *"statement"* according to them. At the moment they only hint at potential. They are a reassuringly colourless, frigid English dub-pop group, bitty droll, diffidently "different"; brussel sprouts to XTC's sweet corn — drone to zililing — surface value either way, a lot of tint and little context (this is Pop?). The "Mussolini Headkick"? Camp concentration, or what?

Scritti Politti played out their first gig in a maze of nervousness without a proper set.

Not properly consulted (they claim) over their billing and not properly prepared themselves, they asked the audience to regard their appearance as an "open rehearsal". They won sympathetic respect and three offers of support slots on projected national tours.

Highly strung but low-key is an appropriate description of both Scritti Politti and Red Crayola.

The Crayola duo slipped on discreetly after an interval about as long as Politti's 15 minute set.

The present Red Crayola make shocking, obedient, dynamic use of what seems like a limited range of possibilities.

Drummer Jesse Chamberlain puts a hard heart weight, a rash pivot into his work from a rock direction, but he also pulls certain beats, times, and tones *away* from the kit: a jazzy decisivness, the deft restraint of someone like Jack De Johnette, the implosive dexterity of John Stevens — a frowning, imprisoned pulse.

With this Mayo Thompson gulps, shutters and shatters parallel lines with his rigid obtuse guitar. Music like jazz, it's a positive discourse, up and down and across. Watch Red Crayola influence people (I've already seen it).

From dialogue to . . . chat?

VEC must be careful, they're in danger of throwing too many words either away or just *at* people. Like The Fall, they're headed towards a jumbled, morally complacent unorthodoxy which doesn't do them justice.

They continue to 'improve', but are unsure of *what* they're improving toward. Singer Sue Grogan and guitarist John Studholme present a tangible, visible relationship, but beyond that? A lapsed friction? Bass and drums at present are loose and indistinct; which is as unconsciously neurotic as technical perfection, and just as off-putting.

Like The Fall's Mark Smith, Grogan is an intrinsic mockery of onstage pretty pictures and pandering.

But all I hear is *talk* . . . They'll be stuck (the words *and* the group) on a crumby short circuit if something doesn't rouse them.

It was a night of spirit rather than substance; activity rather than accomplishment: a night for gestures and join-the-dots.

Ian Penman

Merger

Sheffield

Why is it, I wondered while watching Merger, only the *white* folk are dancing? *Man cool* or what?

The only reason can be one of . . . ah . . . relative discernment.

And that's quite heartening, 'cos I didn't reckon much to Merger either.

True, they're preferable to Reggae Regular (though that's not saying much) and they did start quite strongly with "African Lady" and "Ghetto Child". But from then on they became overwhelmingly ordinary, eased only by sporadic flashes of brilliance from percussionist Far, a man with a sense of rhythm as bountiful as his hair is long.

The rhythm section of Don Guma (bass) and Tony Ossei (drums) presented a typically solid and safe foundation. But things only sparked when the latter's rimshot and hi-hat staples were chopped. Michael Ossei's electric piano work was adequate if not exceptional; and he's put to better use providing synthi-string tints and textures for their more romantically-inclined material.

Andy Gill

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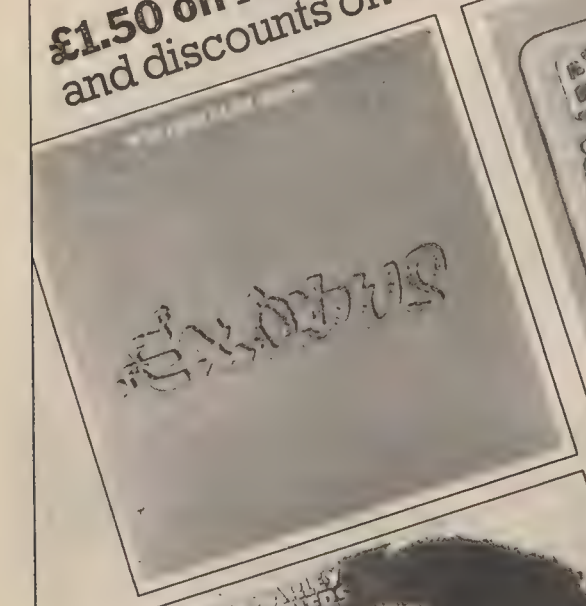

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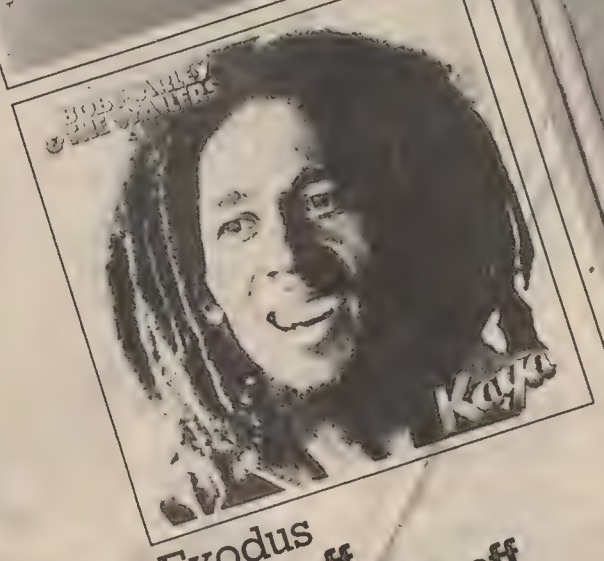

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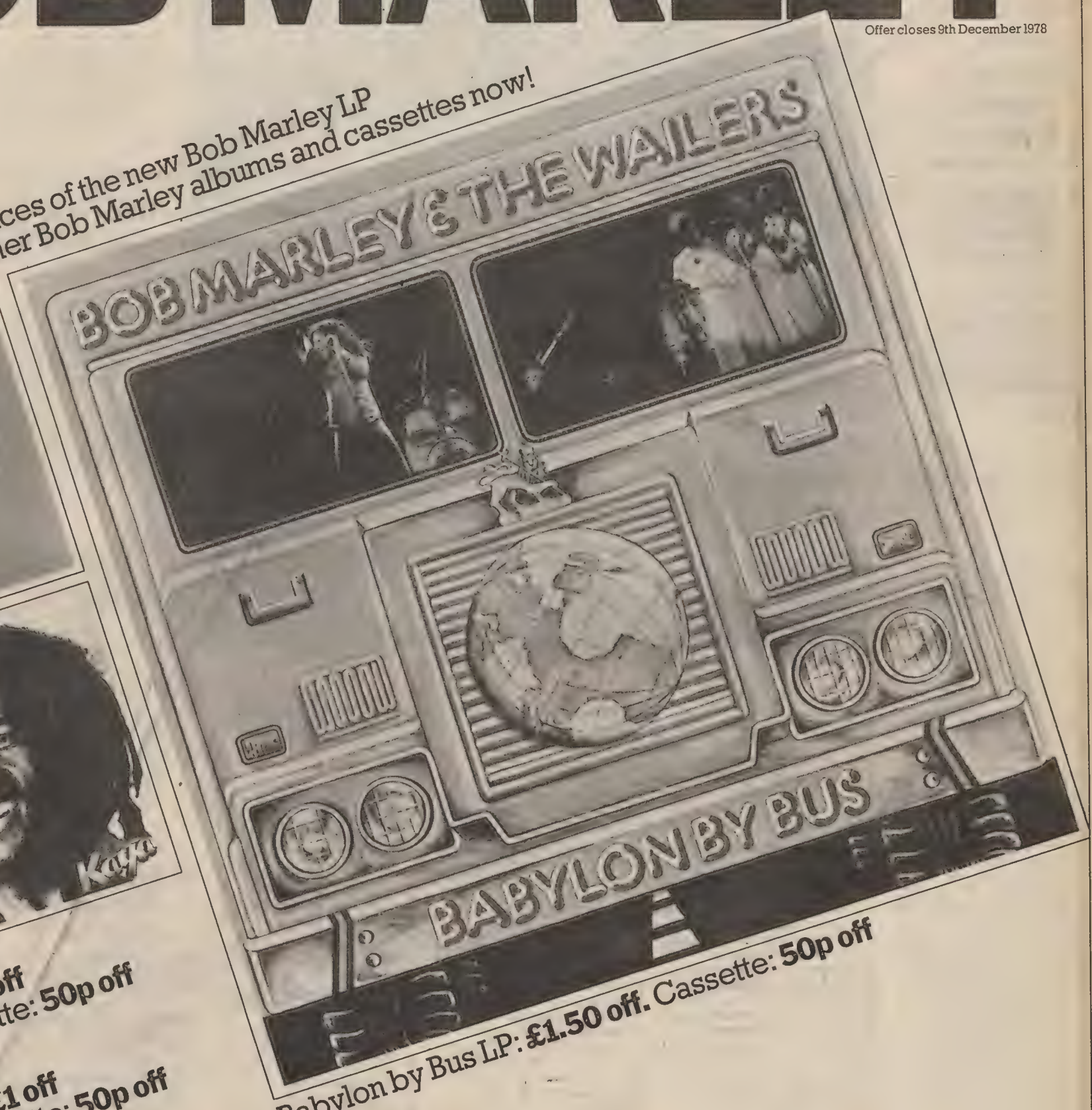

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Denis O'Regan

Cars' Ocasek. He metamorphosed

Hopelessly Devoto . . .

Magazine

The Venue

"Feed The Enemy" concluded (plane-crash on the frontier, ghouls and border-guards gather), Howard Devoto intones a solemn warning: "Don't let this heavy brown descend all over you," he says. "It's been killing a lot of people recently."

Come again? (On reflection I think it was a reference to goings-on in Guyana). No, communication is not this fellow's strongpoint. The gnomic utterance, the cryptic quip, these are his stock in trade. A Pith Artist, in fact; brainbox credibility won through a judicious mix of pregnant pauses and off-the-head haircut.

But let's not dwell on all that, for the only flaw in Magazine's otherwise enviable career has been the vast and intense attention expended upon the frontman's taste for riddling pseudery/New Age intellectuality (delete as inexplicable), when the group's true worth so clearly lies in their awesome abilities as a musical unit. I like them a lot, Devoto included, but a little de-mystifying rarely comes amiss.

Their sound is cold and strong, and seems to bristle with ominous potential — reminding you of "magazine's" other definition: a store of explosives.

Often dominant is the nervy treble of Dave Formula's keyboards, though equally useful is guitarist John McGeoch (fetching in a fringe six sizes too big for his face) and Barry Adamson's no-nonsensical bass runs supply a creditably firm support. Somewhere up behind an expansive range of drums Jon Spencer is acquitting himself with honours.

I think the point's worth enphasising: only in the context of a superb group like Magazine can Howard afford to indulge himself without dragging songs down into a morass pf pretension. Fortunately, as your mind starts wandering from his grandiose and opaque lyricism, there's plenty to keep it occupied.

"Burst" is monumental; epic and repetitive. "My Tulpa" likewise, slow and subliminally militaristic. Immodestly titled, "The Light Pours Out Of Me" is constructed around, of all things, Gary Glitter's "Rock And Roll".

Of course the fact remains that Howard Devoto is, for most people, the essence of Magazine. His dry and bitter vocals curl and climb about the music, without an authority to match his stage-presence but effective enough. Charisma's the thing, the classically-sculptured features animated by the ghost of a mocking smile. Funnily enough, he still reminds me of a giant wasp.

"Boredom" is a rapturously-received blast from Howard's Buzzcockian past whilst "Back To Nature" is one of the set's innovations. "Dance-on-the-tables-time" he announces in less-than-rousing tones, any old irony, and it's into the ponderous 3/4 of "Great Beautician In The Sky", lurching forward with all the brutal jollity of a teutonic drinking-song. As expected, it's the glorious, glamorous "Shot By Both Sides" that closes.

This year has produced an embarrassment of riches, and Magazine shine amonst the best and brightest. Sing it, Olivia — Hopelessly Devoto to you.

Paul Du Noyer

The Cars

Lyceum

The Cars took the stage to a backing tape of revving engines, the principal mode of presentation for this Boston-based five piece. The house was packed, mainly with media-linked personnel. Where were the thousands of punters who put the single "Best Friend's Girl" in the charts? Amidst mutterings that WEA have pulled a gigantic marketing scam on their latest hot proteges the absence of atmosphere and rooting hordes of converts indicated that a touch of suspicion was in order.

C'mon Cars, entertain me.

In the event the band turned in clean, exact definitions of their debut recording while presenting a front completely devoid of emotion or personality. Elements like rapport, surprise and honest excitement are as vital to the mood of a concert as Pavlovian applause.

Maybe it's deliberate that leader Ric Ocasek eschews communication with the fans (y'know the ones who paid to get in) but ultimately The Cars come over as a very awkward outfit. Their imagination, given full saturation on the album, stops short in a live setting. The sum of the parts revolves around an admittedly-quirky sound barrage, but leaves no room for manipulation of ingredients.

"Good Times Roll" was promising. Throughout the evening drummer David Robinson provided a heavy, fluid simplicity, though at times I sensed his emasculation by the overall effect, mostly a highly-evolved playing-by-numbers. To obtain their mix of painfully self-conscious modernity Ocasek's repertoire borrows liberally from hidden sources but loses originality in the restatements.

Bassist Benjamin Orr splits lead vocal duties with Ocasek. At times he lends a menacing prettiness to the obscurely weighted arrangements. The hooks range through "Can't Explain" revisited riffs and subway glamour on "Bye Bye Love" a rock star pose whichever way you turned it up.

Strangely though The Cars lack a substantial solo voice and they ain't so hot on the rhythms. Osasek skulked behind his shades and seemed to be protecting his rhythm guitar in the same way. It was humourless, matter-of-fact, the thin line between Velvet Underground and Talking Heads but lacking the free spirit of both.

Even the single, which sounds fine on the radio, came over like bitter candy floss, nothing humane to latch a perception to, no grey area between flesh and vinyl to warrant a night in a club. The transition through "Moving In Stereo" and "All Mixed Up" was successful music and Orr's performance on their best song "Just What I Needed" was momentarily sexy pop but these enduring fragments were soon dissipated by pure head banging. So the new numbers "Take What You Want" and the encores "Candy-O" and "Hotel Queenie" emerged as second rate heavy metal, technical, precocious, as stultified as E.L.P. in their way except that I wasn't laughing. Guitarist Elliott Easton put in some work rate but didn't make it pay. Ocasek eventually metamorphosed into a cardboard dummy. Minimalist? Well, Orr later told us that "We've played three shows in Europe so far and this has been the best."

Then again enough people have nice positive things to say about The Cars to make me wonder if it isn't a case of simple incompatibility. Them and me, we didn't get on. I made the effort, they played three encores.

Max Bell

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some of the greatest bands want
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INSTANT REPLAY

INSTANT REACTION

LOOK BACK TO '72

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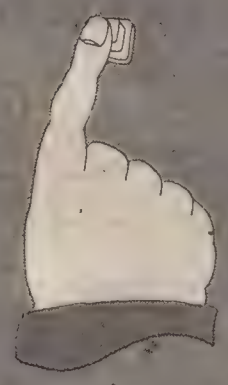
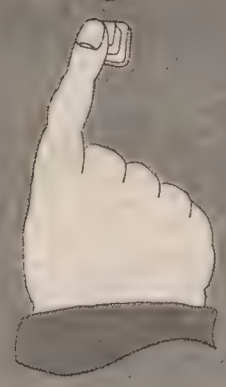


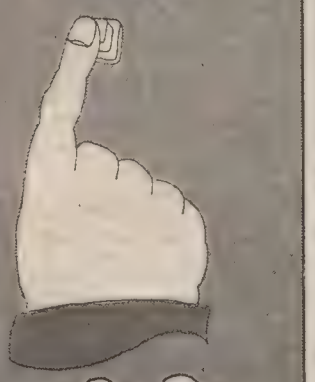
FLICK FORWARD TO '78

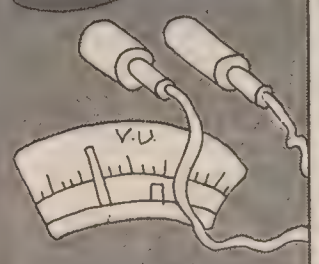
AND YOU SEE DAN HARTMAN RIDING HIGH AGAIN WITH A SINGLE HE WROTE, PRODUCED, ARRANGED AND PERFORMED HIMSELF. 'INSTANT REPLAY', ONE OF THE YEARS MOST IRRESISTIBLE SONGS.



NOW COMES DAN HARTMAN'S 'INSTANT REPLAY' ALBUM.

SEVEN TRACKS IN ALL, BRIGHT AND HARD AS A DIAMOND, TOUCHED WITH THE MUSCLE THAT'S ALWAYS PUT DAN HARTMAN IN A CLASS OF HIS OWN.





NEW ALBUM

DAN HARTMAN

'Instant Replay'
SKY 83265
Record & Cassette

Only he can make me smile (again and again)

The David Johansen Band

The Venue

A big date this, fight fans, and one which no self-respecting ex-glam rocker like myself could miss out on.

But first, two pointed questions: could David Johansen and his new-found cronies follow through the cherished memories that his previous unit, The New York Dolls, had left behind and which four long years have turned into the stuff of 'true rock legend'? More pointed, could this Johansen band improve on that last bout with fame and fortune and, with integrity intact, succeed where the Dolls failed?

Some facts need stating here concerning the New York Dolls because their importance in regard to affairs in this subsequent half of the decade will doubtless have blinded many who weren't around as to their "true worth".

The Dolls may well have been "ahead of their time" and all that other corn that gets schpieled out in retrospective these days but the fact remains that for all their undeniable style and "vim", the Dolls were a stilted corporate — often a bedazzlingly fine club band who never quite cut it when they transferred their attentions to "halls".

Indeed, the larger the hall, the worse the band sounded and *that*, as much as any other consideration, was primarily responsible for crippling their activities back in the glory days of '73 and '74.

Now all this malarky about the Dolls wouldn't be worth even that obligatory trot-out, were it not for the fact that David Johansen, the Dolls' leader and easily their most professional member in terms of onstage requirements, has learned from his previous short-comings.

Johansen's show at The Venue was as invigorating a gig as any I've seen in this year of Dylan and Co., not merely packing the full punch of the Dolls at their lascivious best but also improving on previous displays by dint of a new-found urgency and professionalism that the whole band — a faceless bunch on vinyl but nothing of the sort when trouncing the boards with their mentor — positively osmosed.

The "new-look" Johansen made himself most evident from the first moment he stalked out in the darkness to check out his audience as the band dutifully tuned up. Gone were the glam-rags, the primping high-heels and silly halter tops, the bouffant of hair surrounding the Jaggeresque facial contours. In their place, Johansen simply dressed down for the occasion and liberated in the process a face and physique that once bore such a resemblance to the lead Stone but now looked nothing more nor less than totally the property of its owner.

More to the point, this stripping away of former embellishments has given Johansen the chance to dip into comedy; those big lips and the Frankenstein forehead — in fact, his whole face looked like it was made out of "Play-Do" — were twisted constantly for full visual impact. As a result, Johansen looked at once ridiculous — somewhere betwixt a punch-drunk boxer and a white boy Louis Armstrong-clone — and perfect. Indeed, I've not seen a more visually "varied" and forceful figure on a rock stage since Iggy Pop's "rubber legs" days. Equally important here was the presence of that other Dolls-original, Sylvain Sylvain, who played Andy to Johansen's Amos throughout the show when he wasn't acting as musical conductor or all-important link-man

Bethnal

Leeds

Bethnal's crash-landing at Leeds, witnessed by a mere couple of hundred ghoul punters, signified the introduction of make-your-mind-up-time for those among us still spoilt for choice in the post punk/new wave sieve. And not surprisingly, the new fans were as pleased as those of the heavy metal persuasion to stumble upon a band which possesses the best basic elements of both genres. Ultimately, it was unnecessary for either faction to know whether Bethnal jumped on the bandwagon, or were pushed.

The band's essential merit rests with their instrumental expertise, and in the fact that, even if their music is none too original, then at least the faces are young, and the angle fresh. "Crash Landing", a rousing way to start a concert if ever there was one, was all it really took to identify Bethnal's zonal status: an impressive re-working of die-hard heavy metal influences. The number was readily endorsed through the headbanging prowess of the itinerant longhairs who seemed to symbolise the blowing of the band's categorisation gaff.

"Soldier Boy", for instance, is as Purple as you can get without stooping to cover versions — this specific number having all the ingredients of "Fireball", just as the ripped-off riffs of "Lady Love", "Summer Wine" and "I Gotta Go" cannot help but remind you of other songs from heavy rock's aesthetic heyday, circa '70. Csapo's frenzied and often very lengthy violin excursions take you through David Laflamme, Jerry Goodman, Dave Arbus and Bartok, but they always work: even the committed punk resisted the urge to nudge his neighbour.

But, irrelevant multi-racial analyses aside, Bethnal's New Deal is as fine to watch as it is to hear. Bassist and co-composer Everton Williams, resplendent in survival kit and sawn-off dreadlocks, moves it around some, throwing in the quasi-Foxton leaps, vying positions with Csapo and often stealing the visuals from the ostensible chief. And the cute Nick Michaels, playing some sterling — if self-conscious — lead, had time to look around and seemingly acknowledge isolated converts, continually switching from Gibson to Fender and back, while Csapo

between the band itself and Johansen.

As for the band — well, they were good — very good at times, well up to that all-important point where they easily transcended the awful sound of the Venue while their visual uniformity, all square-jawed Italo-American mugs with names like Frankie La Rocka or Johnny Raio to go with the one-dimensional image, replete with yer archetypal Keith Richards clone in one Thomas Transk (a truly uncanny resemblance at that) made for a strong back-line. As musicians they deliver too — with a great drummer, strong bass-player and two, sometimes three guitars, which blend well together.

Pacing, too, was of primary concern to Johansen and his cronies, with "Cool Metro" opening proceedings and taking on a personality infinitely more dynamic than its vinyl archetype. A giddy drive into "Lookin' For A Kiss" provided instant Dolls nostalgia but with a purposeful kick going for it that the original interpretation never quite gauged. The band work at a solid third gear — mostly through a selection from the first D.J. album, allowing for the odd tempo shift a la "Donna" — until surprise, surprise, a flat-out surprisingly full-sounding rendition of The Four Tops' "Reach Out — I'll Be There" moves the stick-shift into proverbial four-wheel drive.

Johansen dives into the crowded pit to bark out the extended chorus and, at an apt half-way house for the set's timing, finally wins over the audience.

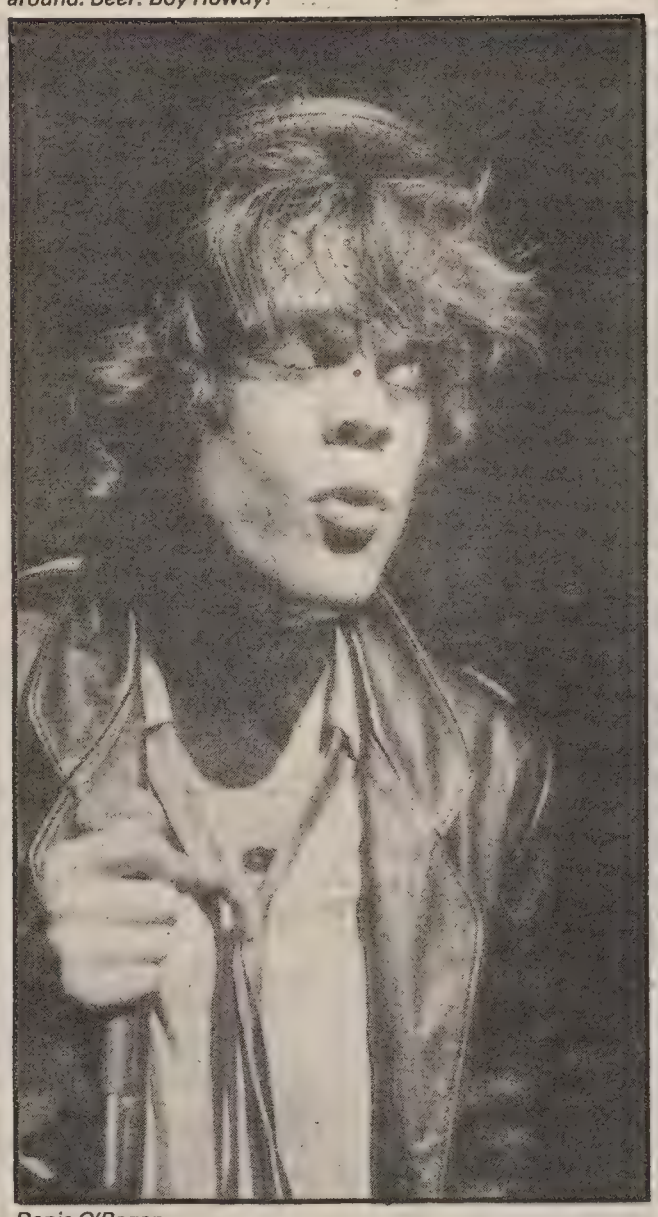
Then he takes them through a fizzing "Reckless Crazy" (quoted as "a new song", the number, as yet unrecorded, in fact dates from the N.Y. Dolls' McLaren era), into Johansen's antidote for "intellectual starvation" disguised as his best-ever composition to date — "Frenchette" (pre-empted by a verse from Sandie Shaw's "Girl Don't Come") again building on an epic climax, and washes it all down at the terminus point with a furiously-paced "Girls".

A graphically re-arranged "Personality Crisis" makes for the second N.Y. Dolls number in the set and one long, feisty encore.

Conclusions are only too easy to arrive at after the gig is over, the primary one being that finally, new wave or no new wave, Johansen will nonetheless break into the big league this time around.

Nick Kent

Johansen samples Yorkie bar, tastes success this time around. Beer: Boy Howdy!



Denis O'Regan

Tea break's over, Dill — back on your head

Dillinger
Clint Eastwood

Rainbow

Spend one night in a Rainbow and see a once-mighty Jamaican deejay toaster reduced to nothing more than a pandering puppet.

Lester "Dillinger" Bullocks' second visit to English shores this year manifested itself in a shabbily dressed evening of tried and trusted showbiz mitzpah.

Dillinger today is The Talkover Artist As Superdude myth — at first just a sign of healthy and colourful competition between rival reggae sound systems — gone totally over the top.

An eternal trail of "Let's hear it one more time for . . ." raps from the toaster's effusive stooge gave the evening the flavour of a school prize-giving ceremony, while the stream of Roots Rock Rastafarian cliches that flowed forth from the mightymouth himself were just too numbing by half.

Trumping around the stage like Nellie The Elephant in a red, green and gold three-piece suit and titfer, as his stooge dished out the publicity postcards, the star of '76 cuts a pathetic figure, still riding on the waning crest of a two-year-old hit.

That hit, "Cokane In My Brain", complete with its heist of the People's Choice "Do It Anyway You Wanna" riff, was duly saved for the first of two encores.

Earlier on, old favourites from "CB 200" to "Natty BSc" had shown that the man could still entertain for the odd, fleeting moment, although he evidently has very little new to offer, as he testified with "Out The Light" (. . . "and gimme what you gimme last night"). Yes, the all-too-predictable face of Rasta sexism. Natty mek like a Judge Dread.

Never minding the Bullocks, however, there were a few crumbs of comfort to be had from the show.

The playing of Freedon Fighters — a five-man back up band introduced by the stooge as "mighty Dillinger's personal Idren", no less — was uniformly excellent, the work of one Fatman on keyboards particularly blissful, although they could do better than the twee "Smile For Reggae Music" for their own short star spot.

But for me, the show was stolen by animated teenage toaster Clint Eastwood, sadly allotted the time to roll his R's and shake his ass for only four numbers in a brief warm-up slot.

The enthusiastic and spontaneous reception that met Eastwood's surprise appearance on stage — in marked contrast to the embarrassing staged applause for Dillinger — was proof indeed of the lad's ascending rank among the JA deejays.

Young Clint also joined Dillinger onstage for the seond of his encores, but what could have been a revealing battle of the banter never developed as the old campaigner kept the hallowed limelight to himself, with Eastwood relegated to ineffectual backing vocals.

A deejay jamboree? This event fell short of the sentiments promised in its opening song.

Adrian Thrills

stuck with the Strat.

Bands like Bethnal are pushovers for cynics, but these guys do not deserve to be slagged unless/until the pretensions of their "message" take over from the integrity of their music. Until that time, let's be fair, and recognise that Bethnal's current metier — breaking the bigotry barriers — could prove to be a lot more important than seems possible right now.

Emma Ruth

Everton Williams

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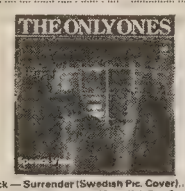

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Dolly in the danger zone

DOLLY PARTON. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Dolly Parton

Hammersmith Odeon

At my last Dolly Parton gig, some 18 months ago, I felt a positive youngster. The audience were all cowgirls and rhinestone cowboys, mostly over 30. This time round Dolly had attempted to broaden her appeal and reach the lucrative country-rock market. So the old cow-pokes were mingling with the hip young lovers of laid back muzak.

As a rock fan, I find the civilised, polite atmosphere of a C&W concert unnerving. In return for their money, the audience passively sit there and let the band contribute 95% of the energy to make the gig take off. "The resignation that living brings" indeed. Dolly Parton has not yet been able to break out of this tradition.

From the moment the curtain rose it was clear that we were in for a unhappy wedding of C & W and rock. The 8-piece band opened up with Jackie Wilson's "Higher And Higher". It had little or nothing to do with r'n b, as the band came on like a Las Vegas nightclub house-band. All smart but oh-so-casual suits with a few palm leaves lurking amongst the equipment to give it that decorous look.

Only Dolly's class saved this song. Above the stage the purple neon "Dolly" logo flashed on and some respectability was restored. Dressed in her rainbow-hued coat she pranced on to the stage to carry the show almost single-handed. But too often her newer songs were glossy, flash and superficial. After the gems she has written, a mediocre song like "Cross Your Mind" was a sickening disappointment.

Whenever rock numbers were attempted the result was laughable. "Baby I'm Burning" wouldn't run the Beagles close, let alone the Queen of the Silver Dollar, Emmylou Harris. Dolly will have to get a band as sharp as the Hot Band if *good* country-rock is her aim.

The high point of the set was the encore of "Down from Dover" and "Where Beauty Lies In Memory". They told the tale of an unmarried girl who loses her child as she waits for her beau to "come down from Dover". The disgust of the bible-beating southern community turns her head, and she dies 40 years later, a person wrecked by the narrow minded, hypocritical mores of a closed community.

The sparse accompaniment and Dolly's voice told the tale well. If she can stick to echoing the life and times of the mountains of Tennessee, and leave country-rock yawnings to those who can do nothing else, she will remain an important artist. Else it's the LA doze-rock scrap heap and I'd weep into my bourbon for a long time if that happened.

Michael J Pritchard

The Boyfriends

Sheffield

Totley Teachers Training College stuck out on the edge of Derbyshire gives The Boyfriends' gig there the atmosphere of a village hop, and it suits the group's revivalist intentions better than a large hall would.

As I arrive, they're part-way through "Waterloo Sunset" with a few of the sparse audience imitating the dancing style of an era they can't even have experienced; then it's straight through "All Or Nothing", "Paper Sun", "Paint It Black", "Gimme Some Lovin'", "Have I The Right" and a dire "Nut Rocker".

I can't see the point in all this. Doubtless someone will tell me it's *fun* and nothing more, but I reckon I can recognise fun and it evaded me tonight.

For those old enough to remember the originals The Boyfriends' grab-bag of 60s icons offends the memory. *No-one* should believe that the combo's sluggish plough through "Paper Sun" is an accurate representation of The Lost Decade.

Apart from a predictable "Summer In The City", the second half is original material presumably intended to evoke the 60s spirit and atmosphere but it's not as wonderful as leader Pat Collier believes it to be.

And the audience — young adults doomed to semi-detached teacherhood by the look of things — resemble rent-a-party dancers in ads or made-for-TV movies. Despite the massive plugs the power-pop con-trick received (schoolgirls make good copy, right?), The Pleasers failed to make but the slighest dent in the public consciousness, and The Boyfriends will fare no better. If they don't split up, they're doomed to a village-hall and youth-club existence; which is not, I'd imagine, what Collier intended.

Still, if you fancy an evening with all the verve and vitality of the Cookability Roadshow, they could be just what you're looking for. Careful with that milk, Noel.

Andy Gill

The Vip's

Wheatsheaf

Nobody's Powerpop any more. Coined and then discredited within a bare six months (the re-beat boom that wasn't), who'll admit membership now?

Typified by gutless outfits of zero imagination, Powerpop feigned alignment with the tougher creative upsurge of '78 yet kept a beady eye on the main chance. A few smarmy go-getters came unstuck this year: they opted for the wrong side of the Great Schism that dates back to the divergent paths chosen by The Beatles (suits) and The Stones (sneers) in '63.

What do we say, therefore, about The VIP's? They persist in playing it blatantly 60s, but they make music which quite simply is fresher (if not more innovative) than almost anything else around.

There's only one answer, of course: enjoy. Good pop doesn't need justifying, and this I like a lot.

Young and confident, they're well summed up in the titles, "Do You Want To Dance", "Let's Dance" and Bolan's "We Love To Boogie" comprise the non-originals; the rest display pre-'65 preoccupations with the first and second persons singular ("I Want You", "I Just Can't Let You Go") and eternal teenage triangles ("She Is There", "Causing Complications").

For example: *"A Summer With You / Ain't like a summer with anyone / 'Cos a summer with anyone / Ain't like a summer With You"*.

Could Kierkegaard have put it better?

Not that I've anything against philosophy, but folks who look for light 'n' guidance from rock'n'roll are doing just what dogs do up trees (barking up wrong ones, I mean).

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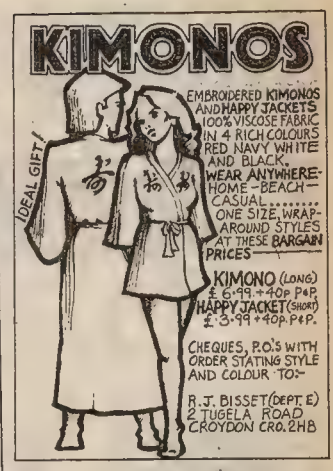
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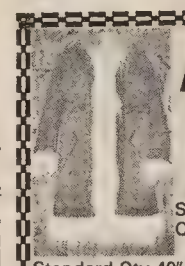
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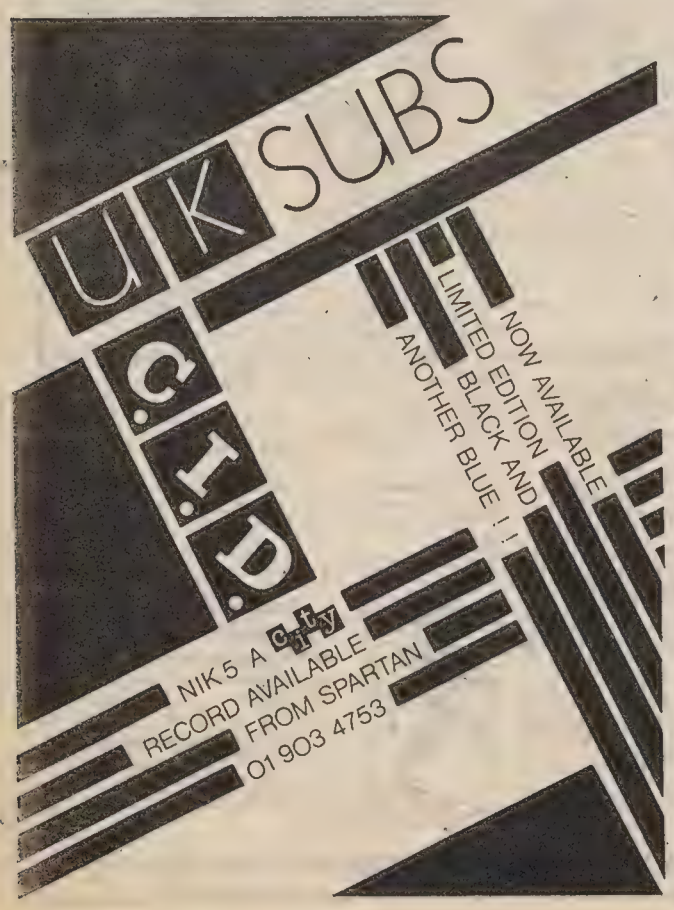

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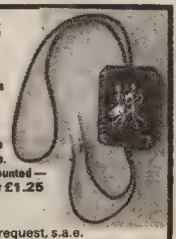
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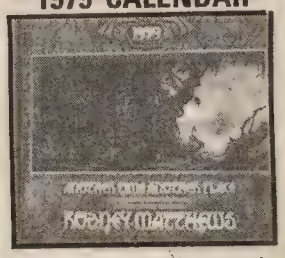
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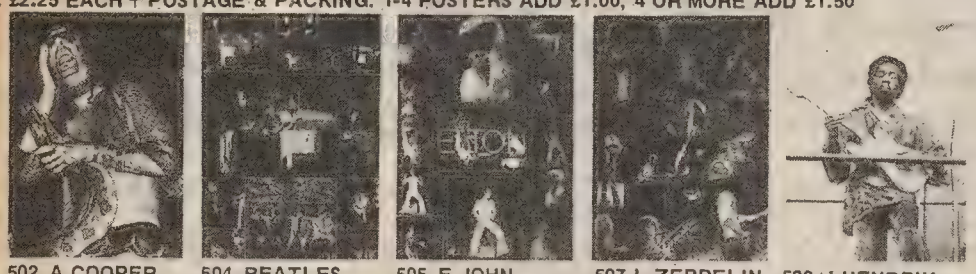

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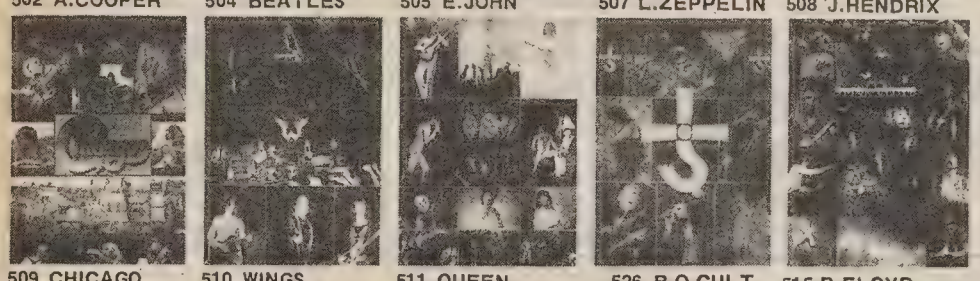

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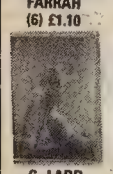

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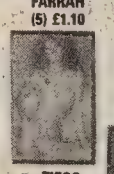

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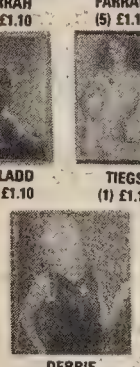

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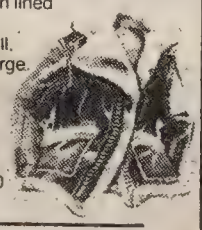

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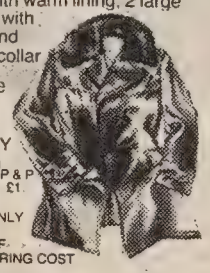

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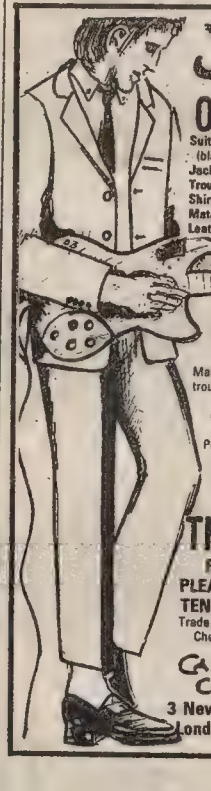

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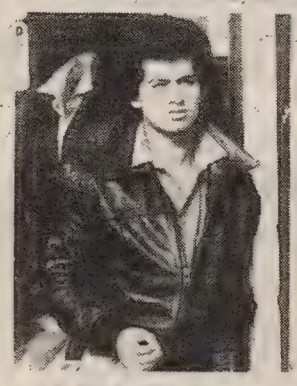

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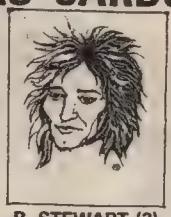

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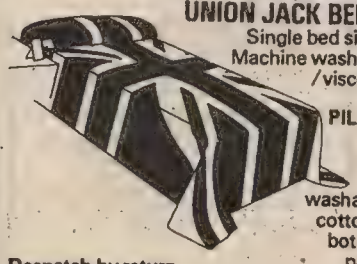

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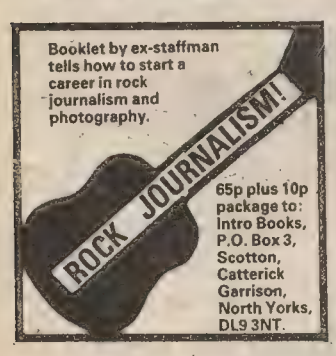

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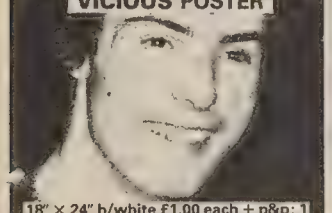

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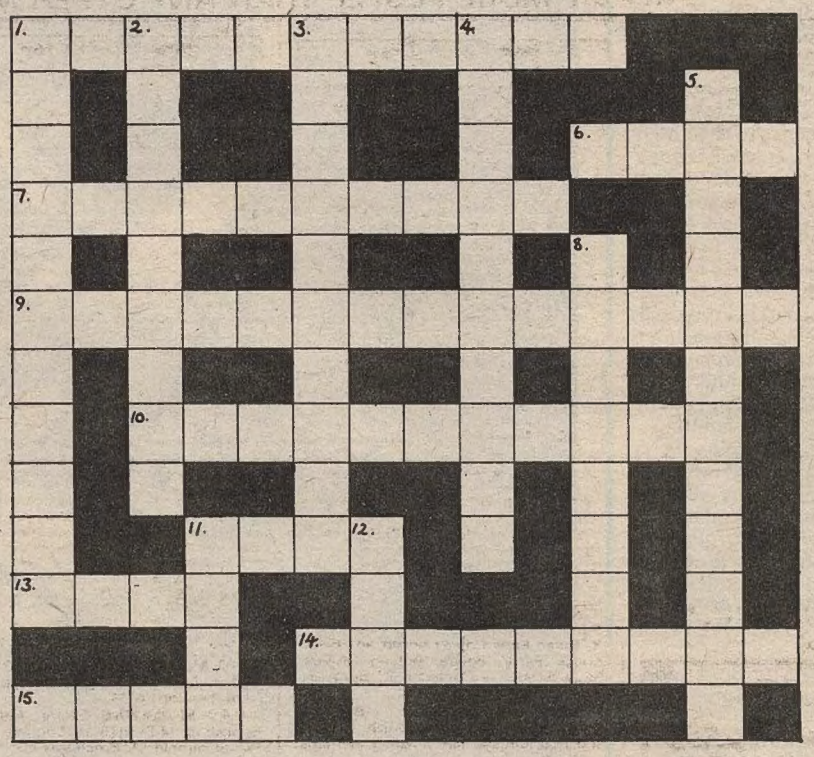

ACROSS

1 Port only lad (anagram 5,6)
6 Colour of a Joni Mitchell album
7 Grizzled rock'n'roll survivor, he's attempting a comeback after falling out with his band (4,6)
9 One of S. Dan's Greatest Hits — 'ang on, S. Dan's *only* hit (7,7)
10 Dan 'Instant Replay' Hartman used to be a member of his group, playing on the platinum-selling album "They Only Come Out At Night" (5,6)
11 First half of "That's Life" popular music combo
13 Successful '60s beat group whose ranks included Roy Wood and Carl Wayne
14 The bassist in black, of "Boris The Spider" and Rigor Mortis etc.
15 Pink or Eddie

DOWN

1 & 11 down On which the Footlose One goes disco, while requesting a vote of confidence in his physical attraction! (2,2,5,2,4)
2 Buzzcocks, meanwhile, have no need to ask — sounds like they're covered in tell-tale marks. Wear Polo necks, boys . . . (4,5)
3 Roxy oldie — Johnny Fingers favourite toon?!
4 "Foxhole" was their swansong . . . switch off, closedown. It's the test card only from now on!
5 Strangler in the mac (4,8)
8 West of England punks back in production again after end of Fords strike!
11 See 1 down
12 Willy's favourite fur

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 All Mod Cons; 6 Inner Secrets; 9 Grammy; 10 Roger; 11 (Eric) Clapton; 12 Aladdin Sane; 13 Genesis; 14 Joni (Mitchell); 15 Rita (Coolidge); 16 Ike (Turner); 17 Holland; 18 ELP.

DOWN: 1 A Single Man; 2 Linda McCartney; 3 Dusty Springfield; 4 Sue; 5 CBS; 7 Carlos Santana; 8 Teenage Kicks; 14 Julie.

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DENIS O'REGAN

RE STYLES brings the whip down

BAG LASH!

The pop idols of today caught with their metaphorical trousers down in a fickle crossfire of recriminations and complaints. It's time to clean up *your* act.

DEAR brothers and sisters, *NME* (Nov 11) produced a feature that completely distorted the aims of the new RASAR (Rock Against Sectarianism And Repression) organisation in Belfast.

Perhaps *NME* would like to see this group develop along the lines of their own interpretation of what goes on in Northern Ireland. They produced a badge above the article, saying "Rock Against Terrorism". The article by Gavin Martin didn't mention "Terrorism". *NME* obviously gives us the name they want us to use. The title was *Irish Rock Fights For Peace* — but whose terrorism and whose peace is *NME* talking about?

Is it the terror of getting your brains kicked out in an RUC cell, or the terror of being locked away without a trial, or being forced to live in you own diahorroea in Long Kesh, or the terror of having guns trained on your every move by Brits and Cops as you walk the streets of Belfast?

Or is it the terror of people defending their rights to live?

Is it the moronic peace of the now-departed Peace People, who got their Nobel Prizes for services rendered to the British Government and left us to live in the deepening shit of repression?

Or is it the peace of a just society where people can live and work together without having guns pointed at their heads by thugs in uniform?

As for the article by Gavin Martin, he pointed out a lot of other nasty things that go on in this little police state. He uses the word sectarianism, which we have in the title of RASAR. Unfortunately it's a word used by a lot of fur-coated politicians and Peace People — the people who produce sectarianism and have the kids of Northern Ireland tearing each other apart.

No. We're not rocking for Peace or Rocking Against Terrorism, not the way the English press would like to see us rock. We're rocking for survival, rocking to mobilise ourselves, rocking against State and Church repression, rocking against the sectarianism that makes us afraid of each other. On this understanding, we hope that Rock Against Racism and other friends in Britain will give us their help.

HENRY, RASAR, Box 101, 7 Winetavern St., Belfast 1.

Gavin Martin's article *Irish Rock Fights For Peace* in *NME* (Nov 11) implied that RASAR has encountered direct opposition from Terri Hooley and the Good Vibrations label.

Terri Hooley does not *control* the Harp Bar's weekend 'punk workshop' — it is run by a committee. The attitude of Good Vibrations is that RASAR are free to organise whatever they like while Good Vibrations is entitled to maintain its independence. Terri Hooley and Good Vibrations might sympathise with the concerns of RASAR but know only too well the dangers of political labels in a Northern Ireland context.

Terri Hooley has worked steadily in Belfast over the past fifteen years on various schemes to provide alternatives to the hatred and divisiveness in this part of the world. Who are these people who suddenly appear from the shadows to jump on the bandwagon of someone else's effort and success, to use it as a platform for their banner-waving and sloganeering? Northern Ireland has had quite a bit of banner-waving and sloganeering which it could well have done without.

Beware the dangers, RASAR! Politicising can so easily be manipulated or misinterpreted in Northern Ireland's tightrope situation. A banner-waving campaign recklessly handled could backfire and cause needless problems, division and retrogression.

The members of RASAR may have flats to go to in the cosy university area of town, but the kids who go to the Harp Bar and the members of the bands who play there are living in and travelling in and out of much riskier areas of town — while RASAR remain the nameless generals putting the bands and Terri Hooley in the front line.

JOHN CARSON (associate of Good Vibrations).

Apologies to RASAR for the fabricated badge, though it was actually intended to refer to terrorism of all factions. Even so, the underlying aggro of RASAR's stance, as expressed in Henry's letter, disturbs this liberal peacenik at least. As for Gavin — who is doing a good job for *NME* in a complex situation — and Good Vibes, hopefully his follow-up item (Nov 18) cleared the air — Phil McNeill, Thrills Editor.

Picture the scene, gentle reader. Tis the A&R office of a major phonographic record concern. At the desk sits an A&R man in a digital watch and matching calculator (showing exchange rates). Lounging nervously against the secretary stands a Potential Star (our hero), in hip FU's drainpipes and Top Shop tie.

A&R Man: Well, kid, we love your music, and we think you could be big. Very big. But, well . . . *GLANCES AROUND PARANOICALLY, LEANS FORWARD.* . . . are there any pictures, like, from long ago, that, say, show you in levi's? or . . . or long hair? I mean, are you now, or have you ever been a hippie?

Our Hero (confused): Well, I might, y'know, I might have had me hair long in '76. I might even have listened to Alice Cooper . . .

A&R Man (clutches heart, gasps): Egad! One of my blue pills, quick! Look, kid, I mean, I don't give a toss, but . . . it's Them. *(Lowering voice).* Used to say 'man', did you?

Our Hero: Jeez! I didn't expect a kind of Rock Press Inquisition!

(Clap of thunder off. Door flies open stage left and in bursts Julie Burchill dressed in a red cape and demonically fingering her long black moustache. On a lead she drags Tony Parsons, who slavers on the floor, his face grotesquely distorted into a mask of pure etcetera.)

JB: NNNNNNObody expects the Rock Press Inquisition! Our main weapons are complete unaccountability, subjective fascism, perversity for its own sake and an almost fanatical devotion to our own infallibility. You, fatso, are charged with heresy on, ooh, lots of counts. For a start, bub, your father votes Tory!

TP: Woof!

JB: Secondly, you've never had your fizzog in a quality Sunday.

TP: Yap!

JB: Most despicable of all, you probably intend to take me to lunch.

Our Hero: I promise to take a doggy bag . . .

TP: Yip, yip!

JB: Down, Tone. Okay, that's enough whimpering from you, bimbo. *(To A&R Man).* Hit him with the comfy contract, so I can really get him in my sights!

Our Hero: No, no, I'm an artiste. I got something to say.

TP: Rough!

Our Hero: What if I offered to undergo circumcision?

JB: That didn't help Murray, and he's a natch. Take him away! What do these people want? Money AND approval? *(To audience.)* If we shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended/If we stars didn't act like this, you mortals couldn't take the piss.

(Exeunt.)

BILL THE BARD.

Meanwhile we immortals just have to laugh — The Silver Surfer.

Dear Julie, I was very frightened by your review of the Banshees — not by Siouxsie, who I admit does present rather a nasty image, but by you.

I've always felt at one with your feelings about racism/sexism and being a woman. I agree with what you are against but the way you write it sounds like random spurts of venom, you sound so full of hatred in a style something akin to just the people you're against.

I agree with your disgust at that lyric, but most people will disregard that completely because of the silly rubbish you write. "Instrumentals are pretentious as shit". Your sole justification is that Chuck Berry never felt the need for them. That won't convince anybody unless you expand on this devastating statement, which no doubt you do in your book, so why not keep such tirades to that and "Screw you, Sioux" to verbal abuse? After all, you were writing a review of a record and most readers want to hear more about the actual record.

What scares me is that in your Bowie review you mention yourself, "I", six times. This time it was 26 — more I think than you mentioned Siouxsie, let alone the record which was being reviewed. How come for X-Ray Spex CSM only mentions "I" three times? Quibbling details, sure, but what's Siouxsie's supposed "Chislehurst-cimber accent" then?

I'm worried because the tone of your voice makes me remember this stupid book I once read. *W.H.A.M. (We Hate All Men),* where the women kill all men but at the end of the book one woman grows a penis. You sound as though you're growing a man's bloated ego. You talk about fascists but you sould like a megalomaniac.

This is serious, so I expect it won't be published, but I only write it because you seem to be playing into the hands of those who deride what you believe in.

FLISS, Sussex.

Speed will turn you into your parents — Frank Zappa.

Why don't Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill set up an agency to 'vet' potential stars? I, for one, would welcome the introduction of a standard moral code to be observed by *all* persons in possession of a recording contract.

EM WHITEHOUSE, Widness.

Why should rock stars have to be any different from the rest of us? — P.R.

I recently went to a Rock Against Racism gig in South London. Being from outside London, I hadn't had much contact with the organisation, but it had always had my full support. However this was changed by this gig.

The reason my friends and I went to this gig was to see the main band Eddie and the Hot Rods. We arrived in the hall just in time to see the end of the support band's act.

While the roadies were changing the stage, a film projector started up at the back of the hall, so we moved back to see what was being shown.

The film projector was showing various shots from the Grunwick pickets, National Front marches, the Notting Hill riots and the large ANL marches. These were obviously true accounts of what happened at these events, taken by a home-movie camera.

What was disturbing was the slides being shown simultaneously alongside the film. There was no verbal commentary with the film but the slides acted as one, albeit a distorted one. The slides showed shots of Martin Webster, Adolf Hitler, the Royal Family and other scenes, all with statements attached to them.

The obvious message that this film/slide sequence gave was that the National Front must be destroyed and that they should be stopped from speaking by *whatever* means possible. This is obviously wrong as *all* people have the right to speak freely, whatever their views, although they should not speak unopposed.

If the views expressed by the film are those of the RAR movement I want no part of it.

MARK ADAMS, Southsea.

Nice to see Hot Rod fans getting some sophisticated political rhetoric mixed in with their shot of rhythm'n'blues. Isn't it? — A Rock Against Robinson charter member.

Dear Ian Penman, In your review of Gregory Isaacs you exhibit an extraordinary misunderstanding of the recording and production process. Front Line Artists deliver to us finished records — in very few cases do we have any direct influence over how or where they are recorded. In the particular case of "Cool Ruler" I wonder how you Ian Penman would have reacted if Gregory Isaacs had sold the master to Deb or Third World instead of Virgin.

ECM Records exhibit consistency of production and sound because every single record is produced by Manfred Eicher — you may consider his sound bland; you may consider Cool Ruler limp (I emphatically don't); but to imply that because a record appears on the Front Line logo it is magically transformed is absurd.

SIMON DRAPER, Virgin Records.

I review reggae, Front Line or not, as it comes — and do not consciously operate an embargo on any artist or label. (Re: my over-the-top favourable reviews of Front Line Zukie and Culture records). I did not mean to suggest that FL artistes are masterminded or mixed *a la* Manfred Eicher or Joe Gibbs, just to impart the feeling that something along the Line seems to de-pressurize the music. — Ian Penman.

Is Ian Penman the missing link between Manfred Eicher and The Smurfs?

AN EXISTENTIALIST who refuses to boogie down.

I would like to complain about the review of The Smurfs' new single "Dippety Day". Yet again, it seems the *NME* staff praise a new idol of the rock scene with their first release, but with their second record the *NME* slag them off.

Yes, The Smurfs are added to the already long list of artists like Sham, Blondie and Devo, whose realistic poise in the structure of the rock world has been brought to a halt by the cruel, cruel staff of the *NME*.

"DETECTIVE-PARSON MA'AM".

And it's a luxury that's worth every penny, except two. — P.R.

Overheard whilst watching The Bishops at the Electric Ballroom.

1st Skin: "Just been down the Campden, it was crap so we came here. Any action?"

2nd Skin: "Naah! They're all watching the band.

Yours, for only £3.99.

LEMON CHOP WALTON (Sir), Totteridge, London.

It's like I always say, Lemon Chop, gigs are your best entertainment value. — P.R.

David Hedges: You can read my *NME* as long as you don't rip it to pieces.

Alison.

Letters edited by PAUL RAMBALI Hate mail to NME 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1

T-ZERS

HANDS OVER THE GOODS

"Cough, Gene!"... G. SIMMONS and P. CRISS of Kiss, the world's most mascara'd 'human beings', adjust each others clothing for the press preview of their movie, "Kiss Meets The Phantom Of The Park". Blood and guts front row review next week, kids! Can you wait that long? Pic: BOB GRUEN.

IT'S HAPPENED! **Da Ramones** have finally realised the potential for widesreen teen-dreamerama we always knew they had in them. They've made a movie! What more perfect a move for the world's most perfect pop group?

There are few details as yet, but just knowing that it's about a girl who gets expelled from high school for listening to Ramones rekkids is enough to send *T-Zers* adolescent pulse rate soaring.

The *freres* Ramone have been in Hollywood working on the film, which is almost in the can. Big brother **Tommy** has meanwhile been mixing the live double album that was to have come out earlier this year.

This will now be a soundtrack album to accompany a film of The Ramones live at the Rainbow, which will be on the circuits in the not too distant future, and has nothing to do with the aforementioned motion picture, of which more news soon we hope . . .

Arriving at the BBC to be interviewed by **Paul Gambaccini, Public Image** were a mite surprised and amused to find themselves but one soundproof studio away from unpopular form-captain and full-time toadie **Tony Blackburn,** compering his afternoon "Mandrax Special" show, and looking on with quivering lower lip. So incensed was the Chubby One that the fab top ten pop group were even on the premises, that he felt the need to pen an angry epistle of protest to Teacher (ie the Beeb) complaining that they'd been allowed to soil the premises . . .

Judging from Blackburn's remarks on BBC's *Round Table* though, he seems to actually *like* the new **Clash** single. This is thought to be the second ever lapse of taste in what has been an amazingly long and tedious career. The first was when he made **Todd Rundgren's** "I Saw The Light" a record of the week . . .

T-Zers isn't going to let you off lightly this week. Here comes the real **Clash** snippet (part 92 of another amazingly long and tedious series). We understand CBS America were somewhat apprehensive about the pictoral content of the sleeve of the new Clash album — you know, vultures picking at the entrophied corpse of the Western World while the Red Guard wait to move in. They feared the symbolism might upset a few Good Old Boys thereabouts. Looking for a way to veto the sleeve, the company's lawyers insisted they ran the risk of copyright infringement since the graphics were copped from a popular Chinese picture postcard. It was pointed out, however, that the management of the People's Republic of China probably have better things to do than sueing imperialist capitalist corporations, and would in any case appreciate the free propaganda, not to mention the inherent irony.

CBS in Britain refute this story. In fact, they say, the only quibbles about the sleeve came from their end. The cover was worked out between The Clash and CBS New York. CBS in London didn't like the sound of the sleeve because there were no pix of the band, but due to the last-minute rush to get the album out the sleeve design went ahead as CBS' American office had planned . . .

That's enough of that. On to things that really matter — like the untiring attempts of **The Fabulous Poodles** to bring their stunted libido's to bear on the seemingly mirthless world of feminism. The Poos, whose songs include "Go Go Girls", "Convent Girls" and "Tit Photographer's Blues", were barred from playing Reading University last week after students got worked up over the group's allegedly sexist lyrics. The Poos' foolhardy response has been to look for another Reading venue so they can play a benefit gig for Women's Lib . . .

Ray Davies, meanwhile, is collaborating with playwright **Barrie Keefe** on a musical that will "extract a bit of fun out of the women's movement." Whatever would **Tom Robinson** think? As yet untitled, the musical was commissioned by the National Theatre and should be performed in the Oliver auditorium next March . . .

In their bid — picture discs, kitchen sinks *et al* — to 'break' **The Cars,** WEA shipped in a few Scandinavian scribes to appraise the aforesaid combo in an onstage situation. But WEA didn't bargain with the fact that **Blast Furnace And . . .** were in town the same night. The wiley Scandinavians sauntered along to the Lyceum at the start of the evening, making sure they were spotted by WEA employees galore. But before The Cars appeared they promptly hit out for the altogether more jam-up confines of the Nashville Rooms to witness Blast and his gang doing their own inimitable things . . .

Which leads us, for no explicit reason, on to the further antics of best-selling cuddly toy **James Paul McCartney.** The former beat group member recently hired a taxi to drive four chickens — the feathered and clucking variety — all the way from Heathrow to the McCartney residence in the wilds of western Scotland. It's said that Macca was so peeved over news of his extravagance leaking out that he cancelled his account with the taxi company . . .

While all this was going on, **Paul's** former guru, the **Maharishi Mahesh Yogi,** snapped up a not insubstantial residence called Mentmore Towers, the former home of the **Earl of Roseberry.** The Pot-Bellied one bought the gaff for in excess of a quarter million pounds. Who ever said religion was on its last legs? . . .

And talking of legs, Texan clothes horse **Jerry Hall** is soon to be a mum, though both Jerry and her beau of some standing, **Michael Philip Jagger,** are keeping schtum about any such event. But, in the event, if any, *T-Zers* wonders if **Bryan** would make a good God-parent . . .

Revealed last week: **Rod Stewart's** pet name for **Elton John** is **Sharon. . .**

Here's a *T-Zers* police five special for all you sartorial snoopers: **The Fab Poos** had a van containing their stage clothes swiped in Glasgow last week, and **Topper Headon** had his togs removed from the premises while **The Clash** were rehearsing recently at the Shaftsbury Theatre. This forces *T-Zers* to the conclusion that The Clash either rehearse in the nude, or else do not wear the same clothes on stage as they wear on the "street" . . .

Later that same week **Topper** was taking a midnight dip in Bournemouth *(Where else? — Ed.)* when one of the Clash roadies thought it would be highly amusing if he made off with Topper's clobber. As a result Topper had to walk starkers through the streets of Bournemouth. They wouldn't stand for that sort of thing in Peking . . .

In a week when nobody participated in communal suicide, or even caught fire, *T-Zers* is forced to bring you the latest on worthless young reprobate **Sidney Vicious.** Sid, who has been consoling himself lately with **Steve Jones'** ex-girlfriend and former Sex employee **Michelle Robbins,** has three (count 'em) film companies bidding for the rights to produce a big screen version of his life and times. Let's just hope Sid can act as brilliantly as he plays bass . . .

New shoes and contact lenses. RICHARD HELL (left) displays current couture whilst savouring ELVIS COSTELLO's ring of confidence during a 'jam' at New York 'punk' 'palace' CBGBs. Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY.

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Love	1
2	Bites	2
3	Clash Police	4
4	The Jam	5
5	P.I.L.	—
6	Smirks Against Travolta	3
7	New Siouxsie	—
8	Penetration	—
9	Buzzcocks	6
10	Stiff Little Fingers	7

New Releases

20p Meke Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge, Pill, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No 2, Skids, Siritti Politti. 25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant. X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly New Releases — 20p — The Skids

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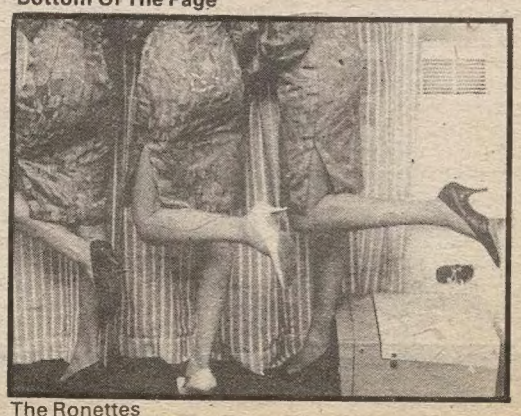

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